THE

ILIAD

OF

HOMER.

TRANSLATED BY MR. *POPE.*

VOL. III.

Men' moveat cimex Pantilius? Aut crucium[illegible]
Vellicat abſentem Demetrius? Aut quòd ineptus
Fannius Hermogenis lædat conviva Tigelli?
Plotius, & Varius, Mecænas, Virgiliuſque,
Valgius, & probet hæc Octavius optimus! HOR.

The SEVENTH EDITION.

DUBLIN:

PRINTED BY JOHN HALPEN, HENRY-STREET,
JOHN RICE, COLLEGE-GREEN, AND
ANN COLLES, DAME-STREET.

M. DCC. XCI.

293. g. 56.

THE

THIRTEENTH BOOK

OF THE

ILIAD.

The ARGUMENT.

The fourth battle continued, in which *Neptune* aſſiſts the *Greeks:* The acts of *Idomeneus.*

NEPTUNE, *concerned for the loſs of the* Grecians, *upon ſeeing the fortification forced by* Hector (*who had entered the gate near the ſtation of the* Ajaxes) *aſſumes the ſhape of* Calchas, *and inſpires thoſe heroes to oppoſe him: Then in the form of one of the generals, encourages the other* Greeks *who had retired to their veſſels. The* Ajaxes *form their troops into a cloſe* phalanx, *and put a ſtop to* Hector *and the* Trojans. *Several deeds of valour are performed;* Meriones, *having broke his ſpear in the encounter, repairs to ſeek another at the tent of* Idomeneus: *This occaſions a converſation between theſe two warriors, who return together to the battle.* Idomeneus *ſignalizes his courage above the reſt; he kills* Othryoneus, Aſius, *and* Alcathorus: Deiphobus *and* Æneas *march againſt him, and at length* Idomeneus *retires.* Menelaus *wounds* Helenus *and kills* Piſander. *The* Trojans *are repulſed in the left wing.* Hector *ſtill keeps his ground againſt the* Ajaxes, *till being galled by the* Locrian *ſlingers and archers,* Polydamas *adviſes to call a council of war:* Hector *approves his advice, but goes firſt to rally the* Trojans; *upbraids* Paris, *rejoins* Polydamas, *meets* Ajax *again, and renews the attack.*

The eight and twentieth day ſtill continues. The ſcene *is between the* Grecian *wall and the ſea-ſhore.*

THE

THE THIRTEENTH BOOK OF THE ILIAD.

WHEN now the Thund'rer on the ſea-beat coaſt
Had fix'd great *Hector* and his conqu'ring hoſt;
He left them to the fates, in bloody ſtray
To toil and ſtruggle thro' the well-fought day.
Then turn'd to *Thracia* from the field of fight
Thoſe eyes that ſhed inſufferable light,
To where the *Myſians* prove their martial force,
And hardy *Thracians* tame the ſavage horſe;
And where the far-fam'd *Hippemolgian* ſtrays,
Renown'd for juſtice, and for length of days.

V. 6. *Then turn'd to* Thracia *from the field of fight.*] One might fancy at the firſt reading of this paſſage, that *Homer* here turned aſide from the main view of his poem, in a vain oſtentation of learning, to amuſe himſelf with a foreign and unneceſſary deſcription of the manners and cuſtoms of theſe nations. But we ſhall find, upon better conſideration, that *Jupiter*'s turning aſide his eyes was neceſſary to the conduct of the work, as it gives opportunity to *Neptune* to aſſiſt the *Greeks*, and thereby cauſes all the adventures of this book. Madam *Dacier* is too refined on this occaſion; when ſhe would have it, that *Jupiter*'s *averting his eyes* ſignifies his abandoning the *Trojans*; in the ſame manner as the ſcripture repreſents the Almighty *turning his face* from thoſe whom he deſerts. But at this rate *Jupiter*, turning his eyes from the battle, muſt deſert both the *Trojans* and the *Greeks*; and it is evident from the context, that *Jupiter* intended nothing leſs than to let the *Trojans* ſuffer.

V. 9. *And where the far-fam'd* Hippemolgian *ſtrays.*] There is much diſpute among the Criticks, which are the proper

names,

Thrice happy race! that, innocent of blood,
From milk, innoxious, ſeek their ſimple food:
Jove ſees delighted; and avoids the ſcene
Of guilty *Troy*, of arms, and dying men:
No aid, he deems, to either hoſt is giv'n,
While his high law ſuſpends the pow'rs of heaven.
Meantime the * Monarch of the wat'ry main
Obſerv'd the Thund'rer, nor obſerv'd in vain.
In *Samothracia*, on a mountain's brow,
Whoſe waving woods o'erhung the deeps below,
He ſat; and round him caſt his azure eyes,
Where *Ida*'s miſty tops confus'dly riſe;
Below, fair *Ilion*'s glitt'ring ſpires were ſeen;
The crouded ſhips, and ſable ſeas between.
There, from the cryſtal chambers of the main
Emerg'd, he ſate; and mourn'd his *Argives* ſlain.
At *Jove* incens'd, with grief and fury ſtung,
Prone down the rocky ſteep he ruſh'd along;

* *Neptune.* Fierce

names, and which the epithets, in theſe verſes? Some making ἀγαυοὶ the epithet to ἱππημολγοὶ, others ἱππημολγοὶ the epithet to ἀγαυοὶ, and ἄβιοι, which by the common interpreters is thought only an epithet, is by *Strabo* and *Ammianus Marcellinus* made the proper name of a people. In this diverſity of opinions, I have choſen that which I thought would make the beſt figure in poetry. It is a beautiful and moral imagination, to ſuppoſe that the long life of the *Hippemolgians* was an effect of their ſimple diet, and a reward of their juſtice: And that the Supreme Being, diſpleaſed at the continued ſcenes of human violence and diſſention, as it were recreated his eyes in contemplating the ſimplicity of theſe people.

It is obſervable that the ſame cuſtom of living on milk is preſerved to this day by the *Tartars*, who inhabit the ſame country.

V. 27. *At* Jove *incens'd, with grief and fury ſtung,*
Prone down the rocky ſteep he ruſh'd——]

Monſ. *de la Motte* has played the Critick upon this paſſage a little unadviſedly. "*Neptune*, ſays he, is impatient to aſſiſt "the

Fierce as he paſt, the lofty mountains nod,
The foreſts ſhake! earth trembled as he trod,
And felt the footſteps of th' immortal God.

" the *Greeks*. *Homer* tells us that this God goes firſt to ſeek " his chariot in a certain place; next he arrives at another " place nearer the camp; there he takes off his horſes, and " then he locks them faſt, to ſecure them at his return. The " detail of ſo many particularities no way ſuits the majeſty of " a God, or the impatience in which he is deſcribed." Another *French* writer makes anſwer, that however impatient *Neptune* is repreſented to be, none of the Gods ever go to the war without their arms; and the arms, chariot and horſes of *Neptune* were at *Ægæ*. He makes but four ſteps to get thither; ſo that what M. *de la Motte* calls being ſlow, is ſwiftneſs itſelf. The God puts on his arms, mounts his chariot, and departs: nothing is more rapid than his courſe; he flies over the waters: The verſes of *Homer* in that place run ſwifter than the God himſelf. It is ſufficient to have ears, to perceive the rapidity of *Neptune*'s chariot in the very ſound of thoſe three lines, each of which is entirely compos'd of dactyles, excepting that one ſpondee which muſt terminate the verſe.

Βῆ δ' ἰλάων ἐπὶ κύμαθ', ἁπαλλὰς δὲ κήτε' ὑπ' αὐτῆ,
Γηθοσύνη δὲ θάλασσα διίστατο, τὴ δ' ἐπέτοντο
Ῥίμφα μάλ', οὐδ' ὑπένερθε διαπρὸ χαλκὸς ἄξων.

V. 29——*The lofty mountains nod,*
The foreſts ſhake! earth trembled as he trod,
And felt the footſteps of th' immortal God.]

Longinus confeſſes himſelf wonderfully ſtruck with the ſublimity of this paſſage. That Critic, after having blam'd the defects with which *Homer* draws the manners of his Gods, adds, that he has much better ſucceeded in deſcribing their figure and perſons. He owns that he often paints a God ſuch as he is, in all his majeſty and grandeur, and without any mixture of mean and terreſtrial images; of which he produces this paſſage as a remarkable inſtance, and one that had challenged the admiration of all antiquity.

The book of *Pſalms* affords us a deſcription of the like ſublime manner of imagery, which is parallel to this. *O God, when thou wenteſt forth before thy people, when thou didſt march through the wilderneſs, the earth ſhook, the heavens dropped at the preſence of God, even* Sinai *itſelf was moved at the preſence of God, the God of* Iſrael. Pſ. 68.

From realm to realm three ample ſtrides he took,
And, at the fourth, the diſtant *Egæ* ſhook.
Far in the bay his ſhining palace ſtands,
Eternal frame! not rais'd by mortal hands:
This having reach'd, his braſs-hoof'd ſteeds he reins,
Fleet as the winds, and deck'd with golden manes.
Reſulgent arms his mighty limbs infold,
Immortal arms, of adamant and gold.
He mounts the car, the golden ſcourge applies,
He ſits ſuperior, and the chariot flies:

His

V. 32. —*Three ample ſtrides he took.*] This is a very grand imagination, and equals, if not tranſcends, what he has feigned before of the paſſage of this God. We are told that in four ſteps he reach'd *Ægæ*, which (ſuppoſing it meant of the town of that name in *Eubœa*, which lay the nigheſt to *Thrace*) is hardly leſs than a degree at each ſtep. One may, from a view of the map, imagine him ſtriding from promontory to promontory, his firſt ſtep on mount *Athos*, his ſecond on *Pallene*, his third upon *Pelion*, and his fourth in *Eubœa*. *Dacier* is not to be forgiven for omitting this miraculous circumſtance, which ſo perfectly agrees with the marvellous air of the whole paſſage, and without which the ſublime image of *Homer* is not compleat.

V. 33. —*The diſtant Ægæ ſhook.*] There were three places of this name which were ſacred to *Neptune*; an iſland in the *Ægæan* ſea, mentioned by *Nicoſtratus*, a town in *Peloponneſus*, and another in *Eubœa*. *Homer* is ſuppoſed in this paſſage to ſpeak of the laſt; but the queſtion is put, why *Neptune*, who ſtood upon a hill in *Samothrace*, inſtead of going on the left to *Troy*, turns to the right, and takes a way contrary to that which leads to the army? This difficulty is ingeniouſly ſolved by the old Scholiaſt; who ſays that *Jupiter* being now on mount *Ida*, with his eyes turned towards *Thrace*, *Neptune* could not take the direct way from *Samothrace* to *Troy* without being diſcovered by him; and therefore fetches this compaſs to conceal himſelf. *Euſtathius* is contented to ſay, that the Poet made *Neptune* go far about, for the opportunity of thoſe fine deſcriptions of the palace, the chariot, and the paſſage of this God.

His whirling wheels the glaſſy ſurface ſweep;
Th' enormous monſters, rolling o'er the deep,
Gambol around him on the watry way;
And heavy whales in aukward meaſures play:
The ſea ſubſiding ſpreads a level plain,
Exults, and owns the monarch of the main;
The parting waves before his courſers fly;
The wond'ring waters leave his axle dry.
Deep in the liquid regions lies a cave,
Between where *Tenedos* the ſurges lave,
And rocky *Imbrus* breaks the rolling wave:
There the great ruler of the azure round
Stop'd his ſwift chariot, and his ſteeds unbound,
Fed with ambroſial herbage from his hand,
And link'd their fetlocks with a golden band,
Infrangible, immortal: There they ſtay.
The father of the floods purſues his way;
Where, like a tempeſt dark'ning heav'n around,
Or fiery deluge that devours the ground,
Th' impatient *Trojans*, in a gloomy throng,
Embattel'd roll'd, as *Hector* ruſh'd along,
To the loud tumult and the barb'rous cry,
The heav'ns re-echo, and the ſhores reply;
They vow deſtruction to the *Grecian* name,
And, in their hopes, the fleets already flame.

V. 43. *Th' enormous monſters rolling o'er the deep.*] This deſcription of *Neptune* riſes upon us; his paſſage by water is yet more pompous than that by land. The God driving thro' the ſeas, the whales acknowledging him, and the waves rejoicing and making way for their monarch, are full of that *marvellous* ſo natural to the imagination of our Author. And I cannot but think the verſes of *Virgil* in the fifth *Æneid* are ſhort of his original:

Cæruleo per ſumma levis volat æquora curru:
Subſidunt undæ, tumidumque ſub axe tonanti
Sternitur æquor aquis: fugiunt vaſto æthere nimbi.
Tum variæ comitum facies, immania cete, &c.

I fancy

But *Neptune*, rising from the seas profound,
The God whose earthquakes rock the solid ground,
Now wears a mortal form; like *Calchas* seen,
Such his loud voice, and such his manly mein;
His shouts incessant ev'ry *Greek* inspire,
But most th' *Ajaces*, adding fire to fire.
'Tis yours, O warriors, all our hopes to raise;
Oh recollect your ancient worth and praise!
'Tis yours to save us, if you cease to fear;
Flight, more than shameful, is destructive here.
On other works tho' *Troy* with fury fall,
And pour her armies o'er our batter'd wall;
There, *Greece* has strength: but this, this part o'erthrown,
Her strength were vain; I dread for you alone.
Here *Hector* rages like the force of fire,
Vaunts of his Gods, and calls high-*Jove* his sire.
If yet some heav'nly pow'r your breast excite,
Breathe in your hearts, and string your arms to fight,

Greece

I fancy *Scaliger* himself was sensible of this, by his passing in silence a passage which lay so obvious to comparison.

V. 79. —*This part o'er thrown,*
Her strength were vain: I dread for you alone.] What address, and, at the same time, what strength is there in these words? *Neptune* tells the two *Ajaces*, that he is only afraid for their post, and that the *Greeks* will perish by that gate, since it is *Hector* who assaults it: at every other quarter, the *Trojans* will be repulsed. It may therefore be properly said, that the *Ajaces* only are vanquished, and that their defeat draws destruction upon all the *Greeks*. I don't think that any thing better could be invented to animate courageous men, and make them attempt even impossibilities. *Dacier.*

V. 83. *If yet some heav'nly pow'r*, &c.] Here *Neptune*, considering how the *Greeks* were discouraged by the knowledge that *Jupiter* assisted *Hector*, insinuates, that notwithstanding *Hector*'s confidence in that assistance, yet the power of some other God might countervail it on their part; wherein he alludes

Greece yet may live, her threat'ned fleet maintain,
And *Hector*'s force, and *Jove*'s own aid, be vain.
Then with his ſceptre that the deep controuls,
He touch'd the chiefs, and ſteel'd their manly ſouls:
Strength, not their own, the touch divine imparts,
Prompts their light limbs, and ſwells their daring hearts.
Then, as a falcon from the rocky height,
Her quarry ſeen, impetuous at the ſight,
Forth-ſpringing inſtant, darts herſelf from high,
Shoots on the wing, and ſkims along the ſky:
Such, and ſo ſwift, the Pow'r of Ocean flew;
The wide horizon ſhut him from their view.
Th' inſpiring God, *Oïleus*' active ſon
Perceiv'd the firſt, and thus to *Telamon*.
Some God, my friend, ſome God in human form
Fav'ring deſcends, and wills to ſtand the ſtorm:
Not *Calchas* this, the venerable ſeer,
Short as he turn'd, I ſaw the Pow'r appear:
I mark'd

ludes to his own aiding them, and ſeems not to doubt his ability in conteſting the point with *Jove* himſelf. 'Tis with the ſame confidence he afterwards ſpeaks to *Iris*, of himſelf and his power, when he refuſes to ſubmit to the order of *Jupiter* in the fifteenth book. *Euſtathius* remarks, what an incentive it muſt be to the *Ajaces*, to hear thoſe who could ſtand againſt *Hector* equalled, in this oblique manner, to the Gods themſelves.

V. 97. *Th' inſpiring God*, Oïleus' *active ſon —Perceiv'd the firſt.*] The reaſon has been aſked, why the leſſer *Ajax* is the firſt to perceive the aſſiſtance of the God? And the ancient ſolution of this queſtion was very ingenious: They ſaid that the greater *Ajax*, being ſlow of apprehenſion, and naturally valiant, could not be ſenſible ſo ſoon of this acceſſion of ſtrength as the other, who immediately perceived it, as not owing ſo much to his natural courage.

V. 102. *Short as he turn'd, I ſaw the pow'r.*] This opinion, that the majeſty of the Gods was ſuch that they could not be ſeen face to face by men, ſeems to have been generally receiv-

ed

I mark'd his parting, and the ſteps he trod;
His own bright evidence reveals a God.
Ev'n now ſome energy divine I ſhare,
And ſeem to walk on wings, and tread in air!
With equal ardour, (*Telamon* returns)
My ſoul is kindled, and my boſom burns;
New riſing ſpirits all my force alarm,
Lift each impatient limb, and brace my arm.
This ready arm, unthinking, ſhakes the dart;
The blood pours back, and fortifies my heart;
Singly, methinks, yon' tow'ring chief I meet,
And ſtretch the dreadful *Hector* at my feet.
Full of the God that urg'd their burning breaſt,
The heroes thus their mutual warmth expreſs'd.
Neptune meanwhile the routed *Greeks* inſpir'd;
Who breathleſs, pale, with length of labours tir'd,
Pant in the ſhips; while *Troy* to conqueſt calls,
And ſwarms victorious o'er their yielding walls:
Trembling before th' impending ſtorm they lie,
While tears of rage ſtand burning in their eye.
Greece ſunk they thought, and this their fatal hour;
But breathe new courage as they feel the Pow'r.
Teucer and *Leitus* firſt his words excite;
Then ſtern *Peneleus* riſes to the fight;
Thoas, *Deipyrus*, in arms renown'd,
And *Merion* next, th' impulſive fury ſound;
Laſt *Neſtor*'s ſon the ſame bold ardour takes,
While thus the God the martial fire awakes.

Oh

ed in moſt nations. *Spondanus* obſerves, that it might be derived from ſacred truth, and founded upon what God ſays to *Moſes* in *Exodus*, ch. 33. v. 20, 23. *Man ſhall not ſee me and live: Thou ſhalt ſee my back parts, but my face thou ſhalt not behold.* For the farther particulars of this notion among the Heathens, ſee the notes on *lib.* 1. v. 268. and on the 5th, v. 971.

Oh laſting infamy, oh dire diſgrace
To chiefs of vig'rous youth, and manly race!
I truſted in the Gods, and you, to ſee
Brave *Greece* victorious, and her navy free:
Ah no—the glorious combat you diſclaim,
And one black day clouds all her former fame.
Heav'ns! what a prodigy theſe eyes ſurvey,
Unſeen, unthought, till this amazing day!
Fly we at length from *Troy*'s oft-conquer'd bands?
And falls our fleet by ſuch inglorious hands?
A rout undiſciplin'd, a ſtraggling train,
Not born to glories on the duſty plain;

Like

V. 131. *The ſpeech of* Neptune *to the* Greeks.] After *Neptune* in his former diſcourſe to the *Ajaces*, who yet maintained a retreating fight, had encouraged them to withſtand the attack of the *Trojans*; he now addreſſes himſelf to thoſe, who having fled out of the battle, and retired to the ſhips, had given up all for loſt. Theſe he endeavours to bring again to the engagement, by one of the moſt noble and ſpirited ſpeeches in the whole Iliad. He repreſents that their preſent miſerable condition, was not to be imputed to their want of power, but to their want of reſolution to withſtand the enemy, whom by experience they had often found unable to reſiſt them. But what is particularly artful, while he is endeavouring to prevail upon them, is, that he does not attribute their preſent dejection of mind to a cowardly ſpirit, but to a reſentment and indignation of their General's uſage of their favourite hero *Achilles*. With the ſame ſoftening art, he ſcorns to ſpeak thus to cowards, but is only concerned for their miſbehaviour as they are the braveſt of the army. He then exhorts them for their own ſake to avoid deſtruction, which would certainly be inevitable, if for a moment longer they delayed to oppoſe ſo imminent a danger.

V. 141. *A rout undiſciplin'd*, &c.] I tranſlate this line,

Αὖλοι ὑλάσκουσαι, ἀνάλκιδες, οὐδ' ἐνὶ χάρμῃ,

with alluſion to the want of military diſcipline among the *Barbarians*, ſo often hinted at in *Homer*. He is always oppoſing

Like frighted fawns from hill to hill purſu'd,
A prey to ev'ry ſavage of the wood;
Shall theſe, ſo late who trembled at your name,
Invade your camps, involve your ſhips in flame?
A change ſo ſhameful, ſay what cauſe has wrought?
The ſoldiers baſeneſs, or the general's fault?
Fools! will ye periſh for your leader's vice?
The purchaſe infamy, and life the price!
Tis not your cauſe, *Achilles'* injur'd fame:
Another's is the crime, but your's the ſhame.
Grant that our chief offend thro' rage or luſt,
Muſt you be cowards, if your King's unjuſt?
Prevent this evil and your country ſave:
Small thought retrieves the ſpirits of the brave.
Think, and ſubdue! on daſtards dead to fame
I waſte no anger, for they feel no ſhame:
But you, the pride, the flow'r of all our hoſt,
My heart weeps blood to ſee your glory loſt!
Nor deem this day, this battle, all you loſe;
A day more black, a fate more vile, enſues.
Let each reflect, who prizes fame or breath,
On endleſs infamy, on inſtant death.

For,

ſing to this, the exact and regular diſpoſition of his *Greeks*, and accordingly a few lines after, we are told that the *Grecian* phalanxes were ſuch, that *Mars* or *Minerva* could not have found a defect in them.

V. 155. *Prevent this evil*, &c.] The verſe in the original,

Ἀλλ' ἀκεώμεθα θᾶσσον ἄκεσαί τοι φθένες ἐσθλῶν,

may be capable of receiving another ſenſe to this effect. "If "it be your reſentment of *Agamemnon*'s uſage of *Achilles*, that "withholds you from the battle, *that evil*, (*viz.* the diſſention "of thoſe two chiefs) *may ſoon be remedied, for the minds of* "*good men are eaſily calmed and compoſed.* I had once tranſ- "lated it,

Their

For lo! the fated time, th' appointed ſhore;
Hark! the gates burſt, the brazen barriers roar!
Impetuous *Hector* thunders at the wall;
The hour, the ſpot, to conquer or to fall.
  Theſe words the *Grecians* fainting hearts inſpire,
And liſt'ning armies catch the godlike fire.
Fix'd at his poſt was each bold *Ajax* found,
With well-rang'd ſquadrons ſtrongly circled round:
So

Their future ſtrife with ſpeed we ſhall redreſs,
For noble minds are ſoon compos'd to peace.

But upon conſidering the whole context more attentively, the other explanation (which is that of *Dydimus*) appeared to me the more natural and unforced, and I have accordingly followed it.

V. 171. *Fix'd at his poſt was each bold* Ajax *found*, &c.] We muſt here take notice of an old ſtory, which, however groundleſs and idle it ſeems, is related by *Plutarch*, *Philoſtratus* and others. "*Ganictor* the ſon of *Amphidamus* king of *Eubœa*, "celebrating with all ſolemnity the funeral of his father, pro-"claimed according to cuſtom ſeveral publick games, among "which was the prize for poetry. *Homer* and *Heſiod* came to "diſpute for it. After they had produced ſeveral pieces on "either ſide, in all which the audience declared for *Homer*, "*Panides*, the brother of the deceaſed, who ſat as one of the "judges, ordered each of the contending Poets to recite that "part of his works which he eſteemed the beſt. *Heſiod* re-"peated thoſe lines which make the beginning of his ſecond "book

Πληϊάδων ἀτλαγενέων ἐπιτελλομενάων
Ἄρχεσθ' ἀμήτου ἀρότοιο τὲ δυσσομενάων, &c.

"*Homer* anſwered with the verſes which follow here: But "the Prince preferring the peaceful ſubject of *Heſiod* to the "martial one of *Homer*, contrary to the expectation of "all, adjudged the prize to *Heſiod*." The Commentators upon this occaſion are very rhetorical, and univerſally exclaim againſt ſo crying a piece of injuſtice: All the hardeſt names which learning can furniſh, are very liberally beſtowed upon poor *Panides*. *Spondanus* is mighty ſmart, calls him *Midas*, takes him by the ear, and aſks the dead Prince as many inſulting queſtions as any of his Author's own Heroes could have done. *Dacier* with all gravity tells us, that poſterity proved a more

So close their order, so dispos'd their fight,
As *Pallas'* self might view with fixt delight;
Or had the God of war inclin'd his eyes,
The God of war had own'd a just surprize.
A chosen Phalanx, firm, resolv'd as Fate,
Descending *Hector* and his battle wait.
An iron scene gleams dreadful o'er the fields,
Armour in armour lock'd, and shields in shields,
Spears lean on spears, on targets targets throng,
Helms stuck to helms, and man drove man along.
The floating plumes unnumber'd wave above,
As when an earthquake stirs the nodding grove;
And levell'd at the skies with pointing rays,
Their brandish'd lances at each motion blaze.
Thus breathing death, in terrible array,
The close-compacted legions urg'd their way:
Fierce they drove on, impatient to destroy;
Troy charg'd the first, and *Hector* first of *Troy*.

As

more equitable judge than *Pandes*. And if I had not told this tale in my turn, I must have incurred the censure of all the Schoolmasters in the nation.

V. 173. *So close their order*, &c] When *Homer* retouches the same subject, he has always the art to rise in his ideas above what he said before. We shall find an instance of it in this place; if we compare this manner of commending the exact discipline of an army, with what he had made use of on the same occasion at the end of the fourth Iliad. There it is said, that the most experienced warrior could not have reprehended any thing, had he been led by *Pallas* through the battle; but here he carries it farther, in affirming that *Pallas* and the God of War themselves must have admired this disposition of the *Grecian* forces. *Eustathius*.

V. 177. *A chosen Phalanx, firm*, &c] *Homer* in these lines has given us a description of the ancient *Phalanx*, which consisted of several ranks of men closely ranged in this order. The first line stood with their spears levelled directly forward; the second rank being armed with spears two cubits longer, levelled

As from ſome mountain's craggy forehead torn,
A rock's round fragment flies with fury borne,
(Which from the ſtubborn ſtone a torrent rends)
Precipitate the pond'rous maſs deſcends:

From

led them likewiſe forward through the interſtices of the firſt; and the third in the ſame manner held forth their ſpears yet longer, through the two former ranks; ſo that the points of the ſpears of three ranks terminated in one line. All the other ranks ſtood with their ſpears erected, in a readineſs to advance, and fill the vacant places of ſuch as fell. This is the account *Euſtathius* gives of the Phalanx, which he obſerves was only fit for a body of men acting on the defenſive, but improper for the attack: And accordingly *Homer* here only deſcribes the *Greeks* ordering their battle in this manner, when they had no other view but to ſtand their ground againſt the furious aſſault of the *Trojans*. The ſame Commentator obſerves from *Hermolytus*, an ancient writer of *Tacticks*, that this manner of ordering the Phalanx was afterwards introduced among the *Spartans* by *Lycurgus*, among the *Argives* by *Lyſander*, among the *Thebans* by *Epaminondas*, and among the *Macedonians* by *Cheridemus*.

V. 191. *As from ſome mountain's craggy forehead torn*, &c.] This is one of the nobleſt ſimilies in all *Homer*, and the moſt juſtly correſponding in its circumſtances to the thing deſcribed. The furious deſcent of *Hector* from the wall repreſented by a ſtone that flies from the top of a rock, the hero puſhed on by the ſuperior force of *Jupiter*, as the ſtone driven by a torrent; the ruins of the wall falling after him, all things yielding before him, the clamour and tumult around him, all imaged in the violent boundling and leaping of the ſtone, the crackling of the woods, the ſhock, the noiſe, the rapidity, the irreſiſtibility, and the augmentation of force in its progreſs: All theſe points of likeneſs make but the firſt part of this admirable ſimile. Then the ſudden ſtop of the ſtone when it comes to the plain, as if *Hector* at the phalanx of the *Ajaces* (alluding alſo to the natural ſituation of the ground, *Hector* ruſhing down the declivity of the ſhore, and being ſtopped on the level of the ſea:) And laſtly, the immobility of both when ſo ſtopped, the enemy being as unable to move him back, as he to get forward: This laſt branch of the compariſon is the happieſt in the world, and though not hitherto obſerved, is what methinks makes the principal beauty and force of it. The ſimile is copied by *Virgil*, *Æneid* 12.

Ac

From ſteep to ſteep the rolling ruin bounds;
At ev'ry ſhock the crackling wood reſounds;
Still gath'ring force, it ſmoaks; and urg'd amain,
Whirls, leaps, and thunders down, impetuous to the plain.
There ſtops—So *Hector*. Their whole force he prov'd;
Reſiſtleſs when he rag'd, and when he ſtopp'd, unmov'd.
On him the war is bent, the darts are ſhed,
And all their faulchions wave around his head:
Repuls'd he ſtands, nor from his ſtand retires;
But with repeated ſhouts his army fires.
Trojans! be firm; this arm ſhall make your way
Thro' yon' ſquare body, and that black array:
Stand, and my ſpear ſhall rout their ſcattering pow'r,
Strong as they ſeem, embattl'd like a tow'r.
For he that *Juno's* heav'n'ly boſom warms,
The firſt of Gods, this day inſpires our arms.
He ſaid, and rous'd the ſoul in ev'ry breaſt;
Urg'd with deſire of fame, beyond the reſt,

Forth

Ac veluti montis ſaxum de vertice præceps,
Cum ruit avulſum vento, ſeu turbidus imber
Proluit, aut annis ſolvit ſublapſa vetuſtas:
Fertur in abruptum magno mons improbus actu,
Exultatque ſolo; ſylvas, armenta, virosque
Involvens ſecum. Diſjecta per agmina Turnus
Sic urbis ruit ad muros—

And *Taſſo* has again copied it from *Virgil* in his 18th book.

Qual garn ſaſſo tal hora, che o la vecchiezza
Solve da un monte, o ſvelle ira de venti
Ruinoſa dirupa, e porta, e ſpezza
Le ſelve, e con le caſe anco gli armenti
Tal giu trahea de la ſublime altezza
L'horribil trave e merli, e arme, e gente,
Die la terra a quel moto une, o due crolli;
Tremar le mura, e rimbombaro i colli.

Forth march'd *Deiphobus*; but marching held,
Before his wary steps, his ample shield.
Bold *Merion* aim'd a stroke (nor aim'd it wide)
The glittt'ring jav'lin pierc'd the tough bull-hide;
But pierc'd not thro': Unfaithful to his hand,
The point broke short, and sparkled in the sand.
The *Trojan* warrior, touch'd with timely fear,
On the rais'd orb to distance bore the spear:
The *Greek* retreating mourn'd his frustrate blow,
And curs'd the treach'rous lance that spar'd a foe;
Then to the ships with surly speed he went,
To seek a surer jav'lin in his tent.
Meanwhile with rising rage the battle glows,
The tumult thickens, and the clamour grows,
By *Teucer*'s arm the warlike *Imbrius* bleeds,
The son of *Mentor*, rich in gen'rous steeds.
Ere yet to *Troy* the sons of *Greece* were led,
In fair *Pedæus*' verdant pastures bred,
The youth had dwelt; remote from war's alarms,
And bless'd in bright *Medesicaste*'s arms:

(This

It is but justice to *Homer* to take notice how infinitely inferior both these similies are to their original. They have taken the image without the likeness, and lost those corresponding circumstances which raise the justness and sublimity of *Homer*'s. In *Virgil* it is only the violence of *Turnus* in which the whole application consists: And in *Tasso* it has no other allusion than to the fall of a tower in general.

There is yet another beauty in the numbers of this part. As the verses themselves make us see, the sound of them makes us hear, what they represent, in the noble roughness, rapidity, and sonorous cadence that distinguishes them.

Ῥέζας, ἀσπέτῳ ὄμβρῳ ἀναιδέος ἔχματα πέτρης, &c.

The translation, however short it falls of these beauties, may serve to show the reader, that there was at least an endeavour to imitate them.

(This nymph, the fruit of *Priam*'s raviſh'd joy,
Ally'd the warrior to the houſe of *Troy*:)
To *Troy*, when glory call'd his arms, he came,
And match'd the braveſt of her chiefs in fame:
With *Priam*'s ſons, a guardian of the throne,
He liv'd, belov'd and honour'd as his own.
Him *Teucer* pierc'd between the throat and ear:
He groans beneath the *Telamonian* ſpear.
As from ſome far-ſeen mountain's airy crown,
Subdu'd by ſteel, a tall aſh tumbles down,
And ſoils its verdant treſſes on the ground.
So falls the youth; his arms the fall reſound.
Then *Teucer* ruſhing to deſpoil the dead,
From *Hector*'s hand a ſhining jav'lin fled:
He ſaw, and ſhun'd the death; the forceful dart
Sung on, and pierc'd *Amphimachus* his heart,
Cteatus' ſon, of *Neptune*'s forceful line;
Vain was his courage, and his race divine!
Proſtrate he falls; his clanging arms reſound,
And his broad buckler thunders on the ground.
To ſeize his beamy helm the victor flies,
And juſt had faſt'ned on the dazzling prize,
When *Ajax*' manly arm a jav'lin flung;
Full on the ſhield's round boſs the weapon rung;
He felt the ſhock, nor more was doom'd to feel,
Secure in mail, and ſheath'd in ſhining ſteel.
Repuls'd he yields; the victor *Greeks* obtain
The ſpoils conteſted, and bear off the ſlain.
Between the leaders of th' *Athenian* line,
(*Stichius* the brave, *Meneſtheus* the divine)
Deplor'd *Amphimachus*, ſad object! lies;
Imbrius remains the fierce *Ajaces*' prize.
As two grim lions bear acroſs the lawn,
Snatch'd from devouring hounds, a ſlaughter'd fawn,

In

In their fell jaws high lifting thro' the wood,
And ſprinkling all the ſhrubs with drops of blood;
So theſe the chief: Great *Ajax* from the dead
Strips his bright arms, *Oileus* lops his head:
Toſs'd like a ball, and whirl'd in air away,
At *Hector*'s feet the hoary viſage lay.

The God of Ocean fir'd with ſtern diſdain,
And pierc'd with ſorrow for his * grandſon ſlain,
Inſpires the *Grecian* hearts, confirms their hands,
And breathes deſtruction to the *Trojan* bands.
Swift as a whirlwind ruſhing to the fleet,
He finds the lance-fam'd *Idomen* of *Crete*;

* *Amphimachus.* His

V. 278. Idomen *of* Crete.] *Idomeneus* appears at large in this book, whoſe character (if I take it right) is ſuch as we ſee pretty often in common life: A perſon of the firſt rank, ſufficient enough of his high birth, growing into years, conſcious of his want of ſtrength and active qualities; and therefore endeavouring to make it up to himſelf in dignity, and to preſerve the veneration of others. The true picture of a ſtiff old ſoldier, not willing to loſe any of the reputation he has acquired; yet not inconſiderate in danger, but by the ſenſe of his age, and by his experience in battle, become too cautious to engage with any great odds againſt him: Very careful and tender of his ſoldiers, whom he had commanded ſo long that they were become old acquaintance; (ſo that it was with great judgment *Homer* choſe to introduce him here, in performing a kind office to one of them who was wounded.) Talkative upon ſubjects of war, as afraid that others might loſe the memory of what he had done in better days, of which the long converſation of *Meriones*, and *Ajax*'s reproach to him in Il. 23. v. 478. of the original are ſufficient proofs. One may obſerve ſome ſtrokes of lordlineſs and ſtate in his character: That reſpect *Agamemnon* ſeems careful to treat him with, and the particular diſtinctions ſhewn him at table, are mentioned in a manner that inſinuates they were points upon which this Prince not a little inſiſted. Il. 4. v. 256, &c. The vaunting of his family in this book, together with his ſarcaſms and contemptuous railleries on his dead enemies, favour of the ſame turn of mind. And it ſeems there was among the ancients a tradition of *Idomeneus*, which ſtrengthens this conjecture of his pride: For we find

His penſive brow the gen'rous care expreſt
With which a wounded ſoldier touch'd his breaſt;
Whom in the chance of war a jav'lin tore,
And his ſad comrades from the battle bore;
Him to the Surgeons of the camp he ſent;
That office paid, he iſſu'd from his tent,
Fierce for the fight: To him the God begun,
In *Thoa*'s voice, *Andræmon*'s valiant ſon,
Who

find in the *Heroicks* of *Philoſtratus*, that before he would come to the *Trojan* war, he demanded a ſhare in the ſovereign command with *Agamemnon* himſelf.

I muſt, upon this occaſion, make an obſervation once for all, which will be applicable to many paſſages in *Homer*, and afford a ſolution of many difficulties. It is, that our Author drew ſeveral of his characters with an eye to the hiſtories then known of famous perſons, or the traditions that paſt in thoſe times. One cannot believe otherwiſe of a Poet who appears ſo nicely exact in obſerving all the cuſtoms of the age he deſcribed; nor can we imagine the infinite number of minute circumſtances relating to particular perſons, which we meet with every where in his poem, could poſſibly have been invented purely as ornaments to it. This reflection will account for a hundred ſeeming Oddneſſes not only in the *characters*, but in the *ſpeeches* of the Iliad: For as no author is more true than *Homer* to the character of the perſon he introduces ſpeaking, ſo no one more often ſuits his oratory to the character of the perſon ſpoken to. Many of theſe beauties muſt needs be loſt to us, yet this ſuppoſition will give a new light to ſeveral particulars. For inſtance, the ſpeech I have been mentioning of *Agamemnon* to *Idomeneus* in the 4th book, wherein he puts this hero in mind of the magnificent entertainments he had given him, becomes in this view much leſs odd and ſurprizing. Or who can tell but it had ſome alluſion to the manners of the *Cretans* whom he commanded, whoſe character was ſo well known, as to become a proverb: *The* Cretans, *evil beaſts, and ſlow bellies.*

V. 283. *The Surgeons of the camp.*] *Podalirius* and *Machaon* were not the only phyſicians in the army; it appears from ſome paſſages in the poem, that each body of troops had one peculiar to themſelves. It may not be improper to adverti ſe, that the ancient Phyſicians were all Surgeons. *Euſtathius.*

Who rul'd where *Calydon*'s white rocks ariſe,
And *Pleuron*'s chalky cliffs emblaze the ſkies.
Where's now th' impetuous vaunt, the daring boaſt
Of *Greece* victorious, and proud *Ilion* loſt?
To whom the King. On *Greece* no blame be thrown,
Arms are her trade, and war is all her own.
Her hardy heroes from the well-fought plains
Nor fear with-holds, nor ſhameful ſloth detains.
'Tis Heav'n, alas! and *Jove*'s all-pow'rful doom,
That far, far diſtant from our native home
Wills us to fall, inglorious! Oh my friend!
Once foremoſt in the fight, ſtill prone to lend
Or arms, or counſels; now perform thy beſt,
And what thou canſt not ſingly, urge the reſt.
Thus he; and thus the God, whoſe force can make
The ſolid globe's eternal baſis ſhake.
Ah! may he never ſee his native land,
But feed the vultures on this hateful ſtrand,
Who ſeeks ignobly in his ſhips to ſtay,
Nor dares to combat on this ſignal day!
For this, behold! in horrid arms I ſhine,
And urge thy ſoul to rival acts with mine;
Together let us battle on the plain;
Two, not the worſt; nor ev'n this ſuccour vain:
Not vain the weakeſt, if their force unite;
But ours, the braveſt have confeſs'd in fight.
This ſaid, he ruſhes where the combat burns;
Swift to his tent the *Cretan* King returns:
From thence, two jav'lins glitt'ring in his hand,
And clad in arms that lighten'd all the ſtrand,
Fierce on the foe th' impetuous hero drove;
Like light'ning burſting from the arm of *Jove*,
Which to pale man the wrath of heav'n declares,
Or terrifies th' offending world with wars;

In ſtreamy ſparkles, kindling all the ſkies,
From pole to pole the trail of glory flies.
Thus his bright armour o'er the dazzled throng
Gleam'd dreadful as the Monarch flaſh'd along.
Him, near his tent, *Meriones* attends;
Whom thus he queſtions: Ever beſt of friends!
O ſay, in ev'ry art of battle ſkill'd,
What holds thy courage from ſo brave a field?

On

V. 325.——Meriones *attends*; *Whom thus he queſtions* ——] This converſation between *Idomeneus* and *Meriones* is generally cenſured as highly improper and out of place, and as ſuch is given up by M. *Dacier*, the moſt zealous of our Poet's defenders. However, if we look cloſely into the occaſion and drift of this diſcourſe the accuſation will, I believe, appear not ſo well grounded. Two perſons of diſtinction, juſt when the enemy is put to ſtop by the *Ajaces*, meet behind the army: Having each on important occaſions retired out of the fight, the one to help a wounded ſoldier, the other to ſeek a new weapon. *Idomeneus*, who is ſuperior in years as well as authority, returning to the battle, is ſurprized to meet *Mericnes* out of it, who was one of his own officers (θεράπων, as *Homer* here calls him) and being jealous of his ſoldier's honour, demands the cauſe of his quitting the fight. *Mericnes* having told him it was the want of a ſpear, he yet ſeems unſatisfied with the excuſe, adding that he himſelf did not approve of that diſtant manner of fighting with a ſpear. *Mericnes* being touched to the quick with this repreach replies, that he, of all the *Greeks*, had the leaſt reaſon to ſuſpect his courage: Whereupon *Idomeneus* perceiving him highly piqued, aſſures him he entertains no ſuch hard thoughts of him, ſince he had often known his courage prov'd on ſuch occaſions, where the danger being greater, and the number ſmaller, it was impoſſible for a coward to conceal his natural infirmity: But now recollecting that a malicious mind might give a ſiniſter interpretation to their inactivity during this diſcourſe, he immediately breaks it off upon that reflection. As therefore this converſation has its riſe from a jealouſy in the moſt tender point of honour, I think the Poet cannot juſtly be blamed for ſuffering a diſcourſe ſo full of warm ſentiments to run on for about forty verſes; which, after all, cannot be ſuppoſed to take up more than two or three minutes from action.

On ſome important meſſage art thou bound,
Or bleeds my friend by ſome unhappy wound?
Inglorious here, my ſoul abhors to ſtay,
And glows with proſpect of th' approaching day.
O Prince (*Meriones* replies) whoſe care
Leads forth th' embattel'd ſons of *Crete* to war;
This ſpeaks my grief: this headleſs lance I wield:
The reſt lies rooted in a *Trojan* ſhield.
To whom the *Cretan:* Enter, and receive
The wanted weapons; thoſe my tent can give;
Spears I have ſtore, (and *Trojan* lances all)
That ſhed a luſtre round th' illumin'd wall.
Tho' I, diſdainful of the diſtant war,
Nor truſt the dart, or aim th' uncertain ſpear,

V. 335. *This headleſs lance*, &c.] We have often ſeen ſeveral of *Homer*'s combatants loſe and break their ſpears, yet they do not therefore retire from the battle to ſeek other weapons; why therefore does *Homer* here ſend *Meriones* on this errand? It may be ſaid, that in the kind of fight which the *Greeks* now maintained drawn up into the phalanx, *Meriones* was uſeleſs without this weapon.

V. 339. *Spears I have ſtore*, &c.] *Idomeneus* deſcribes his tent as a magazine, ſtored with variety of arms won from the enemy, which were not laid up as uſeleſs trophies of his victories, but kept there in order to ſupply his own, and his friends occaſions. And this conſideration ſhews us one reaſon why theſe warriors contended with ſuch eagerneſs to carry off the arms of a vanquiſh'd enemy.

This gives me an occaſion to animadvert upon a falſe remark of *Euſtathius*, which is inſerted in the notes on the 11th book, "that *Homer*, to ſhew us nothing is ſo unſeaſonable in a battle "as to ſtay to deſpoil the ſlain, feigns that moſt of the war-"riors who do it, are killed, wounded, or unſucceſsful." I am aſtoniſhed how ſo great a miſtake ſhould fall from any man who had read *Homer*, much more from one who had read him ſo thoroughly, and even ſuperſtitiouſly, as the old Archbiſhop of *Theſſalonica*. There is ſcarce a book in *Homer* that does not abound with inſtances of the contrary, where the conquerors ſtrip their enemies, and bear off their ſpoils in triumph. It

was

Yet hand to hand I fight, and ſpoil the ſlain;
And thence theſe trophies, and theſe arms I gain.
Enter, and ſee on heaps the helmets roll'd,
And high hung ſpears, and ſhields that flame with gold.

Nor vain (ſaid *Merion*) are our martial toils;
We too can boaſt of no ignoble ſpoils.
But thoſe my ſhip contains, whence diſtant far,
I fight conſpicuous in the van of war.
What need I more? If any *Greek* there be
Who knows not *Merion*, I appeal to thee.

To this, *Idomeneus*. The fields of fight
Have prov'd thy valour and unconquer'd might;
And where ſome ambuſh for the foes deſign'd,
Ev'n there thy courage could not lag behind,

In

was (as I have already ſaid in the Eſſay upon *Homer*'s battles) as honourable an exploit in thoſe days to carry off the arms, as it is now to gain a ſtandard. But it is a ſtrange conſequence, that becauſe our author ſometimes repreſents a man unſucceſsful in a glorious attempt, he therefore diſcommends the attempt itſelf; and is as good an argument againſt encountring an enemy living, as againſt deſpoiling him dead. One ought not to confound this with plundering, between which *Homer* has ſo well marked the diſtinction; when he conſtantly ſpeaks of the ſpoils as glorious, but makes *Neſtor* in the 6th book and *Hector* in the 15th, directly forbid the pillage, as a practice that has often proved fatal in the midſt of a victory, and ſometimes even after it.

V. 353. *To this*, Idomeneus.] There is a great deal more dialogue in *Homer*, than *Virgil*. The *Roman* Poet's are generally ſet ſpeeches, thoſe of the *Greeks* more in converſation. What *Virgil* does by two words of a narration, *Homer* brings about by a ſpeech; he hardly raiſes one of his heroes out of bed without ſome talk concerning it. There are not only replies, but rejoinders in *Homer*, a thing ſcarce ever to be found in *Virgil*, the conſequence whereof is, that there muſt be in the Iliad many continued converſations (ſuch as this of our two heroes) a little reſemblin common chit-chat. This renders the poem more natural and animated, but leſs grave and majeſtick.

In that ſharp ſervice, ſingled from the reſt,
The fear of each, or valour ſtands confeſt.
No force, no firmneſs, the pale coward ſhews;
He ſhifts his place; his colour comes and goes;
A dropping ſweat creeps cold on ev'ry part;
Againſt his boſom beats his quiv'ring heart;
Terror and death in his wild eye-balls ſtare;
With chatt'ring teeth he ſtands, and ſtiff'ning hair,
And looks a bloodleſs image of deſpair!
Not ſo the brave—ſtill dauntleſs, ſtill the ſame,
Unchang'd his colour, and unmov'd his frame;
Compos'd his thought, determin'd is his eye,
And fix'd his ſoul to conquer or to die:
If ought diſturb the tenor of his breaſt,
'Tis but the wiſh to ſtrike before the reſt.
In ſuch eſſays thy blameleſs worth is known,
And ev'ry art of dang'rous war thy own.
By chance of fight whatever wounds you bore,
Thoſe wounds were glorious all, and all before:
Such as may teach, 'twas ſtill thy brave delight
T' oppoſe thy boſom where the foremoſt fight.
But why, like infants, cold to honour's charms,
Stand we to talk, when glory calls to arms?

majeſtick. However, that ſuch was the way of writing generally practiſed in thoſe ancient times, appears from the like manner uſed in moſt of the books of the Old Teſtament; and it particularly agreed with our Author's warm imagination, which delighted in perpetual imagery, and in painting every circumſtance of what he deſcribed.

V. 357. *In that ſharp ſervice*, &c.] In a general battle cowardice may be the more eaſily concealed, by reaſon of the number of the combatants; but in an ambuſcade, where the ſoldiers are few, each muſt be diſcovered to be what he is; this is the reaſon why the ancients entertained ſo great an idea of this ſort of war; the braveſt men were always choſen to ſerve upon ſuch occaſions. *Euſtathius.*

Go—from my conquer'd ſpears, the choiceſt take,
And to their owners ſend them nobly back.
Swift as the word bold *Merion* ſnatch'd a ſpear,
And breathing ſlaughter follow'd to the war.
So *Mars* armipotent invades the plain,
(The wide deſtroyer of the race of man)
Terror, his beſt lov'd ſon, attends his courſe,
Arm'd with ſtern boldneſs, and enormous force;
The pride of haughty warriors to confound,
And lay the ſtrength of tyrants on the ground:
From *Thrace* they fly, call'd to the dire alarms
Of warring *Phlegyans*, and *Ephyrian* arms!
Invok'd by both, relentleſs they diſpoſe
To theſe glad conqueſt, murd'rous rout to thoſe.
So march'd the leaders of the *Cretan* train,
And their bright arms ſhot horror o'er the plain.

Then

V. 384. *So* Mars *armipotent*, &c.] *Homer* varies his ſimilitudes with all imaginable art, ſometimes deriving them from the properties of animals, ſometimes from natural paſſions, ſometimes from the occurrences of life, and ſometimes (as in the ſimile before us) from hiſtory. The invention of *Mars*'s paſſage from *Thrace* (which was feigned to be the country of that God) to the *Phlegyans* and *Ephyrians*, is a very beautiful and poetical manner of celebrating the martial genius of that people, who lived in perpetual wars.

Methinks there is ſomething of a fine enthuſiaſm, in *Homer*'s manner of fetching a compaſs, as it were, to draw in new images, beſides theſe in which the direct point of likeneſs conſiſts. *Milton* perfectly well underſtood the beauty of theſe digreſſive images, as we may ſee from the following ſimile, which is in a manner made up of them.

'Thick as autumnal leaves that ſtrow the brooks
'In *Vallombroſa* (where th' *Etrurian* ſhades
'High over-arch'd embow'r.) Or ſcatter'd ſedge
'Afloat when with fierce winds *Orion* arm'd
'Hath vex'd the *Red ſea* coaſt, (whoſe wave o'erthrew
'*Buſiris* and his *Memphian* cavalry,
'While with perfidious hatred they purſu'd

'The

Then firſt ſpake *Merion:* Shall we join the right,
Or combat in the centre of the fight?
Or, to the left, our wanted ſuccour lend?
Hazard and fame all parts alike attend.
Not in the centre, (*Idomen* reply'd)
Our ableſt chieftains the main battle guide;
Each godlike *Ajax* makes that poſt his care,
And gallant *Teucer* deals deſtruction there:

'The ſojourners of *Goſhen*, who beheld
'From the ſafe ſhore their floating carcaſſes;
'And broken chariot-wheels)—So thick beſtrown
'Abject and loſt lay theſe.—

As for the general purport of this compariſon of *Homer*, it gives us a noble and majeſtick idea, at once of *Idomeneus* and *Merion-es*, repreſented by *Mars* and his ſon *Terror*; in which each of theſe heroes is greatly elevated, yet the juſt diſtinction between them preſerved. The beautiful ſimile of *Virgil* in his 12th *Æneid* is drawn with an eye to this of our Author.

Qualis apud gelidi cùm flumina concitus Hebri
Sanguineus Mavors, clypeo increpat, atque furentes
Bella movens immittit equos; illi æquore aperto
Ante Notos Zephyrumque volant: gemit ultima pulſu
Thraca pedum: circumque atræ Formidinis ora,
Iræque, Inſidiæque, Dei comitatus, aguntur.

V. 396.—*Shall we join the right,*
Or combat in the centre of the fight,
Or to the left our wanted ſuccour lend?

The common interpreters have to this queſtion of *Merion's* given a meaning which is highly impertinent, if not downright nonſenſe; explaining it thus. *Shall we fight on the right, or in the middle, or on the left, for no where elſe do the* Greeks *ſo much want aſſiſtance*; which amounts to this: "Shall we engage where our aſſiſtance is moſt wanted?" The context, as well as the words of the original, oblige us to underſtand it in this obvious meaning; *Shall we bring our aſſiſtance to the right, to the left, or to the centre? Since the* Greeks, *being equally preſſed and engaged on all ſides, equally need our aid on all parts.*

V. 400. *Not in the centre,* &c.] There is in this anſwer of *Idomeneus* a ſmall circumſtance which is overlooked by the commen-

Skill'd, or with ſhafts to gall the diſtant field,
Or bear cloſe battle on the ſounding ſhield.
Theſe can the rage of haughty *Hector* tame,
Safe in their arms, the navy fears no flame;
Till *Jove* himſelf deſcends, his bolts to ſhed,
And hurl the blazing ruin at our head.
Great muſt he be, of more than human birth,
Nor fed like mortals on the fruits of earth,
Him neither rocks can cruſh, nor ſteel can wound,
Whom *Ajax* fells not on th' enſanguin'd ground.
In ſtanding fight he meets *Achilles'* force,
Excell'd alone in ſwiftneſs in the courſe.
Then to the left our ready arms apply,
And live with glory, or with glory die.
He ſaid; and *Merion* to th' appointed place,
Fierce as the God of battles, urg'd his pace.
Soon as the foe the ſhining chiefs beheld
Ruſh like a fiery torrent round the field,
Their force embody'd in a tide they pour;
The riſing combat ſounds along the ſhore:
As warring winds, in *Sirius'* ſultry reign,
From different quarters ſweep the ſandy plain;

On

commentators, but in which the whole ſpirit and reaſon of what is ſaid by him conſiſts. He ſays he is in no fear of the centre, ſince it is defended by *Teucer* and *Ajax*: *Teucer* being not only moſt famous for the uſe of the bow, but likewiſe excellent ἐν ϛαδίῃ νομίῃ, *in a cl ſe ſtanding fight*: And as for *Ajax*, tho' not ſo ſwift of foot as *Achilles*, yet he was equal to him ἐν αὐτοϛαδίῃ, in the ſame *ſtedfaſt* manner of fighting; hereby plainly intimating that he was ſecure for the centre, becauſe that poſt was defended by two perſons both accompliſhed in that part of war, which was moſt neceſſary for the ſervice they were then engaged in; the two expreſſions before mentioned peculiarly ſignifying a *firm* and *ſteady* way of fighting, moſt uſeful in maintaining a poſt.

On ev'ry ſide the duſty whirlwinds riſe,
And the dry fields are lifted to the ſkies:
Thus by deſpair, hope, rage, together driv'n,
Met the black hoſts, and meeting, darken'd heav'n.
All dreadful glar'd the iron face of war,
Briſtled with upright ſpears, that flaſh'd afar;
Dire was the gleam of breaſt-plates, helms and ſhields,
And poliſh'd arms emblaz'd the flaming fields:
Tremendous ſcene! that gen'ral horror gave,
But touch'd with joy the boſom of the brave.
Saturn's great Sons in fierce convention vy'd,
And crouds of heroes in their anger dy'd.
The Sire of earth and heav'n, by *Thetis* won
To crown with glory *Peleus*' godlike ſon,
Will'd not deſtruction to the *Grecian* pow'rs,
But ſpar'd awhile the deſtin'd *Trojan* tow'rs:
When *Neptune* riſing from his azure main,
Warr'd on the King of heav'n with ſtern diſdain,
And breath'd revenge, and fir'd the *Grecian* train.
Gods of one ſource, of one etherial race,
Alike divine, and heav'n their native place;
But *Jove*'s the greater; firſt-born of the ſkies,
And more than Men, or Gods, ſupremely wiſe.
For this, of *Jove*'s ſuperior might afraid,
Neptune in human form conceal'd his aid.
Theſe pow'rs incloſe the *Greek* and *Trojan* train
In War and Diſcord's adamantine chain;

V. 451.] It will be neceſſary, for the better underſtanding the conduct of *Homer* in every battle he deſcribes, to reflect on the particular kind of fight, and the circumſtances which diſtinguiſh each. In this view therefore we ought to remember thro' this whole book, that the battle deſcribed in it, is a fixed cloſe fight, wherein the armies engage in a groſs compact body without any ſkirmiſhes or feats of activity, ſo often mentioned in the foregoing engagements. We ſee at the beginning of it the

Indissolubly strong, the fatal tye
Is stretch'd on both, and heaps on heaps they die.
Dreadful in arms, and grown in combat grey,
The bold *Idomeneus* controuls the day.
First by his hand *Othryoneus* was slain,
Swell'd with false hopes, with mad ambition vain!
Call'd

the *Grecians* form a *Phalanx*, v. 177. which continues unbroken at the very end, v. 1006. The chief weapon made use of is a *spear*, being most proper for this manner of combat; nor do we see any other use of a chariot, but to carry off the dead or wounded (as in the instance of *Harpalion* and *Deïphobus*.)

From hence we may observe with what judgment and propriety *Homer* introduces *Idomeneus* as the chief in action on this occasion: For this hero being declined from his prime, and somewhat stiff with years, was only fit for this kind of engagement, as *Homer* expressly says in the 512th verse of the present book,

> Οὔ γαρ ἔπ' ἔμπεδα γυῖα ποδῶν ἦν ὁρμηθέντι,
> Οὔτ' ἄρ' ἐπαίξαι μεθ' ἐὸν βέλος, οὔτ' ἀλέασθαι.
> Τῷ ῥα καὶ ἐν σταδίῃ μὲν ἀμύνετο νηλεὲς ἦμαρ.

See the translation, v. 648. &c.

V. 452. *In War and Discord's adamantine chain.*] This short comprehensive allegory is very proper to give us an idea of the present condition of the two contending armies, who being both powerfully sustained by the assistance of superior deities, join and mix together in a close and bloody engagement, without any remarkable advantage on either side. To image to us this state of things, the poet represents *Jupiter* and *Neptune* holding the two armies bound by a mighty chain, which he calls the knot of contention and war, and of which the two Gods draw the extremities, whereby the enclosed armies are compelled together, without any possibility on either side to separate or conquer. There is not perhaps in *Homer* any image at once so exact and so bold. Madam *Dacier* acknowledges, that despairing to make this passage shine in her language, she purposely omitted it in her translation: But from what she says in her annotations, it seems that she did not rightly apprehend the propriety and beauty of it. *Hobbes* too was not very sensible of it when he translated it so oddly:

> *And thus the Saw from brother unto brother*
> *Of cruel war was drawn alternately,*
> *And many slain on one side and the other.*

Call'd by the voice of war to martial fame,
From high *Cabeſus'* diſtant walls he came;
Caſſandra's love he ſought, with boaſts of power,
And promis'd conqueſt was the proffer'd dow'r.
The King conſented, by his vaunts abus'd;
The King conſented, but the Fates refus'd.
Proud of himſelf, and of th' imagin'd bride,
The field he meaſur'd, with a larger ſtride.
Him as he ſtalk'd, the *Cretan* jav'lin found;
Vain was his breaſt-plate to repel the wound:
His dream of glory loſt, he plung'd to hell;
The plain reſounded as the boaſter fell.
The great *Idomeneus* beſtrides the dead;
And thus (he cries) behold the promiſe ſped!

V. 471. *The great* Idomeneus *beſtrides the dead;*
And thus (he cries)——]

It ſeems (ſays *Euſtathius* on this place) that the Iliad, being an heroic poem, is of too ſerious a nature to admit of raillery: Yet *Homer* has found the ſecret of joining two things that are in a manner incompatible. For this piece of raillery is ſo far from raiſing laughter that it becomes a hero, and is capable to inflame the courage of all who hear it. It alſo elevates the character of *Idomeneus*, who, notwithſtanding he is in eminent dangers, preſerves his uſual gaiety of temper, which is the greateſt evidence of an uncommon courage.

I confeſs I am of an opinion very different from this of *Euſtathius*, which is alſo adopted by M. *Dacier*. So ſevere and bloody an irony to a dying perſon is a fault in morals, if not in poetry itſelf. It ſhould not have place at all, or, if it ſhould, is ill placed here. *Idomeneus* is repreſented a brave man, nay a man of a compaſſionate nature, in the circumſtance he was introduced in, of aſſiſting a wounded ſoldier. What provocation could ſuch an one have, to inſult ſo barbarouſly an unfortunate Prince, being neither his rival nor particular enemy? True courage is inſeparable from humanity, and all generous warriors regret the very victories they gain, when they reflect what a price of blood they coſt. I know it may be anſwered, that theſe were not the manners of *Homer's* time, a ſpirit of violence and devaſtation then reigned,

Such is the help thy arms to *Ilion* bring,
And ſuch the contract of the *Phrygian* King!

Our

reigned, even among the choſen people of God, as may be ſeen from the actions of *Joſhua*, &c. However, if one would forgive the *cruelty*, one cannot forgive the *gaiety*, on ſuch an occaſion. Theſe inhuman jeſts the Poet was ſo far from being obliged to make, that he was on the contrary forced to break through the general ſerious air of this poem to introduce them. Would it not raiſe a ſuſpicion, that (whatever we ſee of his ſuperior genius in other reſpects) his own views of morality were not elevated above the barbarity of his age? I think indeed the thing by far the moſt ſhocking in this Author, is that ſpirit of cruelty which appears too manifeſtly in the Iliad.

Virgil was too judicious to imitate *Homer* in theſe licences, and is much more reſerved in his ſarcaſms and inſults. There are not above four or five in the whole *Æneid*. That of *Pyrrhus* to *Priam* in the ſecond book, tho' barbarous in itſelf, may be accounted for, as intended to raiſe a character of horror, and render the action of *Pyrrhus* odious; whereas *Homer* ſtains his moſt favourite characters with theſe barbarities. That of *Aſcanius* over *Numanus* in the ninth, was a fair opportunity where *Virgil* might have indulged the humour of a cruel raillery, and have been excuſed by the youth and gaiety of the ſpeaker; yet it is no more than a very moderate anſwer to the inſolences with which he had juſt been provoked by his enemy, only retorting two of his own words upon him.

——I, verbis virtutem illude ſuperbis?
Bis capti Phryges hæc Rutulis reſponſa remittunt.

He never ſuffers his *Æneas* to fall into this practiſe, but while he is on fire with indignation after the death of his friend *Pallas*. That ſhort one to *Mezentius* is the leaſt that could be ſaid to ſuch a tyrant.

——Ubi nunc Mezentius acer, & illa
Effera vis animi?——

The worſt-natured one I remember (which is yet more excuſable than *Homer*'s) is that of *Turnus* to *Eumedes* in the 12th book.

En, agros, & quam bello, Trojane, petiſti,
Heſperiam metire jacens: hæc præmia, qui me
Ferro auſi tentare, ferunt: ſic mœnia condunt.

V. 474. *And ſuch the contract of the* Phrygian *King*, &c.] It

Our offers now, illuſtrious Prince! receive;
For ſuch an aid what will not *Argos* give?
To conquer *Troy*, with ours thy forces join,
And count *Atrides'* faireſt daughter thine.
Mean time, on farther methods to adviſe,
Come, follow to the fleet thy new allies;
There hear what *Greece* has on her part to ſay.
He ſpoke, and dragg'd the goary corſe away.
This *Aſius* view'd, unable to contain,
Before his chariot warring on the plain;
(His valued courſers to his ſquire conſign'd
Impatient panted on his neck behind)
To vengeance riſing with a ſudden ſpring,
He hop'd the conqueſt of the *Cretan* King.
The wary *Cretan*, as his foe drew near,
Full on his throat diſcharg'd the forceful ſpear:
Beneath the chin the point was ſeen to glide,
And glitter'd, extant at the farther ſide.
As when the Mountain oak, or poplar tall,
Or Pine, fit maſt for ſome great Admiral,
Groans to the oft-heav'd ax, with many a wound,
Then ſpreads a length of ruin o'er the ground:
So ſunk proud *Aſius* in that dreadful day,
And ſtretch'd before his much-lov'd courſers lay.
He grinds the duſt diſtain'd with ſtreaming gore,
And, fierce in death, lies foaming on the ſhore.
Depriv'd of motion, ſtiff with ſtupid fear,
Stands all aghaſt his trembling charioteer,

Nor

It was but natural to raiſe a queſtion, on occaſion of theſe and other paſſages in *Homer*, how it comes to paſs that the heroes of different nations are ſo well acquainted with the ſtories and circumſtances of each other? *Euſtathius*'s ſolution is no ill one, that the warriors on both ſides might learn the ſtory of their enemies from the captives they took, during the courſe of ſo long a war.

Nor ſhuns the foe, nor turns the ſteeds away,
But falls transfix'd, an unreſiſting prey:
Pierc'd by *Antilochus*, he pants beneath
The ſtately car, and labours out his breath.
Thus *Aſius'* ſteeds (their mighty maſter gone)
Remain the prize of *Neſtor's* youthful ſon.
Stabb'd at the ſight, *Deiphobus* drew nigh,
And made with force, the vengeful weapon fly:
The *Cretan* ſaw, and ſtooping, caus'd to glance,
From his ſlope ſhield, the diſappointed lance.
Beneath the ſpacious targe (a blazing round.
Thick with bull-hides, and brazen orbits bound,
On his rais'd arm by two ſtrong braces ſtay'd)
He lay collected in defenſive ſhade.
O'er his ſafe head the jav'lin idly ſung,
And on the tinkling verge more faintly rung.
Ev'n then, the ſpear the vig'rous arm confeſt,
And pierc'd obliquely King *Hypſenor's* breaſt:
Warm'd in his liver, to the ground it bore
The chief, his people's guardian now no more!
Not unattended (the proud *Trojan* cries)
Nor unrevenged, lamented *Aſius* lies:

For

V. 511. *The* Cretan *ſaw, and ſtooping*, &c.] Nothing could paint in a more lively manner this whole action, and every circumſtance of it, than the following lines. There is the poſture of *Idomeneus* upon ſeeing the lance flying towards him; the lifting the ſhield obliquely to turn it aſide; the arm diſcovered in that poſition; the form, compoſition, materials, and ornaments of the ſhield diſtinctly ſpecified; the flight of the dart over it; the ſound of it firſt as it flew, then as it fell; and the decay of that ſound on the edge of the buckler, which, being thinner than the other parts, rather tinkled than rung, eſpecially when the firſt force of the ſtroke was ſpent on the orb of it. All this in the compaſs of ſo few lines, in which every word is an image, is ſomething more beautifully particular, than I remember to have met with in any Poet.

For thee, tho' hell's black portals ſtand diſplayed,
This mate ſhall joy thy melancholy ſhade.
Heart-piercing anguiſh, at the haughty boaſt,
Touch'd ev'ry *Greek*, but *Neſtor's* ſon the moſt.
Griev'd as he was, his pious arms attend,
And his broad buckler ſhields his ſlaughter'd friend:
'Till ſad *Meciſtheus* and *Alaſtor* bore
His honour'd body to the tented ſhore.
Nor yet from fight *Idomeneus* withdraws;
Reſolv'd to periſh in his country's cauſe,
Or find ſome foe, whom heav'n and he ſhall doom
To wail his fate in death's eternal gloom.
He ſees *Alcathous* in the front aſpire:
Great *Æſyetes* was the hero's ſire:
His ſpouſe *Hippodamé*, divinely fair,
Anchiſes' eldeſt hope, and darling care;
Who charm'd her parent's and her huſband's heart,
With beauty, ſenſe, and ev'ry work of art:
He once of *Ilion's* youth, the lovelieſt boy,
The faireſt ſhe, of all the fair of *Troy*.
By *Neptune* now the helpleſs hero dies,
Who covers with a cloud thoſe beauteous eyes,
And fetters ev'ry limb: yet bent to meet
His fate, he ſtands; nor ſhuns the lance of *Crete*.
Fixt as ſome column, or deep-rooted oak,
(While the winds ſleep) his breaſt receiv'd the ſtroke.

Before

V. 543. *He once, of* Ilion's *youth the lovelieſt boy.*] Some manuſcripts, after theſe words, Ἄριστος ἐν Τρωὶ ἐυρείῃ, inſert the three following verſes;

Πρὶν Ἀνθηνορίδας τραφέμεν καὶ Πανθόου υἷας
Πριαμίδας θ' ὅτι τρωσὶ μεταπρέπον ἱπποδάμοισιν
Ἕως ἐθ' ἥβην εἶκεν, ὄφελλε δὲ κύριον ἄνθος;

which I have not tranſlated, as not thinking them genuine. Mr. *Barnes* is of the ſame opinion.

Before the pondrous ſtroke his corſelet yields,
Long us'd to ward the death in fighting fields.
The riven armour ſends a jarring ſound:
His lab'ring heart heaves with ſo ſtrong a bound;
The long lance ſhakes, and vibrates in the wound.
Faſt-flowing from its ſource, as prone he lay,
Life's purple tide impetuous guſh'd away.
Then *Idomen*, inſulting o'er the ſlain,
Behold, *Deiphobus*! nor vaunt in vain:
See! on one *Greek*, three *Trojan* ghoſts attend,
This my third victim, to the ſhades I ſend.
Approaching now thy boaſted might approve:
And try the proweſs of the ſeed of Jove.
From Jove enamour'd on a mortal dame,
Great *Minos* guardian of his country came:
Deucalion, blameleſs prince! was *Minos'* heir;
(His firſt-born I, the third from *Jupiter*:)
O'er ſpacious *Crete*, and her bold ſons I reign,
And thence my ſhips tranſport me thro' the main;
Lord of a hoſt, o'er all my hoſt I ſhine,
A ſcourge to thee, thy father, and thy line.
The *Trojan* heard; uncertain, or to meet
Alone, with ven'trous arms, the King of *Crete*;

Or

V. 554. *His lab'ring heart heaves with ſo ſtrong a bound;*
The long lance ſhakes, and vibrates in the wound.]
We cannot read *Homer* without obſerving a wonderful variety in the wounds and manner of dying. Some of theſe wounds are painted with very ſingular circumſtances, and thoſe of uncommon art and beauty. This paſſage is a maſter-piece in that way; *Alcathous* is pierced into the heart, which throbs with ſo ſtrong a pulſe, that the motion is communicated even to the diſtant end of the ſpear, which is vibrated thereby. This circumſtance might appear too bold, and the effect beyond nature, were we not informed by the moſt ſkilful Anatomiſts of the wonderful force of this muſcle, which ſome of them have computed to be equal to the weight of ſeveral thouſand pounds. *Lower de corde. Borellus & alii.*

Or ſeek auxiliar force ; at length decreed
To call ſome hero to partake the deed.
Forthwith *Æneas* riſes to his thought ;
For him, in *Troy*'s remoteſt lines he ſought,
Where he, incens'd at partial *Priam*, ſtands,
And ſees ſuperior poſts in meaner hands.
To him ambitious of ſo great an aid,
The bold *Deïphobus* approach'd and ſaid :
Now, *Trojan* Prince, employ thy pious arms,
If e'er thy boſom felt fair honour's charms.
Alcathous dies, thy brother and thy friend !
Come, and the warrior's lov'd remains defend.
Beneath his cares thy early youth was train'd,
One table fed you, and one roof contain'd.

This

V. 578. *Incens'd at partial* Priam, &c.] *Homer* here gives the reaſon why *Æneas* did not fight in the foremoſt ranks. It was againſt his inclination that he ſerved *Priam*, and he was rather engaged by honour and reputation to aſſiſt his country, than by any diſpoſition to aid that Prince. This paſſage is purely hiſtorical, and the antients have preſerved to us a tradition which ſerves to explain it. They ſay that *Æneas* became ſuſpected by *Priam*, on account of an oracle which propheſied he ſhould in proceſs of time rule over the *Trojans*. The King therefore ſhewed him no great degree of eſteem or conſideration, with deſign to diſcredit, and render him deſpicable to the people. *Euſtathius*. This envy of *Priam*, and this report of the oracle, are mentioned by *Achilles* to *Æneas* in the 20th book.

—— ἢ οἱ γε θυμὸς ἐμοὶ μαχέσασθαι ἀνώγει,
Ἐλπόμενον Τρώεσσιν ἀναξειν ἱπποδάμοισι,
Τιμῆς τῆς Πριάμου ; ἀτὰρ εἶκεν ἔμ' ἐξεναρίξῃς,
Οὗτοι τοὔνεκά γε Πρίαμος γέρας ἐνχερὶ θήσει.
Εἰσὶ γὰρ οἱ παῖδες.——

(See v. 216, &c. of the tranſlation.) And *Neptune* in the ſame book,

Ἤδη γὰρ Πρίαμου γενεὴν ἤχθηρε Κρονίων.
Νῦν δὲ δὴ Αἰνείαο βίη Τρώεσσιν ἀνάξει,
Καὶ παῖδες παιδων, τοί κεν μετόπιοθε γένωνται.

In the tranſlation, v. 335, &c.

I ſhall

This deed to fierce *Idomeneus* we owe;
Haſte and revenge it on th' inſulting foe.
Æneas heard, and for a ſpace reſign'd
To tender pity all his manly mind;
Then riſing in his rage, he burns to fight:
The *Greek* awaits him with collected might.
As the fell boar on ſome rough mountain's head,
Arm'd with wild terrors, and to ſlaughter bred,
When the loud ruſticks riſe, and ſhout from far,
Attends the tumults, and expects the war;
O'er his bent back the briſtly horrors riſe,
Fires ſtream in light'ning from his ſanguine eyes;
His foaming tuſks both dogs and men engage,
But moſt his hunters rouze his mighty rage.
So ſtood *Idomeneus*, his jav'lin ſhock,
And met the *Trojan* with a low'ring look.
Antilochus, *Deiphobus* were near,
The youthful offspring of the God of war;
Merion, and *Aphareus* in field renown'd:
To theſe the warrior ſent his voice around.
Fellows in arms! your timely aid unite;
Lo, great *Æneas* ruſhes to the fight:

Sprung

I ſhall conclude this note with the character of *Æneas*, as it is drawn by *Philoſtratus*, wherein he makes mention of the ſame tradition. "*Æneas* (ſays this author) was inferior to "*Hector* in battle only, in all elſe equal, and in prudence "ſuperior. He was likewiſe ſkilful in whatever related to "the Gods, and conſcious of what deſtiny had reſerved for "him after the taking of *Troy*. Incapable of fear, never "diſcompoſed, and particularly poſſeſſing himſelf in the "article of danger. *Hector* is reported to have been called "the hand, and *Æneas* the head, of the *Trojans*; and the "latter more advantaged their affairs by his caution, than "the former by his fury. Theſe two heroes were much of "the ſame age, and the ſame ſtature: The air of *Æneas* "had ſomething in it leſs bold and forward, but at the ſame "time more fixed and conſtant." *Philoſtrat. Heroic.*

Sprung from a God, and more than mortal bold:
He freſh in youth, and I in arms grown old.
Elſe ſhould this hand, this hour decide the ſtrife;
The great diſpute, of glory or of life.
He ſpoke, and all as with one voice obey'd;
Their liſted bucklers caſt a dreadful ſhade
Around the chief. *Æneas* too demands
Th' aſſiſting forces of his native bands:
Paris, *Deiphobus*, *Agenor* join;
(Co-aids and captains of the *Trojan* line.)
In order follow all th' embody'd train;
Like *Ida*'s flocks proceeding o'er the plain;
Before his fleecy care, erect and bold,
Stalks the proud ram, the father of the fold:
With joy the ſwain ſurveys them, as he leads
To the cool fountains, thro' the well known meads.
So joys *Æneas*, as his native band,
Moves on in rank, and ſtretches o'er the land.
Round dead *Alcathous* now the battle roſe;
On ev'ry ſide the ſteely circle grows;
Now batter'd breaſt-plates and hack'd helmets ring,
And o'er their heads unheeded jav'lins ſing.
Above the reſt, two tow'ring chiefs appear,
There great *Idomeneus*, *Æneas* here.

Like

V. 621. *Like* Ida's *flocks*, &c.] *Homer*, whether he treats of the cuſtoms of men or beaſts, is always a faithful interpreter of nature. When ſheep leave the paſture and drink freely, it is a certain ſign, that they have found good paſturage, and that they are all ſound; 'tis therefore, upon this account, that *Homer* ſays the ſhepherd rejoices. *Homer*, we find, well underſtood what *Ariſtotle* many ages after him remarked, viz. that ſheep grew fat by drinking. This therefore is the reaſon why ſhepherds are accuſtomed to give their flocks a certain quantity of ſalt every five days in the ſummer, that they may by this means drink the more freely. *Euſtathius*.

Like gods of war, diſpenſing fate, they ſtood,
And burn'd to drench the ground with mutual blood.
The *Trojan* weapon whizz'd along in air;
The *Cretan* ſaw, and ſhun'd the brazen ſpear.
Sent from an arm ſo ſtrong, the miſſive wood
Stuck deep in earth, and quiver'd where it ſtood.
But *Oenomas* receiv'd the *Cretan*'s ſtroke,
The forceful ſpear his hollow corſelet broke,
It ripp'd his belly with a ghaſtly wound,
And roll'd the ſmoaking entrails on the ground.
Stretch'd on the plain, he ſobs away his breath,
And furious graſps the bloody duſt in death.
The victor from his breaſt the weapon tears;
(His ſpoils he could not, for the ſhow'r of ſpears.)
Tho' now unfit an active war to wage,
Heavy with cumb'rous arms, ſtiff with cold age.
His liſtleſs limbs unable for the courſe;
In ſtanding fight he yet remains his force:
Till faint with labours and by force repell'd,
His tir'd, ſlow ſteps, he drags along the field.
Deïphobus beheld him as he paſt;
And fir'd with heat, a parting jav'lin caſt:
The jav'lin err'd, but held its courſe along,
And pierc'd *Aſcalaphus*, the brave and young:
The ſon of *Mars* fell gaſping on the ground,
And gnaſh'd the duſt all bloody with his wound.
Nor knew the furious father of his fall;
High-thron'd amidſt the great *Olympian* hall,

On

V. 655. *And, fir'd with hate.*] *Homer* does not tell us the occaſion of this hatred; but, ſince his days, *Simonides* and *Ibycus* write, that *Idomeneus* and *Deïphobus* were rivals, and both in love with *Helen*. This very well agrees with the ancient tradition which *Euripides* and *Virgil* have followed: For after the death of *Paris*, they tell us ſhe was eſpouſed to *Deïphobus*. *Euſtathius*.

On golden clouds th' immortal ſynod ſate ;
Detain'd from bloody war by *Jove* and *Fate*.
Now, where in duſt the breathleſs hero lay,
For ſlain *Aſcalaphus* commenc'd the fray.
Deiphobus to ſeize his helmet flies,
And from his temples rends the glitt'ring prize ;
Valiant as *Mars*, *Meriones* drew near,
And on his loaded arm diſcharg'd his ſpear.
He drops the weight, diſabled with the pain ;
The hollow helmet rings againſt the plain.
Swift as a vulture leaping on his prey,
From his torn arm the *Grecian* rent away
The reeking jav'lin, and rejoin'd his friends.
His wounded brother good *Polites* tends ;
Around his waiſt his pious arms he threw,
And from the rage of combat gently drew :
Him his ſwift courſers, on his ſplendid car,
Rapt from the leſs'ning thunder of the war ;
To *Troy* they drove him, groaning from the ſhore,
And ſprinkling, as he paſt, the ſands with gore.
Meanwhile freſh ſlaughter bathes the ſanguine ground,
Heaps falls on heaps, and heav'n and earth reſound.
Bold *Aphareus* by great *Æneas* bled ;
As tow'rd the chief he turn'd his daring head,
He pierc'd his throat ; the bending head depreſt,
Beneath his helmet, nods upon his breaſt ;
His ſhield revers'd o'er the fall'n warrior lies ;
And everlaſting ſlumber ſeals his eyes.
Antilochus, as *Theön* turn'd him round,
Tranſpierc'd his back with a diſhoneſt wound :
The hollow vein that to the neck extends
Along the chine, his eager jav'lin rends :
Supine he falls, and to his ſocial train
Spreads his imploring arms, but ſpreads in vain.

Th'

Th' exulting victor leaping where he lay,
From his broad shoulders tore the spoils away;
His time observ'd; for clos'd by foes around,
On all sides thick the peals of arms resound.
His shield emboss'd, the ringing storms sustains,
But he impervious and untouch'd remains.
(Great *Neptune*'s care preserv'd from hostile rage
This youth, the joy of *Nestor*'s glorious age)
In arms intrepid, with the first he fought,
Fac'd ev'ry foe, and ev'ry danger sought;
His winged lance, resistless as the wind,
Obeys each motion of the Master's mind.
Restless it flies, impatient to be free,
And meditates the distant enemy.
The son of *Asius*, *Adamus*, drew near,
And struck his target with the brazen spear,
Fierce in his front: but *Neptune* wards the blow,
And blunts the jav'lin of th' eluded foe.
In the broad buckler half the weapon stood:
Splinter'd on earth flew half the broken wood.
Disarm'd, he mingled in the *Trojan* crew;
But *Merion*'s spear o'ertook him as he flew,
Deep in the belly's rim an entrance found,
Where sharp the pang, and mortal is the wound.
Bending he fell, and, doubled to the ground,
Lay panting. Thus an ox, in fetters ty'd,
While death's strong pangs distend his lab'ring side,
His

V. 720. *Bending he fell, and, doubled to the ground, Lay panting.*—] The original is,

——— ὁδ' ἐσπόμενος περὶ δουρὶ
Ἠσπαιρ. ———

The versification represents the short sudden pantings of the dying warrior, in the short sudden break at the second syllable of

His bulk enormous on the field diſplays;
His heaving heart beats thick, as ebbing life decays.
The ſpear, the conqu'ror from his body drew,
And death's dim ſhadows ſwam before his view.
Next brave *Deïpyrus* in duſt was laid;
King *Helenus* wav'd high the *Thracian* blade,
And ſmote his temples with an arm ſo ſtrong,
The helm fell off, and roll'd amid the throng:
There, for ſome luckier *Greek* it reſts a prize,
For dark in death the godlike owner lies!
With raging grief great *Menelaus* burns,
And, fraught with vengeance, to the victor turns;
That ſhook the pond'rous lance, in act to throw,
And this ſtood adverſe with the bending bow:
Full on his breaſt the *Trojan* arrow fell,
But harmleſs bounded from the plated ſteel.
As on ſome ample barn's well-harden'd floor,
(The winds collected at each open door.)
While

of the ſecond line. And this beauty is, as it happens, preciſely copied in the *Engliſh*. It is not often that a tranſlator can do this juſtice to *Homer*, but he muſt be content to imitate theſe graces and proprieties at more diſtance, by endeavouring at ſomething parallel, tho' not the ſame.

V. 728. *King* Helenus.] The appellation of King was not anciently confined to thoſe only who bore the ſovereign dignity, but applied alſo to others. There was in the iſland of *Cyprus* a whole order of officer called Kings, whoſe buſineſs it was to receive the relations of informers, concerning all that happened in the iſland, and to regulate affairs accordingly. *Euſtathius.*

V. 739. *As on ſome ample barn's well-harden'd floor.*] We ought not to be ſhocked at the frequency of theſe ſimilies taken from the ideas of a rural life. In early times, before politeneſs had raiſed the eſteem of arts ſubſervient to luxury, above thoſe neceſſary to the ſubſiſtence of mankind; agriculture was the employment of perſons of the greateſt eſteem and diſtinction: We ſee in ſacred hiſtory Princes buſy at ſheep-ſhearing; and in the time of the *Roman* common-wealth, a Dictator

While the broad fan with force is whirl'd around,
Light leaps the golden grain, resulting from the ground.
So from the steel that guards *Atrides'* heart,
Repell'd to distance flies the bounding dart.
Atrides, watchful of th' unwary foe,
Pierc'd with his lance the hand that grasp'd the bow,
And nail'd it to the yew. The wounded hand
Trail'd the long lance that mark'd with blood the sand,
But good *Agenor* gently from the wound
The spear solicits, and the bandage bound;
A sling's soft wool, snatch'd from a soldier's side,
At once the tent and ligature supply'd.

Behold!

a Dictator taken from the plough. Wherefore it ought not to be wondered at, that allusions and comparisons of this kind are frequently used by ancient heroic writers, as well to raise as illustrate their descriptions. But since these arts are fallen from their ancient dignity, and become the drudgery of the lowest people, the images of them are likewise sunk into meanness, and without this consideration must appear to common readers unworthy to have place in Epic poems. It was perhaps through too much deference to such tastes, that *Chapman* omitted this simile in his translation.

V. 751. *A sling's soft wool, snatch'd from a soldier's side,*
At once the tent and ligature supply'd.]

The words of the original are these:

Αὐτὴν δὲ ξυνέδησεν ἐϋστρόφῳ οἰὸς ἀώτῳ
Σφενδόνῃ, ἣ ἄρα οἱ θεράπων ἔχε ποιμένι λαῶν.

This passage, by the Commentators ancient and modern, seems rightly understood in the sense expressed in this translation: The word σφενδόνη properly signifying a *Sling*; which (as *Eustathius* observes from an old Scholiast) was anciently made of woollen strings. *Chapman* alone dissents from the common interpretation, boldly pronouncing that slings are no where mentioned in the Iliad, without giving any reason for his opinion. He therefore translates the word σφενδόνη a *Scarf*, by no other authority than that he says *it was a fitter thing to hang a wounded arm in than a sling*; and very prettily wheedles his reader into this opinion by a most gallant imagination, that *his squire might carry this Scarf about him as a favour of his own or of his master's mistress*. But for the use he

Behold! *Pisander*, urg'd by fate's decree,
Springs thro' the ranks to fall, and fall by thee,
Great *Menelaus*! to enhance thy fame;
High-tow'ring in the front, the warrior came.
First the sharp lance was by *Atrides* thrown:
The lance far distant by the winds was blown.
Nor pierc'd *Pisander* thro' *Atrides* shield;
Pisander's spear fell shiver'd on the field.
Not so discourag'd, to the future blind,
Vain dreams of conquest swell his haughty mind;
Dauntless he rushes where the *Spartan* lord
Like light'ning brandish'd his far-beaming sword.
His left arm high oppos'd the shining shield;
His right, beneath, the cover'd pole-axe held;
(An olive's cloudy grain the handle made,
Distinct with studs; and brazen was the blade)

This

he has found for this scarf, there is not any pretence from the original; where it is only said the wound was bound up, without any mention of hanging the arm. After all, he is hard put to it in his translation; for being resolved to have a *Scarf*, and obliged to mention *Wool*, we are left entirely at a loss to know from whence he got the latter.

A like passage recurs near the end of this book, where the Poet says the *Locrians* went to war without shield or spear, only armed,

Τόξοισι καὶ ἐϋστρόφῳ οἰὸς ἀώτῳ. V. 16.

Which last expression, as all the Commentators agree, signifies a *sling*, tho' the word σφενδόνη is not used. *Chapman* here likewise, without any colour of authority, dissents from the common opinion; but very inconstant in his errors, varies his mistake, and assures us, "this expression is the true Periphrasis of a light kind of armour, call'd a *Jack*, which all our archers used to serve in of old, and which were ever quilted with wool."

V. 766. *The cover'd pole-axe.*] *Homer* never ascribes this weapon to any but the *Barbarians*, for the battle-axe was not used in war by the politer nations. It was the favourite weapon of the *Amazons*. *Eustathius*.

This on the helm diſcharg'd a noble blow;
The plume dropp'd nodding to the plain below,
Shorn from the creſt. *Atrides* wav'd his ſteel:
Deep thro' his front the weighty faulchion fell.
The craſhing bones before its force gave way;
In duſt and blood the groaning hero lay;
Forc'd from their ghaſtly orbs, and ſpouting gore,
The clotted eye-balls tumble on the ſhore.
The fierce *Atrides* ſpurn'd him as he bled,
Tore off his arms, and loud-exulting ſaid:
Thus, *Trojans*, thus at length be taught to fear;
O race perfidious, who delight in war!

Already

V. 779. *The ſpeech of* Menelaus.] This ſpeech of *Menelaus* over his dying enemy, is very different from thoſe with which *Homer* frequently makes his heroes inſult the vanquiſhed, and anſwers very well the character of this good-natured Prince. Here are no inſulting taunts, no cruel ſarcaſms, nor any ſporting with the particular misfortunes of the dead: The invectives he makes are general, ariſing naturally from a remembrance of his wrongs, and being almoſt nothing elſe but a recapitulation of them. Theſe reproaches came moſt juſtly from this Prince, as being the only perſon among the *Greeks* who had received any perſonal injury from the *Trojans*. The Apoſtrophe he makes to *Jupiter*, wherein he complains of his protecting a wicked people, has given occaſion to cenſure *Homer* as guilty of impiety, in making his heroes tax the Gods with injuſtice: But ſince, in the former part of this ſpeech, it is expreſsly ſaid, that *Jupiter* will certainly puniſh the *Trojans* by the deſtruction of their city for violating the laws of hoſpitality, the latter part ought only to be conſidered as a complaint to *Jupiter* for delaying that vengeance: This reflection being no more than what a pious ſuffering mind, grieved at the flouriſhing condition of proſperous wickedneſs, might naturally fall into. Not unlike this is the complaint of the Prophet *Jeremiah*, ch. 12. v. 1. *Righteous art thou, O Lord, when I plead with thee: yet let me talk with thee of thy judgments. Wherefore doth the way of the wicked proſper? Wherefore are all they happy that deal very treacherouſly?*

Nothing can more fully repreſent the cruelty and injuſtice of the *Trojans*, than the obſervation with which *Menelaus* finiſhes

Already noble deeds ye have perform'd,
A Princeſs rap'd tranſcends a Navy ſtorm'd:
In ſuch bold feats your impious might approve,
Without th' aſſiſtance, or the fear of *Jove*.
The violated rites, the raviſh'd dame,
Our heroes ſlaughter'd, and our ſhips on flame:
Crimes, heap'd on crimes, ſhall bend your glory down,
And whelm in ruins yon flagitious town.
O thou, great father, lord of earth and ſkies,
Above the thought of man, ſupremely wiſe!
If from thy hand the fates of mortals flow,
From whence this favour to an impious foe?
A godleſs crew, abandon'd and unjuſt,
Still breathing rapine, violence, and luſt!
The beſt of things, beyond their meaſure, cloy:
Sleep's balmy bleſſing, love's endearing joy;
The feaſt, the dance; whate'er mankind deſire,
Ev'n the ſweet charms of ſacred numbers tire.

niſhes their character, by ſaying, that they have a more ſtrong, conſtant, and inſatiable appetite after bloodſhed and rapine, than others have to ſatisfy the moſt agreeable pleaſures and natural deſires.

V. 795. *The beſt of things, beyond their meaſure, cloy.*] Theſe words comprehend a very natural ſentiment, which perfectly ſhews the wonderful folly of men: They are ſoon wearied with the moſt agreeable things, when they are innocent, but never with the moſt toilſome things in the world, when unjuſt and criminal. *Euſtathius. Dacier.*

V. 797. *The dance.*] In the original it is called αμυμων, *the blameleſs dance*; to diſtinguiſh (ſays *Euſtathius*) what ſort of dancing it is that *Homer* commends. For there were two kinds of dancing practiſed among the ancients, the one reputable, invented by *Minerva*, or by *Caſtor* and *Pollux*; the other diſhoneſt, of which *Pan*, or *Bacchus*, was the author. They were diſtinguiſhed by the name of the tragic, and the comic or ſatyric dance. But thoſe which probably our Author commends were certain military dances uſed by the greateſt heroes. One of this ſort was known to the *Macedonians*

But *Troy* for ever reaps a dire delight
In thirſt of ſlaughter, and in luſt of fight.
This ſaid, he ſeiz'd (while yet the carcaſe heav'd)
The bloody armour, which his train receiv'd:
Then ſudden mix'd among the warring crew,
And the bold ſon of *Pylæmenes* ſlew.
Harpalion had thro' *Aſia* travell'd far,
Following his martial father to the war;
Thro' filial love he left his native ſhore,
Never, ah never, to behold it more!
His unſucceſsful ſpear he chanc'd to fling
Againſt the target of the *Spartan* King;
Thus of his lance diſarm'd from death he flies,
And turns around his apprehenſive eyes.
Him, thro' the hip tranſpiercing as he fled,
The ſhaft of *Merion* mingled with the dead.
Beneath the bone the glancing point deſcends,
And driving down, the ſwelling bladder rends:
Sunk in his ſad companions arms he lay,
And in ſhort pantings ſobb'd his ſoul away;

(Like

nians and *Perſians*, practiſed by *Antiochus* the great, and the famous *Polyperchon*. There was another which was danced in compleat armour, called the *Pyrrhick*, from *Pyrrichus* the *Spartan* its inventor, which continued in faſhion among the *Lacedæmonians*. *Scaliger* the father remarks, that this dance was too laborious to remain long in uſe even among the ancients; however it ſeems that labour could not diſcourage this bold Critick from reviving that laudable kind of dance in the preſence of the Emperor *Maximilian* and his whole court. It is not to be doubted but the performance raiſed their admiration; nor much to be wondered at, if they deſired to ſee more than once ſo extraordinary a ſpectacle, as we have it in his own words. *Poetices, lib.* 1. *cap.* 18. *Hanc ſaltationem* [Pyrrhicam] *nos & ſæpe, & diu, coram Divo Maximiliano, juſſu Auſtriaci patrui, non ſine ſtupore totius Germaniæ, repreſentavimus.*

(Like ſome vile worm extended on the ground)
While life's red torrent guſh'd from out the wound.
Him on his car the *Paphlagonian* train
In ſlow proceſſion bore from off the plain.
The penſive father, father now no more!
Attends the mourniful pomp along the ſhore,

V. 819. *Like ſome vile worm extended on the ground.*] I cannot be of *Euſtathius*'s opinion, that this ſimile was deſigned to debaſe the character of *Harpalion*, and to repreſent him in a mean and diſgraceful view, as one who had nothing noble in him. I rather think from the character he gives of this young man, whoſe piety carried him to the wars to attend his father, and from the air of this whole paſſage, which is tender and pathetick, that he intended this humble compariſon only as a mortifying picture of human miſery and mortality. As to the verſes which *Euſtathius* alledges for a proof of the cowardice of *Harpalion*,

Ἀϊξ δ' ἐτάρων ἐις ἴθυς ἰχάζετο κῆρ ἀλαλείνων
Πάντοσε παπτήνας.———

The retreat deſcribed in the firſt verſe is common to the greateſt heroes in *Homer*; the ſame words are applied to *Deïphobus* and *Meriones* in this book, and to *Patroclus* in the 16th, v. 817. of the *Greek*. The ſame thing in other words is ſaid even of the great *Ajax*, *Il.* 15. v. 728. And we have *Ulyſſes* deſcribed in the 4th, v. 497. with the ſame circumſpection and fear of the darts: tho' none of thoſe warriors have the ſame reaſon as *Harpalion*, for their retreat or caution, he alone being unarmed, which circumſtance takes away all imputation of cowardice.

V. 823. *The penſive father.*] We have ſeen in the 5th Iliad the death of *Pylæmenes* general of the *Paphlagonians*: How comes he then in this place to be introduced as following the funeral of his ſon? *Euſtathius* informs us of a moſt ridiculous ſolution of ſome Criticks, who thought it might be the ghoſt of this unhappy father, who not being yet interred, according to the opinion of the ancients, wandered upon the earth. *Zenodotus* not ſatisfied at this (as indeed he had little reaſon to be) changed the name *Pylæmenes* into *Kylæmenes*. *Didymus* thinks there were two of the ſame name; as there are in *Homer* two *Schedius*'s, two *Eurymedons*, and three *Adraſtus*'s. And others correct the verſe by adding a negative, μετὰ δ' οὐ οἱ πατὴρ ἕπετ'; *his father did* not *follow his chariot*

And unavailing tears profuſely ſhed,
And unreveng'd, deplor'd his offspring dead.
Paris from far the moving fight beheld,
With pity ſoften'd and with fury ſwell'd:
His honour'd hoſt, a youth of matchleſs grace,
And lov'd of all the *Paphlagonian* race!
With his full ſtrength he bent his angry bow,
And wing'd the feather'd vengeance at the foe.
A chief there was, the brave *Euchenor* nam'd,
For riches much, and more for virtue fam'd,
Who held his ſeat in *Corinth*'s ſtately town;
Polyidus' ſon, a ſeer of old renown
Oft had the father told his early doom,
By arms abroad, or ſlow diſeaſe at home:
He climb'd his veſſel, prodigal of breath,
And choſe the certain, glorious path to death.

Beneath

chariot with his face bath'd in tears. Which laſt, if not of more weight than the reſt, is yet more ingenious. *Euſtathius. Dacier.*

Nor did his valiant father (now no more)
Purſue the mournful pomp along the ſhore,
No ſire ſurviv'd, to grace th' untimely bier,
Or ſprinkle the cold aſhes with a tear.

V. 840. *And choſe the certain glorious path to death.*] Thus we ſee *Euchenor* is like *Achilles*, who ſailed to *Troy*, tho' he knew he ſhould fall before it. This might ſomewhat have prejudiced the character of *Achilles*, every branch of which ought to be ſingle, and ſuperior to all others, as he ought to be without a rival in every thing that ſpeaks a hero: Therefore we find two eſſential differences between *Euchenor* and *Achilles*, which preſerve the ſuperiority of the hero of the poem. *Achilles*, if he had not ſailed to *Troy*, had enjoyed a long life; but *Euchenor* had been ſoon cut off by ſome cruel diſeaſe: *Achilles* being independant, and as a King, could have lived at eaſe at home, without being obnoxious to any diſgrace; but *Euchenor* being but a private man, muſt either have gone to the war, or been expoſed to an ignominious penalty. *Euſtathius. Dacier.*

Beneath his ear the pointed arrow went;
The soul came issuing at the narrow vent:
His limbs, unnerv'd, drop'd useless on the ground,
And everlasting darkness shades him round.
Nor knew great *Hector* how his legions yield,
(Wrapt in the cloud and tumult of the field)
Wide on the left the force of *Greece* commands,
And conquest hovers o'er th' *Achaian* bands:
With such a tide superior virtue sway'd,
And * he that shakes the solid earth gave aid.
But in the centre *Hector* fix'd remain'd,
Where first the gates were forc'd, and bulwarks gain'd;
There, on the margin of the hoary deep,
(Their naval station where th' *Ajaces* keep.

* *Neptune.*

V. 845. *Nor knew great* Hector, &c.] Most part of this book being employed to describe the brave resistance the *Greeks* made on their left under *Idomeneus* and *Meriones*, the Poet now shifts the scene, and returns to *Hector*, whom he left in the centre of the army, after he had passed the wall, endeavouring in vain to break the phalanx where *Ajax* commanded. And that the reader might take notice of this change of place, and carry distinctly in his mind each scene of action, *Homer* is very careful in the following lines to let us know, that *Hector* still continues in the place where he had first passed the wall, at that part of it which was lowest, (as appears from *Sarpedon*'s having pulled down one of its battlements on foot, *lib.* 12) and which was nearest the station where the ships of *Ajax* were laid, because that hero was probably thought a sufficient guard for that part. As the Poet is so very exact in describing each scene as in a chart or plan, the reader ought to be careful to trace each action in it; otherwise he will see nothing but confusion in things which are in themselves very regular and distinct. This observation is the more necessary, because even in this place, where the Poet intended to prevent any such mistake, *Dacier* and other interpreters have applied to the present action what is only a recapitulation of the time and place described in the former book.

And where low walls confine the beating tides,
Whose humble barrier scarce the foe divides;
Where late in fight both foot and horse engag'd,
And all the thunder of the battle rag'd)
There join'd, the whole *Bœotian* strength remains.
The proud *Ionians* with their sweeping trains,
Locrians and *Phthians*, and the *Epæan* force;
But join'd, repel not *Hector*'s fiery course.
The flow'r of *Athens*, *Stichius*, *Phidas* led,
Bias and great *Menestheus* at their head.
Meges the strong th' *Epean* bands controul'd,
And *Dracius* prudent, and *Amphion* bold;
The *Phthians Meden*, fam'd for martial might,
And brave *Pedarces*, active in the fight.
This drew from *Phylachus* his noble line:
Iphicus' son: and that (*Oïleus*) thine:
(Young *Ajax*' brother, by a stol'n embrace:
He dwelt far distant from his native place,
By his fierce stepdame from his father's reign
Expell'd and exil'd, for her brother slain.)
These rule the *Phthians*, and their arms employ,
Mixt with *Bœotians*, on the shores of *Trey*.
Now side by side, with like unweary'd care,
Each *Ajax* labour'd thro' the field of war.
So when two lordly bulls, with equal toil,
Force the bright plowshare thro' the fallow soil,
Join'd

V. 861. Phthians.] The *Phthians* are not the troops of *Achilles*, for these were called *Phthiotes*; but they were the troops of *Protesilaus* and *Philoctetes*. *Eustathius*.

V. 879. *So when two lordly bulls*, &c.] The Image here given of the *Ajaxes* is very lively and exact; there being no circumstance of their present condition that is not to be found in the comparison, and no particular in the comparison that does not resemble the action of the heroes. Their strength and

Join'd to one yoke, the ſtubborn earth they tear;
And trace large furrows with the ſhining ſhare:
O'er their huge limbs the foam deſcends in ſhow,
And ſtreams of ſweat down their ſour foreheads flow.
A train of hero's follow'd thro' the field,
Who bore by turns great *Ajax'* ſevenfold ſhield;
Whene'er he breath'd, remiſſive of his might;
Tir'd with inceſſant ſlaughters of the fight:
His brave aſſociate had no following band,
His troops unpractiſed in the fight of ſtand
For not the ſpear the *Locrian* ſquadrons wield,
Nor bear the helm, nor lift the mooney ſhield;
But ſkill'd from far the flying ſhaft to wing,
Or whirl the ſounding pebble from the ſling:
Dext'rous with theſe they aim a certain wound,
Or fell the diſtant warrior to the ground.
Thus in the van, the *Telamonian* train
Throng'd in bright arms a preſſing fight maintain;
Far in the rear the *Locrian* archers lie,
Thick ſtones and arrows intercept the ſky,
The mingled tempeſt on the foes they pour;
Troy's ſcatt'ring orders open to the ſhow'r.
Now had the *Greeks* eternal fame acquir'd,
And the gall'd *Ilions* to their walls retir'd;
But ſage *Polydamas*, diſcreetly brave,
Addreſs'd great *Hector*, and this counſel gave.
Tho' great in all, thou ſeem'ſt averſe to lend
Impartial audience to a faithful friend:
To gods and men thy matchleſs worth is known,
And ev'ry art of glorious war thy own;

and labour, their unanimity and nearneſs to each other, the difficulties they ſtruggle againſt, and the ſweat occaſioned by the ſtruggling, perfectly correſponding with the ſimile.

But in cool thought and council to excel,
How widely differs this from warring well?
Content with what the bounteous Gods have giv'n,
Seek not alone t' engroſs the gifts of heav'n.
To ſome the bloody pow'rs of war belong,
To ſome, ſweet muſic, and the charm of ſong;
To few, and wond'rous few, has *Jove* aſſign'd
A wiſe, extenſive, all-conſid'ring mind;
Their guardians theſe, the nations round confeſs,
And towns and empires for their ſafety bleſs.
If heav'n has lodg'd this virtue in my breaſt,
Attend, O *Hector*, what I judge the beſt.
See, as thou mov'ſt, on dangers dangers ſpread,
And war's whole fury burns about thy head:
Behold, diſtreſs'd within yon' hoſtile wall,
How many *Trojans* yield, diſperſe, or fall?
What troops, out-number'd, ſcarce the war maintain?
And what brave heroes at the ſhips lie ſlain?
Here ceaſe thy fury; and the Chiefs and Kings,
Convok'd to council, weigh the ſum of things.
Whether (the Gods ſucceeding our deſires)
To yon' tall ſhips to bear the *Trojan* fires:
Or quit the fleet, and paſs unhurt away,
Contented with the conqueſt of the day,
I fear, I fear, leſt *Greece* (not yet undone)
Pay the large debt of laſt revolving ſun.
Achilles, great *Achilles*, yet remains
On yonder decks, and yet o'erlooks the plains!

The

V. 937. Achilles, *great* Achilles, *yet remains*
On yonder decks, and yet o'erlooks the plains!

There never was a nobler encomium than this of *Achilles*. It ſeems enough to ſo wiſe a counſellor as *Polydamas*, to convince ſo intrepid a warrior as *Hector*, in how great danger the *Trojans* ſtood, to ſay, *Achilles ſees us*. "Though he "abſtains

The counsel pleas'd; and *Hector*, with a bound,
Leap'd from his chariot on the trembling ground;
Swift as he leap'd, his clanging arms resound.

" abstain from the fight, he still casts his eye on the battle;
" it is true we are a brave army, and yet keep our ground,
" but still *Achilles* sees us, and we are not safe." This reflection makes him a God, a single regard of whom can turn the fate of armies, and determine the destiny of a whole people. And how nobly is this thought extended in the progress of this poem; where we shall see in the 16th book the *Trojans* fly at the first sight of his armour, worn by *Patroclus*; and in the 18th their defeat compleated by his sole appearance, unarmed on his ship.

V. 939. Hector, *with a bound, Leap'd from his chariot.*] *Hector* having in the last book alighted, and caused the *Trojans* to leave their chariots behind them, when they passed the trench, and no mention of any chariot but that of *Asius* since occurring in the battle; we must necessarily infer, either that *Homer* has neglected to mention the advance of the chariots, (a circumstance which should not have been omitted) or else, that he is guilty here of a great mistake in making *Hector* leap from his chariot. I think it evident, that this is really a slip of the Poet's memory: For in this very book, v. 533. (of the original) we see *Polites* lead off his wounded brother to the place where his chariot remained behind the army. And again in the next book, *Hector*, being wounded, is carried out of the battle in his soldiers arms to the place where his horses and chariot waited at a distance from the battle.

——— τὸν δ' ἄρ' ἑταῖροι
Χερσὶν ἀείραντες φέρον ἐκ πόνου, ὄφρ' ἵππους
Ὠκείας οἳ ὄπισθε μάχης ἀδὲ πολέμοιο
Ἕστασαν ——— *Lib.* 14. *v.* 428.

But what puts it beyond dispute, that the chariots continued all this time in the place where they quitted them, is a passage in the fifteenth book, where the *Trojans*, being overpowered by the *Greeks*, fly back over the wall and trench, till they came to the place where their chariots stood.

Οἱ μὲν δὴ παρ' ὄχεσφιν ἐρητύοντο μένοντες. *Lib.* 15. *v.* 5.

Neither *Eustathius* nor *Dacier* have taken any notice of this incongruity, which would tempt one to believe they were willing to overlook what they could not excuse. I must honestly own my opinion, that there are several other negligences

To guard this poſt (he cry'd) thy art employ,
And here detain the ſcatter'd youth of *Troy*;
Where yonder heroes faint, I bend my way,
And haſten back to end the doubtful day.
This ſaid; the tow'ring chief prepares to go.
Shakes his white plumes that to the breezes flow,
And ſeems a moving mountain topt with ſnow.
Thro' all his hoſt, inſpiring force, he flies,
And bids anew the martial thunder riſe.

To

gences of this kind in *Homer*. I cannot think otherwiſe of the paſſage in the preſent book concerning *Pylæmenes*; notwithſtanding the excuſes of the Commentators which are there given. The very uſing the ſame name in different places for different perſons, confounds the reader in the ſtory, and is what certainly would be better avoided: So that 'tis to no purpoſe to ſay, there might as well be two *Pylæmenes's*, as two *Schedius's*, two *Eurymedons*, two *Ophelaſtes's*, &c. ſince it is more blameable to be negligent in many inſtances than in one. *Virgil* is not free from this, as *Macrobius* has obſerved, *Sat. l.* 5. *c.* 15. But the above-mentioned names are proofs of that Critick's being greatly miſtaken in affirming that *Homer* is not guilty of the ſame. It is one of thoſe many errors he was led into, by his partiality to *Homer* above *Virgil*.

V. 948. *And ſeems a moving mountain topt with ſnow.*] This ſimile is very ſhort in the original, and requires to be opened a little to diſcover its full beauty. I am not of M. *Dacier*'s opinion, that the luſtre of *Hector*'s arm was that which furniſhed *Homer* with this image; it ſeems rather to allude to the plume upon his helmet, in the action of ſhaking which this hero is ſo frequently painted by our Author, and from thence diſtinguiſhed by the remarkable epithet κορυθαίολος. This is a very pleaſing image, and very much what the Painters call *picturesque*. I fancy it gave the hint for a very fine one in *Spenſer*, where he repreſents the perſon of *Contemplation* in the figure of an old man almoſt conſumed with ſtudy.

His ſnowy locks adown his ſhoulders ſpread,
As hoary froſt with ſpangles doth attire
The moſſy branches of an oak half dead.

To *Panthus'* ſon, at *Hector's* high command,
Haſte the bold leaders of the *Trojan* band:
But round the battlements, and round the plain,
For many a chief he look'd, but look'd in vain;
Deïphobus, nor *He'enus* the ſeer,
Nor *Aſius'* ſon, nor *Aſius'* ſelf appear.
For theſe were pierc'd with many a ghaſtly wound,
Some cold in death, ſome groaning on the ground;
Some low in duſt (a mournful object) lay,
High on the wall ſome breath'd their ſouls away.
Far on the left, amidſt the throng he found
(Cheering the troops, and dealing deaths around)
The graceful *Paris!* whom, with fury mov'd,
Opprobrious, thus th' impatient chief reprov'd.
Ill-fated *Paris!* ſlave to womankind,
Aſſmooth of face as fraudulent of mind!
Where is *Deïphobus*, where's *Aſius* gone?
The god-like father, and th' intrepid ſon?
The force of *Helenus*, diſpenſing fate,
And great *Othryoneus* ſo fear'd of late?
Black fate hangs o'er thee from th' avenging Gods,
Imperial *Troy* from her foundation nods;
Whelm'd in thy country's ruins ſhalt thou fall,
And one devouring vengeance ſwallow all.

When

V. 965. *Ill-fated* Paris.] The reproach which *Hector* here caſts on *Paris*, gives us the character of this hero, who in many things reſembles *Achilles*; being (like him) unjuſt, violent, and impetuous, and making no diſtinction between the innocent and criminal. 'Tis he who is obſtinate in attacking the entrenchments, yet aſks an account of thoſe who were ſlain in the attack from *Paris*; and tho' he ought to blame himſelf for their deaths, yet he ſpeaks to *Paris*, as if thro' his cowardice he had ſuffered theſe to be ſlain, whom he might have preſerved if he had fought courageouſly. *Euſtathius.*

When *Paris* thus: My brother and my friend,
Thy warm impatience makes thy tongue offend.
In other battles I deserv'd thy blame,
Tho' then not deedless, nor unknown to fame:
But since yon' ramparts by thy arms lay low,
I scatter'd slaughter from my fatal bow.
The chiefs you seek on yonder shore lie slain;
Of all those heroes, two alone remain;
Deiphobus, and *Helenus* the seer:
Each now disabled by a hostile spear.
Go then, successful, where thy soul inspires;
This heart and hand shall second all thy fires:
What with this arm I can, prepare to know;
Till death for death be paid, and blow for blow.
But 'tis not ours, with forces not our own
To combat; strength is of the Gods alone.
These words the hero's angry mind assuage:
Then fierce they mingle where the thickest rage.
Around *Polydamas* distain'd with blood,
Cebrion, *Phalces*, stern *Orthæus* stood;
Palmus, with *Polipætes* the divine,
And two bold brothers of *Hippotion*'s line:
(Who reach'd fair *Ilion*, from *Ascania* far,
The former day; the next engag'd in war.)
As when from gloomy clouds a whirlwind springs,
That bears *Jove*'s thunder on its dreadful wings,
Wide o'er the blasted fields the tempest sweeps,
Then gather'd, settles on the hoary deeps;
Th' afflicted deeps tumultuous mix and roar;
The waves behind impel the waves before,
Wide-rolling, foaming high, and tumbling to the shore.
Thus

V. 1005. *Wide-rolling, foaming high, and tumbling to the shore.*]

Thus rank on rank the chief battalions throng,
Chief urg'd on chief, and man drove man along;
Far o'er the plains in dreadful order bright,
The brazen arms reflect a beamy light.
Full in the blazing van great *Hector* shin'd,
Like *Mars* commission'd to confound mankind.
Before him flaming, his enormous shield,
Like the broad sun illumin'd all the field:
His nodding helm emits a streamy ray;
His piercing eyes thro' all the battle stray,
And, while beneath his targe he flash'd along,
Shot terrors round, that wither'd ev'n the strong.
Thus stalk'd he dreadful; death was in his look;
Whole nations fear'd: but not an *Argive* shook.
The tow'ring *Ajax*, with an ample stride,
Advanc'd the first and thus the chief defy'd.
Hector, come on, thy empty threats forbear—
'Tis not thy arm, 'tis thund'ring *Jove*, we fear:
The skill of war to us not idly giv'n,
Lo! *Greece* is humbled, not by *Troy*, but heav'n.
Vain are the hopes that haughty mind imparts,
To force our fleet: The *Greeks* have hands and hearts.
Long ere in flames our lofty navy fall,
Your boasted city and your god-built wall,
Shall sink beneath us, smoaking on the ground;
And spread along, unmeasur'd ruin round.
The time shall come, when chas'd along the plain,
Ev'n thou shalt call on *Jove*, and call in vain;

Ev'n

shore.] I have endeavoured in this verse to imitate the confusion and broken sound of the original, which images the tumult and roaring of many waters.

Κύμαλο παφλάζοντα πολυφλοίσβοιο θαλάσσης
Κυρτὰ, φαληριόωντα. ———

Ev'n thou ſhalt wiſh, to aid thy deſp'rate courſe,
The wings of falcons for thy flying horſe;
Shalt run forgetful of a warrior's fame,
While clouds of friendly duſt conceal thy ſhame.
As thus he ſpoke, behold, in open view,
On ſounding wings a dexter eagle flew,
To *Jove*'s glad omen all the *Grecians* riſe,
And hail with ſhouts, his progreſs thro' the ſkies.
Far-echoing clamours bound from ſide to ſide:
They ceas'd; and thus the Chief of *Troy* reply'd.

From

V. 1037. *Clouds of friendly duſt.*] a Critick might take occaſion from hence to ſpeak of the exact time of the year in which the actions of the Iliad are ſuppoſed to have happened. And (according to the grave manner of a learned Diſſertator) begin by informing us, that he has found it muſt be the *ſummer* ſeaſon, from the frequent mention made of clouds of *duſt*: Tho' what he diſcovers might be full as well inferred from common ſenſe, the ſummer being the natural ſeaſon for a campaign. However he ſhould quote all theſe paſſages at large; and adding to the article of *duſt* as much as he can find of the *ſweat* of the heroes, it might fill three pages very much to his own ſatisfaction. It would look well to obſerve farther, that the fields are deſcribed flowery, *Il.* 2. v. 546. that the branches of a tamariſk tree are flouriſhing, *Il.* 10. v 537. that the warriors ſometimes waſh themſelves in the ſea, *Il.* 11. v. 762. that *Diomed* ſleeps out of his tent on the ground, *Il.* 10. v. 170. that the flies are very buſy about the dead body of *Patroclus*, *Il.* 19. v. 30. that *Apollo* covers the body of *Hector* with a cloud to prevent its being ſcorched, *Il.* 23. All this would prove the very thing which was ſaid at firſt, that it was *ſummer*. He might next proceed to enquire, what preciſe critical time of ſummer? And here the mention of new-made honey in *Il.* 11. v. 771. might be of great ſervice in the inveſtigation of this important matter: He would conjecture from hence, that it muſt be near the end of ſummer, honey being ſeldom taken till that time; to which having added the plague which rages in book 1. and remarked, that infections of that kind generally proceed from the extremeſt heats, which heats are not till near the *autumn*; the learned enquirer might hug himſelf in this diſcovery, and conclude with triumph.

If

From whence this menace, this inſulting ſtrain?
Enormous boaſter! doom'd to vaunt in vain.
So may the Gods on *Hector* life beſtow,
(Not that ſhort life which mortals lead below,
But ſuch as thoſe of *Jove*'s high lineage born,
The blue ey'd maid, or he that gilds the morn.)
As this deciſive day ſhall end the fame
Of *Greece*, and *Argos* be no more a name.
And thou, imperious! if thy madneſs wait
The lance of *Hector*, thou ſhalt meet thy fate:
That giant-corſe, extended on the ſhore,
Shall largely feaſt the fowls with fat and gore.
He ſaid, and like a lion ſtalk'd along:
With ſhouts inceſſant earth and ocean rung,
Sent from his following hoſt: the *Grecian* train:
With anſwering thunders fill'd the echoing plain;
A ſhout that tore heav'n's concave, and above
Shook the fix'd ſplendors of the throne of *Jove*.

If any one think this too ridiculous to have been ever put in practice, he may ſee what *Boſſu* has done to determine the preciſe ſeaſon of the *Æneid*, *lib.* 3. *ch.* 12. The memory of that learned Critick failed him, when he produced, as one of the proofs that it was autumn, a paſſage in the 6th book, where the fall of the leaf is only mentioned in a *ſimile*. He has alſo found out a beauty in *Homer*, which few even of his greateſt admirers can believe he intended; which is, that to the *violence* and *fury* of the *Iliad* he artfully adapted the *heat* of *ſummer*, but to the *Odyſſey* the *cooler* and *maturer* ſeaſon of *autumn*, to correſpond with the *ſedateneſs* and *prudence* of *Ulyſſes*.

THE

THE FOURTEENTH BOOK OF THE ILIAD.

The ARGUMENT.

Juno deceives *Jupiter* by the Girdle of *Venus*.

NESTOR *ſitting at the table with* Machaon, *is alarmed with the encreaſing clamour of the war, and haſtens to* Agamemnon: *On his way he meets that Prince with* Diomed *and* Ulyſſes, *whom he informs of the extremity of the danger.* Agamemnon *propoſes to make their eſcape by night, which* Ulyſſes *withſtands; to which* Diomed *adds his advice, that, wounded as they were, they ſhould go forth and encourage the army with their preſence; which advice is purſued.* Juno *ſeeing the partiality of* Jupiter *to the* Trojans, *forms a deſign to over-reach him; ſhe ſets off her charms with the utmoſt care, and (the more ſurely to enchant him) obtains the magick girdle of* Venus. *She then applies herſelf to the God of* Sleep, *and with ſome difficulty perſuades him to ſeal the eyes of* Jupiter; *this done ſhe goes to mount* Ida, *where the God, at firſt ſight, is raviſhed with her beauty, ſinks in her embraces, and is laid aſleep.* Neptune *takes advantage of his ſlumber, and ſuccours the* Greeks: Hector *is ſtruck to the ground with a prodigious ſtone by* Ajax, *and carried off from the battle: Several actions ſucceed; till the* Trojans, *much diſtreſſed, are obliged to give way: The leſſer* Ajax *ſignalizes himſelf in a particular manner.*

THE

THE

*FOURTEENTH BOOK

OF THE

ILIAD.

BUT nor the genial feaſt, nor flowing bowl,
Could charm the cares of *Neſtor*'s watchful ſoul;
His ſtartled ears th' encreaſing cries attend;
Then thus, impatient, to his wounded friend.
What new alarms, divine *Machaon*, ſay,
What mixt events attend this mighty day?
Hark! how the ſhouts divide, and how they meet,
And now come full, and thicken to the fleet!

Here,

* The Poet, to advance the character of *Neſtor*, and give us a due eſteem for his conduct and circumſpection, repreſents him as deeply ſolicitous for the common good; In the very article of mirth or relaxation from the toils of war, he is all attention to learn the fate and iſſue of the battle: And through his long uſe and ſkill in martial events, he judges from the nature of the uproar ſtill encreaſing, that the fortune of the day is held no longer in ſuſpenſe, but inclines to one ſide. *Euſtathius.*

V. 1. *But nor the genial feaſt.*] At the end of the 11th book we left *Neſtor* at the table with *Machaon*. The attack of the entrenchments, deſcribed thro' the 12th and 13th books, happened while *Neſtor* and *Machaon* ſate at the table; nor is there any improbability herein, ſince there is nothing performed in thoſe two books, but what might naturally happen in the ſpace of two hours. *Homer* conſtantly follows the thread of his narration, and never ſuffers his reader to forget the train of action, or the time it employs. *Dacier.*

Here, with the cordial draught diſpel thy care,
Let *Hecamede* the ſtrength'ning bath prepare,
Refreſh thy wound, and cleanſe the clotted gore;
While I th' adventures of the day explore.
He ſaid; and ſeizing *Thraſimedes'* ſhield,
(His valiant offspring) haſten'd to the field;
(That day the ſon his father's buckler bore)
Then ſnatch'd a lance, and iſſu'd from the door.
Soon as the proſpect open'd to his view,
His wounded eyes the ſcene of ſorrow knew.
Dire diſarray! the tumult of the fight,
The wall in ruins, and the Greeks in flight.
As when old Ocean's ſilent ſurface ſleeps,
The waves juſt heaving on the purple deeps;

While

V. 10. *Let* Hecamede *the ſtrength'ning bath prepare.*] The cuſtom of women officiating to men in the bath was uſual in ancient times. Examples are frequent in the *Odyſſey*. And it is not at all more odd, or to be ſneered at, than the cuſtom now uſed in *France*, of *Valets de Chambres* dreſſing and undreſſing the ladies.

V. 21. *As when old Ocean's ſilent ſurface ſleeps.*] There are no where more finiſhed pictures of nature, than thoſe which *Homer* draws in ſeveral of his compariſons. The beauty, however of ſome of theſe will be loſt to many, who cannot perceive the reſemblance, having never had opportunity to obſerve the things themſelves. The life of this deſcription will be moſt ſenſible to thoſe who have been at ſea in a calm: In this condition the water is not entirely motionleſs, but ſwells gently in ſmooth waves, which fluctuate backwards and forwards in a kind of balancing motion: This ſtate continues till a riſing wind gives a determination to the waves, and rolls 'em one certain way. There is ſcarce any thing in the whole compaſs of nature that can more exactly repreſent the ſtate of an irreſolute mind, wavering between two different deſigns, ſometimes inclining to the one, ſometimes to the other, and then moving to that point to which its reſolution is at laſt determined. Every circumſtance of this compariſon is both beautiful and juſt; and it is the more to be admired, becauſe it is very difficult to find ſenſible images proper

While yet th' expected tempeſt hangs on high,
Weighs down the cloud, and blackens in the ſky,
The maſs of waters will no wind obey;
Jove ſends one guſt, and bids them roll away.
While wav'ring counſels thus his mind engage,
Fluctuates in doubtful thought the *Pylian* ſage;
To join the hoſt, or to the general haſte,
Debating long he fixes on the laſt:
Yet, as he moves, the fight his boſom warms;
The field rings dreadful with the clang of arms;
The gleaming faulchions flaſh, the jav'lins fly,
Blows echo blows, and all or kill, or die.
Him, in his march, the wounded Princes meet,
By tardy ſteps aſcending from the fleet.
The King of Men, *Ulyſſes* the divine,
And who to *Tydeus* owes his noble line.

Their

proper to repreſent the motions of the mind; wherefore we but rarely meet with ſuch compariſons, even in the beſt Poets. There is one of great beauty in *Virgil*, upon a ſubject very like this, where he compares his hero's mind, agitated with a great variety and quick ſucceſſion of thoughts, to a dancing light reflected from a veſſel of water in motion.

Cuncta videns, magnæ curarum fluctuat æſtu,
Atque animum, nunc huc, celerem, nunc dividit illuc,
In partesque rapit varias, perque omnia verſat.
Sicut aquæ tremulum labris ubi lumen ahenis
Sole repercuſſum, aut radiantis imagine lunæ
Omnia pervolitat latè loca; jamque ſub auras
Erigitur, ſummique ferit laquearia tecti.

Æn. l. 8. v. 19.

V. 30. *He fixes on the laſt.*] *Neſtor* appears in this place a great friend to his Prince; for upon deliberating whether he ſhould go through the body of the *Grecian* hoſt, or elſe repair to *Agamemnon*'s tent; he determines at laſt, and judges it the beſt way to go to the latter. Now becauſe it had been ill concerted to have made a man of his age walk a great way round about in queſt of his commander, *Homer* has ordered it ſo, that he ſhould meet *Agamemnon* in his way thither

Their ſhips at diſtance from the battle ſtand,
In lines advanc'd along the ſhelving ſtrand;

Whoſe

thither. And nothing could be better imagined than the reaſon, why the wounded Princes left their tents; they were impatient to behold the battle, anxious for its ſucceſs, and deſirous to inſpirit the ſoldiers by their preſence. The Poet was obliged to give a reaſon; for in *Epic* Poetry, as well as in *Dramatic*, no perſon ought to be introduced without ſome neceſſity, or at leaſt ſome probability, for his appearance. *Euſtathius.*

V. 39. *Their ſhips at diſtance*, &c.] *Homer* being always careful to diſtinguiſh each ſcene of action, gives a very particular deſcription of the ſtation of the ſhips, ſhewing in what manner they lay drawn up on the land. This he had only hinted at before; but here taking occaſion on the wounded heroes coming from their ſhips, which were at a diſtance from the fight (while others were engaged in the defence of thoſe ſhips where the wall was broke down) he tells us, that the ſhore of the bay comprehended between the *Rhœteum* and *Sigæum* promontories was not ſufficient to contain the ſhips in one line; which they were therefore obliged to draw up in ranks, ranged in parallel lines along the ſhore. How many of theſe lines there were, the Poet does not determine. M. *Dacier*, without giving any reaſon for her opinion, ſays they were but two; one advanced near the wall, the other on the verge of the ſea. But it is more than probable, that there were ſeveral intermediate lines; ſince the order in which the veſſels lay is here deſcribed by a metaphor taken from the ſteps of a *ſcaling ladder*; which had been no way proper to give an image only of two ranks, but very fit to repreſent a greater tho' undetermined number. That there were more than two lines, may likewiſe be inferred from what we find in the beginning of the 11th book; where it is ſaid, that the voice of *Diſcord*, ſtanding on the ſhip of *Ulyſſes*, *in the middle of the fleet*, was heard as far as the ſtations of *Achilles* and *Ajax*, *whoſe ſhips were drawn up in the two extremities:* Thoſe of *Ajax* were neareſt the wall (as is expreſſly ſaid in the 682d verſe of the 13th book, *in the orig.*) and thoſe of *Achilles* neareſt the ſea; as appears from many paſſages ſcattered thro' the Iliad.

It muſt be ſuppoſed, that thoſe ſhips were drawn higheſt upon land, which firſt approached the ſhore; the firſt line therefore conſiſted of thoſe who firſt diſembarked, which were the ſhips of *Ajax* and *Proteſilaus*; the latter of whom

ſeems

Whoſe bay, the fleet unable to contain
At length, beſide the margin of the main,
Rank above rank, the crouded ſhips they moor;
(Who landed firſt, lay higheſt on the ſhore.)
Supported on their ſpears they took their way,
Unfit to fight, but anxious for the day.
Neſtor's approach alarm'd each *Grecians* breaſt,
Whom thus the gen'ral of the hoſt addreſt.
O grace and glory of th' *Achaian* name!
What drives thee, *Neſtor*, from the field of fame?
Shall then proud *Hector* ſee his boaſt fulfill'd,
Our fleets in aſhes, and our heroes kill'd?
Such was his threat, ah! now too ſoon made good,
On many a *Grecian* boſom writ in blood.
Is ev'ry heart inflam'd with equal rage
Againſt your King, nor will one chief engage?
And have I liv'd to ſee with mournful eyes
In ev'ry *Greek* a new *Achilles* riſe?
Gerenian Neſtor then. So fate has will'd;
And all-confirming time has fate fulfill'd.

Net

ſeems mentioned in the verſe above cited of the 13th book, only to give occaſion to obſerve this, for he was ſlain as he landed firſt of the *Greeks*. And accordingly we ſhall ſee in the 15th book, it is his ſhip that is firſt attacked by the *Trojans*, as it lay neareſt them.

We may likewiſe gueſs how it happens, that the ſhips of *Achilles* were placed neareſt the ſea; for in the anſwer of *Achilles* to *Ulyſſes* in the 9th book, v. 432. he mentions a naval expedition he had made while *Agamemnon* lay ſafe in the camp: So that his ſhips at their return did naturally lie next the ſea; which without this conſideration, might appear a ſtation not ſo becoming this hero's courage.

V. 47. Neſtor's *approach alarm'd.*] That ſo laborious a perſon as *Neſtor* has been deſcribed, ſo indefatigable, ſo little indulgent of his extreme age, and one that never receded from the battle, ſhould approach to meet them; this it was that ſtruck the Princes with amazement, when they ſaw he had left the field. *Euſtathius.*

Not he that thunders from th' aereal bow'r,
Not *Jove* himself, upon the past has pow'r.
The wall, our late inviolable bound,
And best defence, lies smoaking on the ground:
Ev'n to the ships their smoaking arms extend,
And groans of slaughter'd *Greeks* to heav'n ascend,
On speedy measures then employ your thought;
In such distress if counsel profit ought;
Arms cannot much: tho' *Mars* our souls incite,
These gaping wounds withhold us from the fight.
To him the Monarch. That our army bends,
That *Troy* triumphant our high fleet ascends,
And that the rampart, late our surest trust,
And best defence, lies smoaking in the dust:
All this from *Jove*'s afflicted hand we bear,
Who, far from *Argos*, wills our ruin here,
Past are the days when happier *Greece* was blest,
And all his favour, all his aid confest;
Now heav'n averse, our hands from battle ties,
And lifts the *Trojan* glory to the skies.
Cease we at length to waste our blood in vain,
And launch what ships lie nearest to the main;

Leave

V. 81. *Cease we at length*, &c.] *Agamemnon* either does not know what course to take in this distress, or only sounds the sentiments of his nobles (as he did in the second book of the whole army.) He delivers himself first after *Nestor*'s speech, as it became a counsellor to do. But knowing this advice to be dishonourable, and unsuitable to the character he assumes elsewhere ἱδρώσει μέν τοί Τελαμῶν, &c. and considering that he could do no better than abandon his post, when before he had threatened the deserters with death; he reduces his counsel into the form of a proverb, disguising it as handsomely as he can under a sentence. *It is better to shun an evil*, &c. It is observable too how he has qualified the expression: He does not say, to *shun the battle*, for that had been unsoldierly; but he softens the phrase, and calls it to

Leave theſe at anchor till the coming night;
Then if impetuous *Troy* forbear the fight,
Bring all to ſea, and hoiſt each ſail for flight.
Better from evils, well foreſeen, to run,
Than periſh in the danger we may ſhun.
Thus he. The ſage *Ulyſſes* thus replies,
While anger flaſh'd from his diſdainful eyes.
What ſhameful words (unkingly as thou art)
Fall from that trembling tongue, and tim'rous heart?
Oh were thy ſway the curſe of meaner pow'rs,
And thou the ſhame of any hoſt but ours!
A hoſt, by *Jove* endu'd with martial might,
And taught to conquer, or to fall in fight;
Advent'rous combats and bold wars to wage,
Employ'd our youth, and yet employs our age,
And wilt thou thus deſert the *Trojan* plain?
And have whole ſtreams of blood been ſpilt in vain?

to ſhun *evil*: And this word *evil* he applies twice together, in adviſing them to leave the engagement.

It is farther remarked that this was the nobleſt opportunity for a General to try the temper of his officers; for he knew that in a calm of affairs, it was common with moſt people either out of flattery or reſpect, to ſubmit to their leaders: But in imminent danger, fear does not bribe them, but every one diſcovers his very ſoul, valuing all other conſiderations, in regard to his ſafety, but in the ſecond place. He knew the men he ſpoke to were prudent perſons, and not eaſy to caſt themſelves into a precipitate flight. He might likewiſe have a mind to recommend himſelf to his army by the means of his officers; which he was not very able to do of himſelf, angry as they were at him, for the affront he had offered *Achilles*, and by conſequence thinking him the Author of all their preſent calamities. *Euſtathius.*

V. 92. *Oh were thy ſway the curſe of meaner pow'rs,*
And thou the ſhame of any hoſt but ours.

This is a noble compliment to his country and the *Grecian* army, to ſhew that it was an impoſſibility for them to follow even their General in any thing that was cowardly, or ſhameful; though the lives and ſafeties of them all were concerned in it.

In ſuch baſe ſentence if thou couch thy fear,
Speak it in whiſpers, leſt a *Greek* ſhould hear.
Lives there a man ſo dead to fame, who dares
To think ſuch meanneſs, or the thought declares?
And comes it ev'n from him whoſe ſov'reign ſway
The banded legions of all *Greece* obey?
Is this a Gen'ral's voice, that calls to flight?
While war hangs doubtful, while his ſoldiers fight?
What more could *Troy?* What yet their fate denies
Thou giv'ſt the foe: all *Greece* becomes their prize,
No more the troops, (our hoiſted ſails in view,
Themſelves abandon'd) ſhall the fight purſue,
Thy ſhips firſt flying with deſpair ſhall ſee,
And owe deſtruction to a Prince like thee.
Thy juſt reproofs (*Atrides* calm replies)
Like arrows pierce me, for thy words are wiſe.
Unwilling as I am to loſe the hoſt,
I force not *Greece* to quit this hateful coaſt.
Glad I ſubmit, whoe'er, or young or old,
Ought, more conducive to our weal, unfold.

Tydides

V. 104. *And comes it ev'n from him whoſe ſov'reign ſway*
The banded legions of all Greece *obey?*]
As who ſhould ſay, that another man might indeed have uttered the ſame advice, but it could not be a perſon of prudence; or if he had prudence, he could not be a governor, but a private man; or if a governor, yet one who had not a well-diſciplined and obedient army; or laſtly, if he had an army ſo conditioned, yet it could not be ſo large and numerous a one as that of *Agamemnon*. This is a fine climax, and of wonderful ſtrength. *Euſtathius.*

V. 118. *Whoe'er, or young, or old,* &c.] This nearly reſembles an ancient cuſtom at *Athens*, where in times of trouble and diſtreſs, every one of what age or quality ſoever, was invited to give in his opinion with freedom by the publick cryer. *Euſtathius.*

Tydides cut him ſhort and thus began :
Such counſel if ye ſeek, behold the man
Who boldly gives it, and what he ſhall ſay,
Young, tho' he be, diſdain not to obey:
A youth, who from the mighty *Tydeus* ſprings,
May ſpeak to Councils and aſſembled Kings.
Hear then in me the great *Oenides'* ſon,
Whoſe honour'd duſt (his race of glory run)
Lies whelm'd in ruins of the *Theban* wall ;
Brave in his life, and glorious in his fall.
With three bold ſons was gen'rous *Protheus* bleſt,
Who *Pleuron*'s walls and *Calydon* poſſeſt ;
Melas and *Agrius*, but (who ſurpaſt
The reſt in courage, *Oeneus* was the laſt :
From him, my Sire. From *Calydon* expell'd,
He paſs'd to *Argos*, and in exile dwell'd ;

V. 120.] This ſpeech of *Diomed* is naturally introduced, beginning with an anſwer, as if he had been called upon to give his advice. The counſel he propoſes was that alone which could be of any real ſervice in their preſent exigency: However, ſince he ventures to adviſe where *Ulyſſes* is at a loſs, and *Neſtor* himſelf ſilent, he thinks it proper to apologize for this liberty by reminding them of his birth and deſcent, hoping thence to add to his counſel a weight and authority which he could not from his years and experience. It cannot indeed be denied that this hiſtorical digreſſion ſeems more out of ſeaſon than any of the ſame kind which we ſo frequently meet with in *Homer*, ſince his birth and parentage muſt have been ſufficiently known to all at the ſiege, as he here tells them. This muſt be owned a defect not altogether to be excuſed in the Poet, but which may receive ſome alleviation, if conſidered as a fault of temperament. For he had certainly a ſtrong inclination to genealogical ſtories, and too frequently takes occaſion to gratify this humour.

V. 135. *He paſs'd to* Argos.] This is a very artful colour: He calls the flight of his father for killing one of his brothers, *travelling and dwelling at* Argos, without mentioning the cauſe and occaſion of his retreat. What immediately follows *(ſo* Jove *ordained)* does not only contain in it a diſguiſe of his

The Monarch's daughter there (ſo *Jove* ordain'd)
He won, and flouriſh'd where *Adraſtus* reigned:
There rich in fortune's gifts, his acres till'd,
Beheld his vines their liquid harveſt yield,
And num'rous flocks that whiten'd all the field.
Such *Tydeus* was, the foremoſt once in fame!
Nor lives in *Greece* a ſtranger to his name.
Then, what for common good my thoughts inſpire,
Attend, and in the ſon reſpect the ſire.
Tho' ſore of battle, tho' with wounds oppreſt,
Let each go forth, and animate the reſt.
Advance the glory which he cannot ſhare,
Tho' not partaker, witneſs of the war.
But leſt new wounds on wounds o'erpow'r us quite,
Beyond the miſſile jav'lin's ſounding flight,
Safe let us ſtand; and from the tumult far,
Inſpire the ranks, and rule the diſtant war.
He added not: the liſt'ning Kings obey,
Slow moving on; *Atrides* leads the way.
The God of Ocean (to inflame their rage)
Appears a Warrior furrow'd o'er with age;
Preſs'd

his crime, but is a juſt motive likewiſe for our compaſſion. *Euſtathius.*

V. 146. *Let each go forth, and animate the reſt.*] It is worth a remark, with what management and diſcretion the Poet has brought theſe four Kings, and no more, towards the engagement, ſince theſe are ſufficient alone to perform all that he requires. For *Neſtor* propoſes to them to enquire, if there be any way or means which prudence can direct for their ſecurity. *Agamemnon* attempts to diſcover that method. *Ulyſſes* refutes him, as one whoſe method was diſhonourable, but propoſes no other project. *Diomed* ſupplies that deficiency, and ſhews what muſt be done: That wounded as they are, they ſhould go forth to the battle; for though they were not able to engage, yet their preſence would re-eſtabliſh their affairs by detaining in arms thoſe who might otherwiſe quit the field. This counſel is embraced, and readily obeyed by the reſt. *Euſtathius.*

Preſs'd in his own the Gen'ral's hand he took,
And thus the venerable Hero ſpoke.
Atrides, lo! with what diſdainful eye
Achilles ſees his country's forces fly:
Blind impious man! whoſe anger is his guide,
Who glories in unutterable pride.
So may he periſh, ſo may *Jove* diſclaim
The wretch relentleſs, and o'erwhelm'd with ſhame!
But heav'n forſakes not thee; O'er yonder ſands
Soon ſhalt thou view the ſcatter'd *Trojan* bands
Fly diverſe; while proud Kings, and Chiefs renown'd,
Driv'n heaps on heaps, with clouds involv'd around
Of rolling duſt, their winged wheels employ
To hide their ignominious heads in *Troy*.
He ſpoke, then ruſh'd amongſt the warring crew;
And ſent his voice before him as he flew,
Loud, as the ſhout encountring armies yield,
When twice ten thouſand ſhake the lab'ring field:
Such was the voice, and ſuch the thund'ring ſound
Of him whoſe trident rends the ſolid ground.
Each *Argive* boſom beats to meet the fight,
And grizzly war appears a pleaſing ſight.
Mean time *Saturnia* from *Olympus'* brow,
High-thron'd in gold, beheld the fields below;

V. 179. *The ſtory of* Jupiter *and* Juno.] I don't know a bolder fiction in all antiquity, than this of *Jupiter*'s being deceived and laid aſleep, or that has a greater air of impiety and abſurdity. It is an obſervation of Monſ. *de St. Evremond* upon the ancient poets, which every one will agree to: "That it is ſurprizing enough to find them ſo ſcrupulous to "preſerve probability, in actions purely human; and ſo "ready to violate it in repreſenting the actions of the Gods. "Even thoſe who have ſpoke more ſagely than the reſt, of "their nature, could not forbear to ſpeak extravagantly of "their conduct. When they eſtabliſh their being and their attri-

With joy the glorious conflict she survey'd,
Where her great brother gave the *Grecians* aid.

But

"attributes, they make them immortal, infinite, almighty, "perfectly wise, and perfectly good: But the moment they "represent them acting, there is no weakness to which they "do not make them stoop, and no folly or wickedness they "do not make them commit." The same author answers this in another place by remarking, "That truth was not the "inclination of the first ages: a foolish lie or a lucky falshood "gave reputation to impostors, and pleasure to the credu-"lous. It was the whole secret of the great and the wise, "to govern the simple and ignorant herd. The vulgar, who "pay a profound reverence to mysterious errors, would have "despised plain truth, and it was thought a piece of pru-"dence to deceive them. All the discourses of the ancients "were fitted to so advantageous a design. There was no-"thing to be seen but fictions, allegories, and similitudes, "and nothing was to appear as it was in itself."

I must needs, upon the whole, as far as I can judge, give up the morality of this fable; but what colour of excuse for it *Homer* might have from ancient tradition, or what mystical or allegorical sense might atone for the appearing impiety, is hard to be ascertained at this distant period of time. That there had been before his age a tradition of *Jupiter*'s being laid asleep, appears from the story of *Hercules* at *Coos*, referred to by our author, v. 285. There is also a passage in *Diodorus*, *lib.* 1. *c.* 7. which gives some small light to this fiction. Among other reasons which that historian lays down to prove that *Homer* travelled into *Egypt*, he alledges this passage of the interview of *Jupiter* and *Juno*, which he says was grounded upon an *Egyptian* festival, *wherein the nuptial ceremonies of these two deities were celebrated, at which time both their tabernacles, adorned with all sorts of flowers, are carried by the priests to the top of a high mountain.* Indeed as the greatest part of the ceremonies of the ancient religions consisted in some symbolical representations of certain actions of their Gods, or rather deified mortals, so a great part of ancient poetry consisted in the description of the actions exhibited in those ceremonies. The loves of *Venus* and *Adonis* are a remarkable instance of this kind, which, tho' under different names, were celebrated by annual representations, as well in *Egypt* as in several nations of *Greece* and *Asia*: and to the images which were carried in these festivals, several ancient poets were indebted for their most happy descriptions.

tions.

But plac'd aloft, on *Ida*'s ſhady height
She ſees her *Jove*, and trembles at the ſight.
Jove to deceive, what method ſhall ſhe try,
What arts to blind his all-beholding eye!
At length ſhe truſts her pow'r; reſolv'd to prove
The old, yet ſtill ſucceſsful, cheat of love;
Againſt his wiſdom to oppoſe her charms,
And lull the Lord of Thunders in her arms.

tions. If the truth of this obſervation of *Diodorus* be admitted, the preſent paſſage will appear with more dignity, being grounded on religion; and the conduct of the poet will be more juſtifiable, if that, which has been generally counted an incident, wanton fiction, ſhould prove to be the repreſentation of a religious ſolemnity. Conſidering the great ignorance we are in of many ancient ceremonies, there may be probably in *Homer* many incidents entirely of this nature; wherefore we ought to be reſerved in our cenſures, leſt what we decry as wrong in the Poet, ſhould prove only a fault in his religion. And indeed it would be a very unfair way to tax any people, or any age whatever, with groſſneſs in general, purely from the groſs or abſurd ideas or practices that are to be found in their religions.

In the next place, if we have recourſe to allegory, (which ſoftens and reconciles every thing) it may be imagined that by the congreſs of *Jupiter* and *Juno*, is meant the mingling of the *æther* and the *air* (which are generally ſaid to be ſignified by theſe two deities.) The ancients believed the *æther* to be igneous, and that by its kind influence upon the air, it was the cauſe of all vegetation: To which nothing more exactly correſponds, than the fiction of the earth putting forth her flowers immediately upon this congreſs. *Virgil* has ſome lines in the ſecond *Georgic*, that ſeem a perfect explanation of the fable into this ſenſe. In deſcribing the ſpring, he hints as if ſomething of a vivifying influence was at that time ſpread from the upper heavens into the air. He calls *Jupiter* expreſſly *Æther*, and repreſents him operating upon his ſpouſe for the production of all things.

Tum pater omnipotens fœcundis imbribus æther
Conjugis in gremio lætæ deſcendit, & omnes
Magnus alit, magno commixtus corpore fœtus.
Parturit omnis ager, &c.

But

Swift to her bright apartment ſhe repairs,
Sacred to dreſs, and beauty's pleaſing cares:
With

But be all this as it will, it is certain, that whatever may be thought of this fable in a theological or philoſophical view, it is one of the moſt beautiful pieces that ever was produced by Poetry. Neither does it want its moral: An ingenious modern writer (whom I am pleaſed to take any occaſion of quoting) has given it us in theſe words.

"This paſſage of *Homer* may ſuggeſt abundance of inſtruction to a woman who has a mind to preſerve, or recall the affection of her huſband. The care of her perſon and dreſs, with the particular blandiſhments woven in the *Ceſtus*, are ſo plainly recommended in this fable, and ſo indiſpenſably neceſſary in every female who deſires to pleaſe, that they need no farther explanation. The diſcretion likewiſe in covering all matrimonial quarrels from the knowledge of others, is taught in the pretended viſit to *Tethys*, in the ſpeech where *Juno* addreſſes herſelf to *Venus*; as the chaſte and prudent management of a wife's charms is intimated by the ſame pretence for her appearing before *Jupiter*, and by the concealment of the *Ceſtus* in her boſom. I ſhall leave this tale to the conſideration of ſuch good houſewives, who are never well dreſſed but when they are abroad, and think it neceſſary to appear more agreeable to all men living than their huſbands: As alſo to thoſe prudent ladies, who to avoid the appearance of being over-fond, entertain their huſbands with indifference, averſion, ſullen ſilence, or exaſperating language."

V. 191. *Swift to her bright apartment ſhe repairs*, &c.] This paſſage may be of conſideration to the ladies, and, for their ſakes, I take a little pains to obſerve upon it. *Homer* tells us that the very Goddeſſes, who are all over charms, never dreſs in ſight of any one: The Queen of Heaven adorns herſelf in private, and the doors lock after her. In *Homer* there are no *Dieux des Ruelles*, no Gods are admitted to the toilette.

I am afraid there are ſome earthly Goddeſſes of leſs prudence, who have loſt moſt of the adoration of mankind by the contrary practice. *Lucretius* (a very good judge in gallantry) preſcribes, as a cure to a deſperate lover, the frequent ſight of his miſtreſs undreſſed. *Juno* herſelf has ſuffer'd a little by the very *Muſe*'s peeping into her chamber, ſince ſome nice criticks are ſhocked in this place of *Homer*, to find that the Goddeſs waſhes herſelf, which preſents ſome idea as

With ſkill divine had Vulcan form'd the bow'r,
Safe from acceſs of each intruding pow'r.
Touch'd with her ſecret key, the doors unfold:
Self-cloſ'd behind her ſhut the valves of gold.
Here firſt ſhe bathes; and round her body pours
Soft oils of fragrance, and ambroſial ſhow'rs:
The winds perfum'd, the balmy gale convey,
Thro' heav'n, thro' earth, and all th' aereal way;
Spirit divine! whoſe exhalation greets
The ſenſe of Gods with more than mortal ſweets.
Thus while ſhe breath'd of heav'n, with decent pride
Her artful hands the radiant treſſes ty'd;

as if ſhe was dirty. Thoſe who have delicacy will profit by this remark.

V. 198. *Soft oils of fragrance.*] The practice of *Juno* in anointing her body with perfumed oils, was a remarkable part of ancient *Coſmetics*, tho' entirely diſuſed in the modern arts of dreſs. It may poſſibly offend the niceneſs of modern ladies; but ſuch of 'em as paint, ought to conſider that this practice might, without much greater difficulty, be reconciled to cleanlineſs. This paſſage is a clear inſtance of the antiquity of this cuſtom, and clearly determines againſt *Pliny*, who was of opinion that it was not ſo ancient at thoſe times, where, ſpeaking of perfumed unguents, he ſays, *Quis primus inveneris non traditur; Iliacis temporibus non erant*, lib. 13. c. 1. Beſides the cuſtom of anointing Kings among the *Jews*, which the Chriſtians have borrowed, there are ſeveral alluſions in the Old Teſtament which ſhew that this practice was thought ornamental among them. The *Pſalmiſt*, ſpeaking of the gifts of God, mentions wine and oil, the former to make glad the heart of man, and the latter to give him a chearful countenance. It ſeems moſt probable that this was an eaſtern invention, agreeable to the luxury of the *Aſiaticks*, among whom the moſt proper ingredients for theſe unguents were produced; from them this cuſtom was propagated among the *Romans*, by whom it was eſteemed a pleaſure of a very refined nature. Whoever is curious to ſee inſtances of their expence and delicacy therein, may be ſatisfied in the firſt three chapters of the thirteenth book of *Pliny*'s natural hiſtory.

V. 203. *Thus while ſhe breath'd of heav'n*, &c.] We have here a compleat picture from head to foot of the dreſs of the

Fair

Part on her head in ſhining ringlets roll'd,
Part o'er her ſhoulders wav'd like melted gold.

Around

Fair Sex, and of the mode between two and three thouſand years ago. May I have leave to obſerve the great ſimplicity of *Juno*'s dreſs, in compariſon with the innumerable equipage of a modern toilette? The Goddeſs, even when ſhe is ſetting herſelf out on the greateſt occaſion, has only her own locks to tie, a white veil to caſt over them, a mantle to dreſs her whole body, her pendants, and her ſandals. This the Poet expreſly ſays was *all her dreſs*, [πάντα κόσμον;] and one may reaſonably conclude it was all that was uſed by the greateſt Princeſſes and fineſt beauties of thoſe times. The good *Euſtathius* is raviſhed to find, that here are no waſhes for the face, nor dyes for the hair, and none of thoſe artificial embelliſhments ſince in practice; he alſo rejoices not a little, that *Juno* has no looking-glaſs, tire-woman, or waiting-maid. One may preach till doomſday on this ſubject, but all the commentators in the world will never prevail upon a lady to ſtick one pin the leſs in her gown, except ſhe can be convinced that the ancient dreſs will better ſet off her perſon.

As the *Aſiaticks* always ſurpaſſed the *Grecians* in whatever regarded magnificence and luxury, ſo we find their women far gone in the contrary extreme of dreſs. There is a paſſage in *Iſaiah*, Ch. 3. that gives us a particular of their ornaments; and which I think appears very well in contraſt to this of *Homer*. *The bravery of their tinkling ornaments about their feet, and their cauls, and their round tires like the moon: The chains and the bracelets, and the mufflers, the bonnets, and the ornaments of the legs, and the headbands and the tablets, and the ear rings, the rings and noſe jewels, the changeable ſuits of apparel, and the mantles, and the wimples, and the criſping-pins, the glaſſes and the fine linen, and the hoods, and the veils.*

I could be glad to aſk the ladies which they ſhould like beſt to imitate, the *Greeks* or the *Aſiaticks*? I would deſire thoſe that are handſome and well made, to conſider that the dreſs of *Juno* (which is the ſame they ſee in *ſtatues*) has manifeſtly the advantage of the preſent, in diſplaying whatever is beautiful: That the charms of the *neck* and *breaſt* are not leſs laid open, than by the modern ſtays; and that thoſe of the leg are more gracefully diſcovered, than even by the hoop-petticoat: That the fine turn of the *arms* is better obſerved; and that ſeveral natural graces of the *ſhape* and body appear much more conſpicuous. It is not to be denied but the *Aſiatick*

and

Around her next a heav'nly mantle flow'd,
That rich with *Pallas'* labour'd colours glow'd;
Large clasps of gold the foldings gather'd round,
A golden zone her swelling bosom bound.
Far-beaming pendants tremble in her ear,
Each gem illumin'd with a triple star.
Then o'er her head she cast a veil more white
Than new-fall'n snow, and dazzling as the light.
Last her fair feet celestial sandals grace.
Thus issuing radiant, with majestic pace,
Forth from the dome th' imperial Goddess moves,
And calls the Mother ot the *Smiles* and *Loves*.

How

and our present modes were better contrived to conceal some people's defects, but I don't speak to such people: I speak only to ladies of that beauty, who can make any fashion prevail by their being seen in it; and who put others of their sex under a wretched necessity of being like them in their habits, or not being like them at all. As for the rest, let them follow the mode of *Judæa*, and be content with the name of *Asiatick*.

V. 216. *Thus issuing radiant*, &c.] Thus the Goddess comes from her apartment, against her spouse, in complent armour. The pleasures of women mostly prevail by pure cunning, and the artful management of their persons; for there is but one way for the weak to subdue the mighty, and that is by pleasure. The Poet shews at the same time, that men of understanding are not mastered without a great deal of artifice and dress. There are but three ways whereby to overcome another, by violence, by persuasion, or by craft: *Jupiter* was invincible by main force; to think of persuading was as fruitless, after he had passed his nod to *Achilles*; therefore *Juno* was obliged of necessity to turn her thoughts entirely upon craft; and by the force of pleasure it is, that she ensnares and manages the God. *Eustathius*.

V. 218. *And calls the mother of the* Smiles *and* Loves.] Notwithstanding all the pains *Juno* has been at, to adorn herself, she is still conscious that neither the natural beauty of her person, nor the artificial one of her dress, will be sufficient to work upon a husband: she therefore has recourse to the *Cestus* of *Venus*, as a kind of lovecharm, not doubting to

inflame

How long (to *Venus* thus apart ſhe cry'd)
Shall human ſtrifes celeſtial ſtrifes divide?
Ah yet, will *Venus* aid *Saturnia*'s joy,
And ſet aſide the cauſe of *Greece* and *Troy*!
Let heav'n's dread Empreſs (*Cytheræa* ſaid)
Speak her requeſt, and deem her will obey'd.
Then grant me (ſaid the Queen) thoſe conqu'ring charms
That pow'r which mortals and immortals warms,
That love which melts mankind in fierce deſires,
And burns the ſons of heav'n with ſacred fires!
For lo! I haſte to thoſe remote abodes,
Where the great parents (ſacred ſource of Gods!)
Ocean and *Tethys* their old empire keep,
On the laſt limits of the land and deep.

In

inflame his mind by *magical enchantment*, a folly which in all ages has poſſeſt her ſex. To procure this, ſhe applies to the Goddeſs of Love; from whom hiding her real deſign under a *feigned ſtory*, (another propriety in the character of the fair) ſhe obtains the valuable preſent of this wonder-working girdle. The allegory of the *Ceſtus* lies very open, though the impertinences of *Euſtathius* on this head are unſpeakable: In it are comprized the moſt powerful *incentives* to love, as well as the ſtrongeſt *effects* of the paſſion. The juſt admiration of this paſſage has always been ſo great and univerſal, that the *Ceſtus* of *Venus* is become proverbial. The beauty of the lines, which in a few words comprehend this agreeable fiction, can ſcarce be equalled. So beautiful an original has produced very fine imitations, wherein we may obſerve a few additional figures, expreſſing ſome of the improvements which the affectation, or artifice, of the fair ſex, have introduced into the art of love ſince *Homer*'s days. *Taſſo* has finely imitated this deſcription in the magical girdle of *Armida*. *Gierusalemme liberata*. Cant. 16.

Teneri Sdegni, e placide e tranquille
Repulſe, e cari vezzi, e liete paci,
Sorriſi, parolette, e dolci ſtille
Di pianto, e ſoſpir tronchi, e molli baci.

Monſ. *de la Motte*'s imitation of this fiction is likewiſe wonderfully beautiful.

C

In their kind arms my tender years were paſt;
What-time old *Saturn* from *Olympus* caſt,
Of upper heav'n to *Jove* reſign'd the reign,
Whelm'd under the huge maſs of earth and main,
For ſtrife, I hear, has made the union ceaſe,
Which held ſo long that ancient pair in peace.
What honour, and what love ſhall I obtain,
If I compoſe thoſe fatal feuds again,
Once more their minds in mutual ties engage,
And what my youth has ow'd repay their age.
She ſaid. With awe divine the Queen of love
Obey'd the ſiſter and the wife of *Jove*:
And from her fragrant breaſt the Zone unbrac'd,
With various ſkill and high embroid'ry grac'd.

In

Ce tiſſu, le ſimbole, & la cauſe à la foi,
Du pouvoir de l'amour, du charme de ſes loix.
Elle enflamme les yeux, de cette ardeur qui touche;
D'un ſourire enchanteur, elle anime la bouche;
Paſſionne la voix, en adoucit les ſons,
Prête ces tours heureux, plus forts que les raiſons;
Inſpire, pour toucher, ces tendres ſtratagêmes,
Ces refus attirant, l'ecueil des ſages mêmes.
Et la nature enfin, y voulut renfermer,
Tout ce qui perſuade, & ce qui fait aimer.
En prenant ce tiſſu, que Venus lui preſente,
Junon n'etoit que belle, elle devient charmante.
Les graces, & les ris, les plaiſirs, & les jeux,
Surpris cherchent Venus, doutent qui l'eſt des deux.
L'amour même trompe, trouve Junon plus belle;
Et ſon arc à la main, déjà vole apres elle.

Spencer, in his fourth book, Canto 5. deſcribes a girdle of *Venus* of a very different nature, for as this had the power to raiſe up looſe deſires in others, that had a more wonderful faculty to ſuppreſs them in the perſon that wore it: But it had a moſt dreadful quality, to burſt aſunder whenever tied about any one but a chaſte boſom. Such a girdle, 'tis to be feared, would produce effects very different from the other: *Homer*'s *Ceſtus* would be a peace-maker to reconcile man and wife; but *Spencer*'s *Ceſtus* would probably deſtroy the good agreement of many a happy couple.

In this was ev'ry art, and ev'ry charm,
To win the wiſeſt, and the coldeſt warm:
Fond love, the gentle vow, the gay deſire,
The kind deceit, the ſtill-reviving fire,
Perſuaſive ſpeech, and more perſuaſive ſighs,
Silence that ſpoke, and eloquence of eyes
This on her hand the *Cyprian* Goddeſs lay'd;
Take this, and with it all thy wiſh, ſhe ſaid:
With ſmiles ſhe took the charm; and ſmiling preſt
The pow'rful *Ceſtus* to her ſnowy breaſt.
Then *Venus* to the courts of *Jove* withdrew;
Whilſt from *Olympus* pleas'd *Saturnia* flew.
O'er high *Pieria* thence her courſe ſhe bore,
O'er fair *Emathia*'s ever-pleaſing-ſhore,
O'er *Hæmus*' hills with ſnows eternal crown'd;
Nor once her flying foot approach'd the ground.
Then taking wing from *Athos*' lofty ſteep,
She ſpeeds to *Lemnos* o'er the rolling deep,
Ands ſeeks the cave of Death's half-brother, *Sleep*.

Sweet-

V. 255.—*And preſt the pow'rful Ceſtus to her ſnowy breaſt.*] *Euſtathius* takes notice, that the word *Ceſtus* is not the name, but epithet only, of *Venus*'s girdle; tho' the epithet has prevailed ſo far as to become the proper name in common uſe. This has happened to others of our Author's epithets; the word *Pigmy* is of the ſame nature. *Venus* wore this girdle below her neck, and in open ſight, but *Juno* hides it in her boſom, to ſhew the difference of the two characters: It ſuits well with *Venus* to make a ſhew of whatever is engaging in her; but *Juno*, who is a matron of prudence and gravity, ought to be more modeſt.

V. 264. *She ſpeeds to* Lemnos *o'er the rolling deep,*
And ſeeks the cave of Death's half-brother, Sleep.]
In this fiction *Homer* introduces a new divine perſonage: It does not appear whether this God of *Sleep* was a God of *Homer*'s creation, or whether his pretenſions to divinity were of more ancient date. The Poet indeed ſpeaks of him as of one formerly active in ſome heavenly tranſactions. Be this

as

Sweet-pleasing Sleep! (*Saturnia* thus began) 266
Who spread'st thy empire o'er each God and Man;

If

as it will, succeeding Poets have always acknowledged his title. *Virgil* would not let his *Æneid* be without a person so proper for poetical machinery; tho' he has employed him with much less art than his master; since he appears in the fifth book without provocation or commission, only to destroy the *Trojan* Pilot. The criticks, who cannot see all the allegories which the commentators pretend to find in *Homer*'s divinities, must be obliged to acknowledge the reality and propriety of this; since every thing that is here said of this imaginary Deity is justly applicable to Sleep. He is called the *Brother* of *Death*; said to be protected by *Night*: and is employed very naturally to lull a husband to rest in the embraces of his wife; which effect of this *conjugal opiate*, even the modest *Virgil* has remarked in the persons of *Vulcan* and *Venus*, probably with an eye to this passage of *Homer*:

——— Placidumque petivit
Conjugis infusus gremio per membra soporem.

V. 264. *To* Lemnos.] The commentators are hard put to it, to give a reason why *Juno* seeks for *Sleep* in *Lemnos*: Some finding out that *Lemnos* anciently abounded with wine, inform us that it was a proper place of residence for him, wine being naturally a great provoker of Sleep. Others will have it, that this God being in love with *Pasithaë*, who resided with her sister the wife of *Vulcan*, in *Lemnos*, it was very probable he might be found haunting near his mistress. Other commentators perceiving the weakness of these conjectures, will have it that *Juno* met *Sleep* here by mere accident; but this is contradictory to the whole thread of the narration. But who knows whether *Homer* might not design this fiction as a piece of raillery upon the sluggishness of the *Lemnians*; tho' this character of them does not appear? A kind of satire like that of *Ariosto*, who makes the angel find *Discord* in a monastery? Or like that of *Boileau* in his *Lutrin*, where he places *Mollesse* in a dormitory of the Monks of St. *Bernard*?

V. 266. *Sweet pleasing Sleep*, &c.] *Virgil* has copied some part of this conversation between *Juno* and *Sleep*, where he introduces the same Goddess making a request to *Æolus*. *Scaliger*, who is always eager to depreciate *Homer*, and zealous to praise his favourite Author, has highly censured this passage: But notwithstanding this critick's judgment, an impartial

If e'er obſequious to thy *Juno*'s will,
O Pow'r of Slumbers! hear, and favour ſtill.
Shed thy ſoft dews on *Jove*'s immortal eyes;
While ſunk in love's entrancing joys he lies.
A ſplendid footſtool, and a throne that ſhine
With gold unfading, *Somnus*, ſhall be thine;
The work of *Vulcan*; to indulge thy eaſe,
When wine and feaſts thy golden humours pleaſe
Imperial

partial reader will find, I don't doubt, much more art and beauty in the original than the copy. In the former, *Juno* endeavours to engage *Sleep* in her deſign by the promiſe of a proper and a valuable preſent; but having formerly run a great hazard in a like attempt, he is not prevailed upon. Hereupon the Goddeſs, knowing his paſſion for one of the *Graces*, engages to give her to his deſires: This hope brings the lover to conſent, but not before he obliges *Juno* to confirm her promiſe by an oath in the moſt ſolemn manner, the very words and ceremony whereof he preſcribes to her. Theſe are all beautiful and poetical circumſtances, moſt whereof are untouched by *Virgil*, and which *Scaliger* therefore calls low and vulgar. He only makes *Juno* demand a favour from *Æolus*, which he had no reaſon to refuſe; and promiſe him a reward, which it does not appear he was fond of. The *Latin* Poet has indeed with great judgment added one circumſtance concerning the promiſe of children,

——*& pulchrâ faciet te prole parentem.*

And this is conformable to the religion of the *Romans*, among whom *Juno* was ſuppoſed to preſide over human births; but it does not appear ſhe had any ſuch office in the *Greek* theology.

V. 272. *A ſplendid footſtool.*] Notwithſtanding the cavils of *Scaliger*, it may be allowed that an eaſy chair was no improper preſent for *Sleep*. As to the footſtool, Madam *Dacier*'s obſervation is a very juſt one; that beſides its being a conveniency, it was a mark of honour, and was far from preſenting any low or trivial idea. It is upon that account we find it ſo frequently mentioned in Scripture, where the earth is called *the footſtool of the throne of God*. In *Jeremiah*, *Judea* is called (as a mark of diſtinction) the footſtool of the feet of God. *Lament.* 2. v. 1. *And he remembered not the footſtool of his feet, in the day of his wrath.* We ſee here the ſame image, founded no doubt upon the ſame cuſtoms. *Dacier.*

Imperial Dame (the balmy pow'r replies)
Great *Saturn*'s heir and empreſs of the ſkies!
O'er other Gods I ſpread my eaſy chain;
The Sire of all, old *Ocean*, owns my reign,
And his huſh'd waves lie ſilent on the main.
But how unbidden ſhall I dare to ſteep
Jove's awful temples in the dew of ſleep?
Long ſince too vent'rous, at thy bold command,
On thoſe eternal lids I laid my hand;
What-time, deſerting *Ilion*'s waſted plain,
His conqu'ring ſon, *Alcides*, plow'd the main:
When

V. 279. *The Sire of all, old* Ocean.] "*Homer* (ſays *Plutarch*) calls the ſea *Father of All*, with a view to this doctrine, that all things were generated from water. *Thales* the *Mileſian*, the head of the *Ionick* Sect, who ſeems to have been the firſt author of Philoſophy, affirmed water to be the principle from whence all things ſpring, and into which all things are reſolved, becauſe the prolifick ſeed of all animals is a moiſture; all plants are nouriſhed by moiſture; the very ſun and ſtars, which are fire, are nouriſhed by moiſt vapours and exhalations; and conſequently he thought the world was produced from this element." Plut. *Opin. of Philoſ.* l. 1. c. 5.

V. 281. *But how, unbidden*, &c.] This particularity is worth remarking: *Sleep* tells *Juno* that he dares not approach *Jupiter* without his own order; whereby he ſeems to intimate that a ſpirit of a ſuperior kind may give itſelf up to a voluntary ceſſation of thought and action, tho' it does not want this relaxation from any weakneſs or neceſſity of its nature.

V. 285. *What-time deſerting Ilion's waſted plain*, &c.] One may obſerve from hence, that to make falſity in fables uſeful and ſubſervient to our deſigns, it is not enough to cauſe the ſtory to reſemble truth, but we are to corroborate it by parallel places; which method the Poet uſes elſewhere. Thus many may have attempted great difficulties, and ſurmounted them. So did *Hercules*, ſo did *Juno*, ſo did *Pluto*. Here therefore the Poet feigning that *Sleep* is going to practice inſidiouſly upon *Jove*, prevents the ſtrangeneſs and incredibility of the tale, by ſquaring it to an ancient ſtory; which ancient ſtory was, that *Sleep* had once before got the maſtery of *Jove* in the caſe of *Hercules*. *Euſtathius*.

When lo! the deeps ariſe, the tempeſts roar,
And drive the hero to the *Coan* ſhore:
Great *Jove* awaking, ſhook the bleſt abodes
With riſing wrath, and tumbled Gods on Gods;
Me chief he ſought, and from the realms on high
Had hurl'd indignant to the nether ſky;
But gentle *Night*, to whom I fled for aid,
(The friend of earth and heav'n) her wings diſplay'd;
Impower'd the wrath of Gods and Men to tame,
Ev'n *Jove* rever'd the venerable dame.

Vain

V. 296. *Ev'n* Jove *rever'd the venerable dame.*] *Jupiter* is repreſented as unwilling to do any thing that might be offenſive or ungrateful to *Night*; the Poet (ſays *Euſtathius*) inſtructs us by this, that a wiſe and honeſt man will curb his wrath before any aweful and venerable perſon: Such was *Night* in regard of *Jupiter*, feigned as an anceſtor, and honourable on account of her antiquity and power. For the *Greek* theology teaches that *Night* and *Chaos* were before all things. Wherefore it was held ſacred to obey the *Night* in the conflicts of war, as we find by the admonitions of the heralds to *Hector* and *Ajax* in the 7th Iliad.

Milton has made a fine uſe of this ancient opinion in relation to *Chaos* and *Night*, in the latter part of his ſecond book, where he deſcribes the paſſage of *Satan* thro' their empire. He calls them,

'——Eldeſt *Night*,
'And *Chaos*, anceſtors of nature;——

And alludes to the ſame, in thoſe noble verſes,

'Behold the throne
'Of *Chaos*, and his dark pavilion ſpread
'Wide on the waſteful deep: With him enthron'd
'Sate ſable veſted *Night*, eldeſt of things,
'The conſort of his reign.—

That fine Apoſtrophe of *Spenſer* has alſo the ſame alluſion, book. 1.

'O thou, moſt ancient grandmother of all,
'More old than *Jove*, whom thou at firſt didſt breed,
'Or that great houſe of Gods cœleſtial;
'Which was begot in *Demogorgon*'s hall,
'And ſaw'ſt the ſecrets of the world unmade.

Vain are thy fears (the Queen of heav'n replies,
And ſpeaking, rolls her large majeſtick eyes)
Think'ſt thou that *Troy* has *Jove*'s high favour won,
Like great *Alcides*, his all-conqu'ring ſon?
Hear and obey the miſtreſs of the ſkies,
Nor for the deed expect a vulgar prize;
For know, thy lov'd one ſhall be ever thine,
The youngeſt *Grace*, *Paſithaë* the divine.
Swear then (he ſaid) by thoſe tremendous floods
That roar thro' hell, and bind th' invoking Gods.
Let the great parent Earth one hand ſuſtain,
And ſtretch the other o'er the ſacred Main.
Call the black Gods that round *Saturnus* dwell,
To hear and witneſs from the depths of hell;
That ſhe, my lov'd one, ſhall be ever mine,
The youngeſt *Grace*, *Paſithaë* the divine.
The Queen aſſents, and from th' infernal bow'rs
Invokes the ſable ſub-Tartarean pow'rs,
And thoſe who rule th' inviolable floods,
Whom mortals name the dread *Titanian* Gods.
Then ſwift as wind, o'er *Lemnos*' ſmoaky iſle,
They wing their way, and *Imbrus*' ſea-beat ſoil,
Thro'

V. 307. *Let the great parent Earth one hand ſuſtain,*
And ſtretch the other o'er the ſacred main, &c.]
There is ſomething wonderfully ſolemn in this manner of ſwearing propoſed by *Sleep* to *Juno*. How anſwerable is this to the dignity of the Queen of the Goddeſſes, where Earth, Ocean, and Hell itſelf, where the whole creation, all things viſible and inviſible, are call'd to be witneſſes of the oath of the Deity?

V. 311. *That ſhe, my lov'd one,* &c.] *Sleep* is here made to repeat the words of *Juno*'s promiſe, than which repetition nothing, I think, can be more beautiful or better placed. The lover, fired with theſe hopes, inſiſts on the promiſe, dwelling with pleaſure on each circumſtance that relates to his fair one. The throne and footſtool, it ſeems, are quite out of his head.

Thro' air unſeen, involv'd in darkneſs glide,
And light on *Lectos*, on the point of *Ide*.
(Mother of ſavages, whoſe echoing hills
Are heard reſounding with a hundred rills)
Fair *Ida* trembles underneath the God;
Huſh'd are her mountains, and her foreſts nod.
There on a fir, whoſe ſpiry branches riſe
To join its ſummits to the neighb'ring ſkies,
Dark in embow'ring ſhade, conceal'd from ſight,
Sate Sleep, in likeneſs of the bird of night.
(*Chalcis*

V. 323. *Fair* Ida *trembles.*] It is uſually ſuppoſed at the approach or preſence of any heavenly being, that upon their motion all ſhould ſhake that lies beneath them. Here the Poet, giving a deſcription of the deſcent of theſe Deities upon the ground at *Lectos*, ſays that the loftieſt of the wood trembled under their feet; Which expreſſion is to intimate the lightneſs and ſwiftneſs of the motions of heavenly beings; the wood does not ſhake under their feet from any corporeal weight, but from a certain awful dread and horror. *Euſtathius.*

V. 328. *In likeneſs of the bird of night.*] This is a bird about the ſize of a hawk, entirely black, and that is the reaſon why *Homer* deſcribes *Sleep* under its form. Here (ſays *Euſtathius*) *Homer* lets us know, as well as in many other places, that he is no ſtranger to the language of the Gods. *Holbes* has taken very much from the dignity of this ſuppoſition, in tranſlating the preſent lines in this manner,

'And there ſat *Sleep* in likeneſs of a fowl,
'Which Gods do *Chalcis* call, and men an owl.'

We find in *Plato*'s *Cratylus* a diſcourſe of great ſubtility, grounded chiefly on this obſervation of *Homer*, that the Gods and men call the ſame thing by different names. The Philoſopher ſuppoſes that in the original language every thing was expreſſed by a word, whoſe ſound was naturally apt to mark the nature of the thing ſignified. This great work he aſcribes to the Gods, ſince it required more knowledge both in the nature and ſounds of things, than man had attained to. This reſemblance, he ſays, was almoſt loſt in modern languages by the unſkilful alterations men had made, and the great licence

(*Chalcbis* his name with thoſe of heavenly birth,
But call'd *Cymindis* by the race of earth)
To Ida's top ſucceſsful Juno flies;
Great Jove ſurveys her with aſpiring eyes:
The God whoſe light'ning ſets the heav'ns on fire,
Thro' all his boſom feels the fierce deſire;
Fierce, as when firſt by ſtealth he ſeiz'd her charms,
Mix'd with her ſoul, and melted in her arms.
Fix'd on her eyes he fed his eager look,
Then preſs'd her hand, and then with tranſport ſpoke.
Why comes my Goddeſs from th' æthereal ſky,
And not her ſteeds and flaming chariot nigh?
Then ſhe——I haſte, to thoſe remote abodes,
Where the great parent of the deathleſs gods,
The rev'rend *Ocean* and grey *Tethys* reign,
On the laſt limits of the land and main.
I viſit theſe to whoſe indulgent cares
I owe the nurſing of my tender years.
For ſtrife, I hear, has made the union ceaſe,
Which held ſo long this ancient pair in peace.
The ſteeds prepar'd, my chariot to convey
O'er earth and ſeas, and thro' th' aerial way,
Wait under *Ide*: Of thy ſuperior pow'r
To aſk conſent, I leave th' *Olympian* bow'r;

Nor

licence they had taken in compounding of words. However he obſerves there were yet among the *Greeks* ſome remains of this original language, of which he gives a few inſtances, adding, that many more were to be found in ſome of the barbarous languages, that had deviated leſs from the original, which was ſtill preſerved entire among the Gods. This appears a notion ſo uncommon, that I could not forbear to mention it.

V. 345. *To whoſe indulgent cares I owe the nurſing*, &c.] The allegory of this is very obvious. *Juno* is conſtantly underſtood to be the *air*: and we are here told ſhe was nouriſhed by the vapours which riſe from the *Ocean* and the *Earth*. For *Tethys* is the ſame with *Rhea*. *Euſtathius*.

Nor ſeek, unknown to thee, the ſacred cells
Deep under ſeas, where hoary *Ocean* dwells.
For that (ſaid *Jove*) ſuffice another day;
But eager love denies the leaſt delay.
Let ſofter cares the preſent hour employ,
And be theſe moments ſacred all to joy.
Ne'er did my ſoul ſo ſtrong a paſſion prove,
Or for an earthly, or a heav'nly love.
Not when I preſs'd *Ixion*'s matchleſs dame,
Whence roſe *Pirithous* like the Gods in fame.
Not when fair *Danaë* felt the ſhow'r of gold
Stream into life, whence *Perſeus* brave and bold.
Not thus I burn'd for either *Theban* dame,
(*Bacchus* from this, from that *Alcides* came)
Not *Phœnix*' daughter, beautiful and young,
Whence god-like *Rhadamanth* and *Minos* ſprung,
Not thus I burn'd for fair *Latona's* face,
Nor comelier *Ceres*' more majeſtic grace.
Not thus ev'n for thyſelf I felt deſire,
As now my veins receive the pleaſing fire.
He ſpoke; the Goddeſs with the charming eyes
Glows with celeſtial red, and thus replies.
Is this a ſcene for love? On *Ida*'s height,
Expos'd to mortal, and immortal ſight;

Our

V. 359. This courtſhip of *Jupiter* to *Juno* may poſſibly be thought pretty ſingular. He endeavours to prove the ardour of his paſſion to her, by the inſtances of his warmth to other women. A great many people will look upon this as no very likely method to recommend himſelf to *Juno*'s favour. Yet, after all, ſomething may be ſaid in defence of *Jupiter*'s way of thinking, with reſpect to the Ladies. Perhaps a man's love to the ſex in general may be no ill recommendation of him to a particular. And to be known or thought to have been ſucceſsful with a good many, is what ſome moderns have found no unfortunate qualification in gaining a lady, even a moſt virtuous one like *Juno*, eſpecially one who (like her) has had the experience of a married ſtate.

Our joys prophan'd by each familiar eye;
The ſport of heav'n, and fable of the ſky;
How ſhall I e'er review the bleſt abodes,
Or mix among the ſenate of the Gods?
Shall I not think, that, with diſorder'd charms,
All heav'n beholds me recent from thy arms?
With ſkill divine has *Vulcan* form'd thy bower,
Sacred to love and to the genial hour;
If ſuch thy will, to that receſs retire,
And ſecret there indulge thy ſoft deſire.
She ceas'd; and ſmiling with ſuperior love,
Thus anſwer'd mild the cloud-compelling *Jove*.
Not God, nor mortal ſhall our joys behold,
Shaded with clouds, and circumfus'd in gold,
Not even the ſun, who darts thro' heav'n his rays,
And whoſe broad eye th' extended earth ſurveys.
Gazing he ſpoke, and kindling at the view,
His eager arms around the Goddeſs threw.
Glad earth perceives, and from her boſom pours
Unbidden herbs, and voluntary flow'rs;

Thick

V. 395. *Glad earth perceives*, &c.] It is an obſervation of *Ariſtotle* in the 25th chapter of his Poeticks, that when *Homer* is obliged to deſcribe any thing of itſelf abſurd or too improbable, he conſtantly contrives to blind and dazzle the judgment of his readers with ſome ſhining deſcriptions. This paſſage is a remarkable inſtance of that artifice; for having imagined a fiction of very great abſurdity, that the Supreme Being ſhould be laid aſide in a female embrace, he immediately, as if it were to divert his reader from reflecting on his boldneſs, pours forth a great variety of poetical ornaments; by deſcribing the various flowers the earth ſhoots up to compoſe their couch, the golden clouds that encompaſſed them, and the bright heavenly dews, that were ſhowered round them. *Euſtathius* obſerves it as an inſtance of *Homer*'s modeſt conduct in ſo delicate an affair, that he has purpoſely adorned the bed of *Jupiter* with ſuch a variety of beautiful flowers, that the reader's thoughts being entirely taken up with theſe ornaments,

Thick new-born vi'lets a ſoft carpet ſpread,
And cluſt'ring *Lotos* ſwell the riſing bed,
And ſudden *Hyacinths* the turf beſtrow,
And flamy *Crocus* made the mountain glow.
There golden clouds conceal the heavn'ly pair,
Steep'd in ſoft joys, and circumfus'd with air;

Celeſtial

ments, might have no room for looſe imaginations. In the ſame manner an ancient Scholiaſt has obſerved that the golden cloud was contrived to lock up this action from any farther enquiry of the reader.

I cannot conclude the notes in the ſtory of *Jupiter* and *Juno*, without obſerving with what particular care *Milton* has imitated the ſeveral beautiful parts of this epiſode, introducing them upon different occaſions as the ſubjects of his poem would admit. The circumſtance of *Sleep*'s ſitting in likeneſs of a bird on the fir-tree upon mount *Ida*, is alluded to in his 4th book, where *Satan* ſits in likeneſs of a cormorant on the tree of life. The creation is made to give the ſame tokens of joy at the performance of the nuptial rites of our firſt parents, as ſhe does here at the congreſs of *Jupiter* and *Juno*, *Lib.* 8.

——'To the nuptial bow'r
'I led her bluſhing like the morn, all heav'n
'And happy conſtellations on that hour
'Shed their ſelecteſt influence; the earth
'Gave ſign of gratulation, and each hill;
'Joyous the birds; freſh gales and gentle airs
'Whiſper'd it to the woods, and from their wings
'Flung roſe, flung odours from the ſpicy ſhrub.

Thoſe lines alſo in the 4th book are manifeſtly from the ſame original.

——'Roſes and jeſſamine
'Rear'd high their flouriſh'd heads between, and
'wrought
'Moſaic, under foot the violet,
'Crocus and hyacinth with rich inlay
'Broider'd the ground.——

Where the very turn of *Homer*'s verſes is obſerved, and the cadence, and almoſt the words, finely tranſlated.

But it is with wonderful judgment and decency he has uſed that exceptionable paſſage of the dalliance, ardour and enjoy-

ment;

Celeſtial dews deſcending o'er the ground,
Perfume the mount, and breathe *Ambroſia* round.
At length with love and ſleep's ſoft pow'r oppreſt,
The panting thund'rer nods, and ſinks to reſt.
Now to the navy borne on ſilent wings,
To *Neptune's* ear ſoft *Sleep* his meſſage brings;
Beſide him ſudden, unperceiv'd he ſtood,
And thus with gentle words addreſs'd the God.
Now, *Neptune!* now, th' important hour employ,
To check awhile the haughty hopes of *Troy*.
While *Jove* yet reſts, while yet my vapours ſhed
The golden viſion round his ſacred head;
For *Juno's* love, and *Somnus'* pleaſing ties,
Have clos'd thoſe awful and eternal eyes.

ment: That which ſeems in *Homer* an impious fiction, becomes a moral leſſon in *Milton*; ſince he makes the laſcivious rage of the paſſion the immediate effect of the ſin of our firſt parents after the fall.

'For never did thy beauty ſince the day
'I ſaw thee firſt and wedded thee, adorn'd
'With all perfections, ſo enflame my ſenſe,
'With ardour to enjoy thee, fairer now
'Than ever; bounty of this virtuous tree!
'So ſaid he, and forbore not glance or toy
'Of amorous intent, well underſtood
'Of *Eve*, whoſe eye darted contagious fire.
'Her hand he ſeiz'd, and to a ſhady bank
'Thick over-head with verdant roof embower'd,
'He led her, nothing loth: flow'rs were the couch,
'Panſies, and violets, and aſphodel,
'And hyacinth; earth's freſheſt, ſofteſt lap.
'There they their fill of love and love's diſport
'Took largely, of their mutual guilt the ſeal;
'The ſolace of their ſin: till dewy *Sleep*
'Oppreſs'd them, weary of their amorous play.

Milton, l. 9.

Thus having ſaid the pow'r of ſlumber flew,
On human lids to drop the balmy dew.
Neptune, with zeal encreas'd, renews his care,
And tow'ring in the foremoſt ranks of war,
Indignant thus —— Oh once of martial fame!
O *Greeks!* if yet you can deſerve the name!
This half-recover'd day ſhall *Troy* obtain?
Shall *Hector* thunder at your ſhips again?
Lo ſtill he vaunts, and threats the fleet with fires,
While ſtern *Achilles* in his wrath retires.
One hero's loſs too tamely you deplore,
Be ſtill yourſelves, and we ſhall need no more.
Oh yet, if glory any boſom warms,
Brace on your firmeſt helms, and ſtand to arms:
His ſtrongeſt ſpear each valiant *Grecian* wield,
Each valiant *Grecian* ſeize his broadeſt ſhield;
Let, to the weak, the lighter arms belong,
The pond'rous targe be wielded by the ſtrong.
(Thus arm'd) not *Hector* ſhall our preſence ſtay;
Myſelf, ye *Greeks!* myſelf will lead the way.

The.

V. 417. *The pow'r of ſlumber flew.*] M. *Dacier* in her tranſlation of this paſſage has thought fit to diſſent from the common interpretation, as well as obvious ſenſe of the words. She reſtrains the general expreſſion ἵνα πλυτὰ φῦλ' ἀνθρώπων, *the famous nations of men*, to ſignify only the country of the *Lemnians*, who, ſhe ſays, were much *celebrated* on account of *Vulcan*. But this ſtrained interpretation cannot be admitted, eſpecially when the obvious meaning of the words expreſſes what is very proper and natural. The God of *Sleep*, having haſtily delivered his meſſage to *Neptune*, immediately leaves the hurry of the battle, (which was no proper place for him) and retires among the tribes of mankind. The word πλυτὰ,, on which M. *Dacier* grounds her criticiſm, is an expletive epithet very common in *Homer*, and no way fit to point out one certain nation, eſpecially in an author one of whoſe moſt diſtinguiſhing characters is *particularity* in deſcription.

The troops assent; their martial arms they change,
The busy chiefs their banded legions range.
The Kings, tho' wounded, and oppress'd with pain,
With helpful hands themselves assist the train.
The strong and cumb'rous arms the valiant wield,
The weaker warrior takes a lighter shield.
Thus sheath'd in shining brass in bright array,
The legions march, and *Neptune* leads the way:

V. 442. *The weaker warrior takes a lighter shield.*] *Plutarch* seems to allude to this passage in the beginning of the life of *Pelopidas*. "*Homer*, says he, makes the bravest "and stoutest of his warriors march to battle in the best "arms. The *Grecian* legislators punished those who cast "away their shields, but not those who lost their spears or "swords; as an intimation that the care of preserving and "defending ourselves is preferable to the wounding our ene-"my, especially in those who are Generals of armies, or "Governors of states." *Eustathius* has observed, that the Poet here makes the best warriors take the largest spears, that they might be ready prepared, with proper arms, both offensive and defensive, for a new kind of fight, in which they are soon to be engaged when the fleet is attacked. Which indeed seems the most rational account that can be given for *Neptune*'s advice in this exigence.

Mr. *Hobbes* has committed a great oversight in this place; he makes the wounded Princes (who it is plain were unfit for the battle, and not engaged in the ensuing fight) put on arms as well as the others; whereas they do no more in *Homer* than see their orders obeyed by the rest, as to this change of arms.

V. 444. *The legions march, and* Neptune *leads the way.*] The chief advantage the *Greeks* gain, by the sleep of *Jupiter*, seems to be this: *Neptune*, unwilling to offend *Jupiter*, has hitherto concealed himself in disguised shapes; so that it does not appear that *Jupiter* knew of his being among the *Greeks*, since he takes no notice of it. This precaution hinders him from assisting the *Greeks* otherwise than by his advice. But upon the intelligence received of what *Juno* had done, he assumes a form that manifests his divinity, inspiring courage into the *Grecian* chiefs, appearing at the head of their army brandishing a sword in his hand, the sight of which struck

His brandiſh'd faulchion flames before their eyes,
Like light'ning flaſhing thro' the frighted ſkies.
Clad in his might th' Earth-ſhaking pow'r appears;
Pale mortals tremble, and confeſs their fears.
Troy's great defender ſtands alone unaw'd,
Arms his proud hoſt, and dares oppoſe a God:
And lo! the God, and wond'rous man appear;
The ſea's ſtern ruler there, and *Hector* here.
The roaring main, at her great maſter's call,
Roſe in huge ranks, and form'd a wat'ry wall
Around the ſhips: Seas hanging o'er the ſhores,
Both armies join: Earth thunders, Ocean roars.
Not half ſo loud the bellowing deeps reſound,
When ſtormy winds diſcloſe the dark profound;

Leſs.

ſtruck ſuch a terror into the *Trojans*, that, as *Homer* ſays, none durſt approach it. And therefore it is not to be wondered, that the *Trojans*, who are no longer ſuſtained by *Jupiter*, immediately give way to the enemy.

V. 451. *And lo! the God, and wond'rous man appear.*] What magnificence and nobleneſs there is in this idea! where *Homer* oppoſes *Hector* to *Neptune*, and equalizes him in ſome degree to a God. *Euſtathius.*

V. 453. *The roaring main*, &c.] This ſwelling and inundation of the ſea towards the *Grecian* camp, as if it had been agitated by a ſtorm, is meant for a prodigy, intimating that the waters had the ſame reſentments with their commander *Neptune*, and ſeconded him in his quarrel. *Euſtathius.*

V. 457. *Not half ſo loud*, &c.] The Poet, having ended the Epiſode of *Jupiter* and *Juno*, returns to the battle, where the *Greeks*, being animated and led on by *Neptune*, renew the fight with vigour. The noiſe and outcry of this freſh onſet, he endeavours to expreſs by theſe three ſounding compariſons; as if he thought it neceſſary to awake the reader's attention, which by the preceding deſcription might be lulled into a forgetfulneſs of the fight. He might likewiſe deſign to ſhew how ſoundly *Jupiter* ſlept, ſince he is not awaked by ſo terrible an uproar.

This paſſage cannot be thought juſtly liable to the objections which have been made againſt heaping compariſons one upon another,

Leſs loud the winds that from th' *Æonian* hall
Roar thro' the woods, and make whole foreſts fall;
Leſs loud the woods, when flames and torrents pour,
Catch the dry mountain, and its ſhade devour.
With ſuch a rage the meeting hoſts are driv'n,
And ſuch a clamour ſhakes the ſounding heav'n.
The firſt bold jav'lin, urg'd by *Hector*'s force,
Direct at *Ajax*' boſom wing'd its courſe;
But there no paſs the croſſing belts afford,
(One brac'd his ſhield, and one ſuſtain'd his ſword.)
Then back the diſappointed *Trojan* drew,
And curs'd the lance that unavailing flew:
But ſcap'd not *Ajax*; his tempeſtuous hand
A pond'rous ſtone up-heaving from the ſand,

another, whereby the principal object is loſt amidſt too great a variety of different images. In this caſe the principal image is more ſtrongly impreſſed on the mind by a multiplication of ſimilies, which is the natural product of an imagination labouring to expreſs ſomething very vaſt: But finding no ſingle idea ſufficient to anſwer its conceptions, it endeavours by redoubling the compariſons to ſupply this defect: The different ſounds of waters, winds, and flames, being as it were united in one. We have ſeveral inſtances of this ſort even in ſo caſtigated and reſerved a writer as *Virgil*, who has joined together the images of this paſſage in the fourth *Georgic*, V. 261. and applied them, beautifully ſoftened by a kind of parody, to the buzzing of a bee-hive.

Frigidus ut quondam ſylvis immurmurat Auſter,
Ut mare ſollicitum ſtridet refluentibus undis,
Æſtuat ut clauſis rapidus fornacibus ignis.

Taſſo has not only imitated this particular paſſage of *Homer*, but likewiſe added to it. *Cant.* 9. *St.* 22.

Rapido ſi ebe torbida procella
De cavern ſi muti eſce piu tarda:
Fiume, ch' alberi inſieme, e caſe ſvella:
Folgore, che le terri abbatta, & arda:
Terremoto che 'l mondo empia d'horrore,
Son picciole ſembianze al ſuo furore.

(Where heaps, laid loose beneath the warrior's feet,
Or serv'd to ballast, or to prop the fleet)
Toss'd round and round, the missive marble flings;
On the raz'd shield the falling ruin rings,
Full on his breast and throat with force descends;
Nor deaden'd there its giddy fury spends,
But whirling on, with many a fiery round,
Smoaks in the dust, and ploughs into the ground.
As when the bolt, red-hissing from above,
Darts on the consecrated plant of *Jove*,
The mountain-oak in flaming ruin lies,
Black from the blow, and smoaks of sulphur rise;
Stiff with amaze the pale beholders stand,
And own the terrors of th' Almighty hand!
So lies great *Hector* prostrate on the shore;
His slacken'd hand deserts the lance it bore;
His following shield the fallen chief o'erspread;
Beneath his helmet drop'd his fainting head;
His load of armour, sinking to the ground,
Clanks on the field; a dead, and hollow sound.

Loud

V. 480. *Smoaks in the dust, and ploughs into the ground.*]
Στρόμβον δ' ὡς ἔσσευε βαλὼν, &c.

These words are translated by several, as if they signified that *Hector* was turn'd round with the blow, like a whirlwind; which would enhance the wonderful greatness of *Ajax*'s strength. *Eustathius* rather inclines to refer the words to the stone itself, and the violence of its motion. *Chapman*, I think, is in the right to prefer the latter, but he should not have taken the interpretation to himself. He says, it is above the wit of man to give a more fiery illustration both of *Ajax*'s strength and *Hector*'s; of *Ajax*, for giving such a force to the stone, that it could not spend itself on *Hector*, but afterwards turned upon the earth with that violence; and of *Hector* for standing the blow so solidly: for without that consideration, the stone could never have recoiled so fiercely. This image, together with the noble simile following it, seem to have given *Spencer* the hint of those sublime verses.

As

Loud ſhouts of triumph fill the crouded plain;
Greece ſees, in hope, *Troy*'s great defender ſlain:
All ſpring to ſeize him: ſtorms of arrows fly;
And thicker jav'lins intercept the ſky.
In vain an iron tempeſt hiſſes round;
He lies protected, and without a wound.
Polydamas, *Agenor* the divine,
The pious warrior of *Anchiſes*' line,
And each bold leader of the *Lycian* band,
With cov'ring ſhields (a friendly circle) ſtand.
His mournful followers, with aſſiſtant care,
The groaning hero to his chariot bear;
His foaming courſers, ſwifter than the wind,
Speed to the town, and leave the war behind.
When now they touch'd the mead's enamel'd ſide,
Where gentle *Xanthus* rolls his eaſy tide,
With wat'ry drops the chief they ſprinkle round,
Plac'd on the margin of the flow'ry ground.
Rais'd on his knees, he now ejects the gore;
Now faints anew, low ſinking on the ſhore;
By fits he breathes, half views the fleeting ſkies,
And ſeals again by fits, his ſwimming eyes.
Soon as the *Greeks* the chief's retreat beheld,
With double fury each invades the field.

' As when almighty *Jove*, in wrathful mood,
' To wreak the guilt of mortal ſin is bent,
' Hurls forth his thund'ring dart, with deadly food
' Enroll'd, of flames, and ſmouldring dreariment:
' Thro' riven clouds, and molten firmament,
' The fierce three-forked engine making way,
' Both lofty tow'rs and higheſt trees doth rent,
' And all that might his dreadful paſſage ſtay,
' And ſhooting in the earth, caſts up a mound of clay.
' His boiſt'rous club ſo bury'd in the ground,
He could not rear again, *&c.*

Oilean Ajax firſt his jav'lin ſped,
Pierc'd by whoſe point, the ſon of *Enops* bled;
(*Satnius* the brave, whom beauteous *Neïs* bore
Amidſt her flocks on *Satnio's* ſilver ſhore)
Struck thro' the belly's rim, the warrior lies
Supine, and ſhades eternal veil his eyes.
An arduous battle roſe around the dead;
By turns the *Greeks*, by turns the *Trojans*, bled.
Fir'd with revenge, *Polydamas* drew near,
And at *Protheenor* ſhook the trembling ſpear;
The driving jav'lin thro' his ſhoulder thruſt,
He ſinks to death, and graſps the bloody duſt.
Lo! thus (the victor cries) we rule the field,
And thus their arms the race of *Panthus* wield:
From this unerring hand there flies no dart,
But bathes its point within a *Grecian* heart.
Propt on that ſpear to which thou ow'ſt thy fall,
Go, guide thy darkſome ſteps to *Pluto's* dreary hall.
He ſaid and ſorrow touch'd each *Argive* breaſt:
The ſoul of *Ajax* burn'd above the reſt.
As by his ſide the groaning warrior fell,
At the fierce foe he lanc'd his piercing ſteel;
The foe reclining, ſhunn'd the flying death;
But fate, *Archelochus*, demands thy breath;

Thy

V. 533. *Propt on that ſpear*, &c.] The occaſion of this ſarcaſm of *Polydamas*, ſeems taken from the attitude of his falling enemy, who is tranſfixed with a ſpear thro' his right ſhoulder. This poſture bearing ſome reſemblance to that of a man leaning on a ſtaff, might probably ſuggeſt the conceit.

The ſpeech of *Polydamas* begins a long ſtring of ſarcaſtick raillery, in which *Euſtathius* pretends to obſerve very different characters. This of *Polydamas*, he ſays, is *pleaſant*; that of *Ajax*, *heroic*; that of *Acamas*, *plain*; and that of *Peneleus*, *pathetic*.

Thy lofty birth no ſuccour could impart,
The wings of death o'ertook thee on the dart:
Swift to perform heav'n's fatal will it fled,
Full on the juncture of the neck and head,
And took the joint, and cut the nerves in twain:
The drooping head firſt tumbled to the plain.
So juſt the ſtroke, that yet the body ſtood
Erect, then roll'd along the ſands in blood.
Here, proud *Polydamas*, here turn thy eyes!
(The tow'ring *Ajax* loud-exulting cries)
Say, is this chief extended on the plain,
A worthy vengeance for *Protheenor* ſlain?
Mark well his port! his figure and his face,
Nor ſpeak him vulgar, nor of vulgar race,
Some lines, methinks, may make his lineage known,
Antenor's brother, or perhaps his ſon.
He ſpake, and ſmil'd ſevere, for well he knew
The bleeding youth: *Troy* ſadden'd at the view,
But furious *Acamas* aveng'd his cauſe;
As *Promachus* his ſlaughter'd brother draws,
He pierc'd his heart——Such fate attends you all,
Proud *Argives*! deſtin'd by our arms to fall.
Not *Troy* alone, but haughty *Greece* ſhall ſhare
The toils, the ſorrows, and the wounds of war.
Behold your *Promachus* depriv'd of breath,
A victim ow'd to my brave brother's death.
Not unappeas'd he enters *Pluto*'s gate,
Who leaves a brother to avenge his fate.
Heart-piercing anguiſh ſtruck the *Grecian* hoſt,
But touch'd the breaſt of *Peneleus* moſt:
At the proud boaſter he directs his courſe;
The boaſter flies, and ſhuns ſuperior force.
But young *Ilioneus* receiv'd the ſpear;
Ilioneus, his father's only care:

(*Phorbas* the rich, of all the *Trojan* train
Whom *Hermes* lov'd, and taught the arts of Gain)
Full in his eye the weapon chanc'd to fall,
And from the fibres ſcoop'd the rooted ball,
Drove thro' the neck, and hurl'd him to the plain:
He lifts his miſerable arms in vain!
Swift his broad faulchion fierce *Penelous* ſpread,
And from the ſpouting ſhoulders ſtruck his head;
To earth at once the head and helmet fly:
The lance, yet ſticking thro' the bleeding eye,
The victor ſeiz'd; and as aloft he ſhook
The goary viſage, thus inſulting ſpoke.
Trojans! your great *Ilioneus* behold!
Haſte, to his father let the tale be told:
Let his high roofs reſound with frantic woe,
Such as the houſe of *Promachus* muſt know;
Let doleful tidings greet his mother's ear,
Such, as to *Promachus'* ſad ſpouſe we bear;
When we victorious ſhall to *Greece* return,
And the pale matron in our triumphs mourn.
Dreadful he ſpoke, then toſs'd the head on high;
The *Trojans* hear, they tremble, and they fly:
Aghaſt they gaze around the fleet and wall,
And dread the ruin that impends on all.
Daughters of *Jove*! that on *Olympus* ſhine,
Ye all-beholding, all-recording nine!
O ſay,

V. 599. *Daughters of* Jove, &c.] Whenever we meet with theſe freſh invocations in the midſt of action, the Poets would ſeem to give their readers to underſtand, that they are come to a point where, the deſcription being above their own ſtrength, they have occaſion for ſupernatural aſſiſtance; by this artifice at once exciting the reader's attention, and gracefully varying the narration. In the preſent caſe, *Homer* ſeems to triumph in the advantage the *Greeks* had gained by the

O ſay, when *Neptune* made proud *Ilion* yield,
What chief, what hero firſt embru'd the field?
Of all the *Grecians* what immortal name,
And whoſe bleſt trophies, will ye raiſe to fame?
Thou firſt, great *Ajax*! on th' enſanguin'd plain
Laid *Hyrtius*, leader of the *Myſian* train.
Phalces and *Mermer*, *Neſtor*'s ſon o'erthrew,
Bold *Merion*, *Morys*, and *Hippotion* ſlew.
Strong *Periphetes* and *Protho*ön bled,
By *Teucer*'s arrows mingled with the dead:
Pierc'd in the flank by *Menelaus*' ſteel,
His people's paſtor, *Hyperenor* fell;
Eternal darkneſs wrapt the warrior round,
And the fierce ſoul came ruſhing thro' the wound.
But ſtretch'd in heaps before *Oïleus*' ſon,
Fall mighty numbers, mighty numbers run;
Ajax the leſs, of all the *Grecian* race,
Skill'd in purſuit, and ſwifteſt in the chace.

the fight of the *Trojans*, by invoking the Muſes to ſnatch the brave actions of his heroes from oblivion, and ſet them in the light of eternity. This power is vindicated to them by Poets on every occaſion, and it is to this taſk they are ſo ſolemnly and frequently ſummoned by our Author. *Taſſo* has, I think, introduced one of theſe invocations in a very noble and peculiar manner; where, on occaſion of a battle by night, he calls upon the *Night* to allow him to draw forth thoſe mighty deeds, which were performed under the concealment of the ſhades, and to diſplay their glories, notwithſtanding that diſadvantage, to all poſterity.

Notte, che nel profondo oſcuro ſeno
Chiudeſti, e ne l' oblio fatto ſi grande;
Piacciati, ch' io nel tragga, e'n bel ſereno
A la future età lo ſpieghi, e mande.
Viva la fama loro, e tra lor gloria
Splenda del foſco tuo l' alta memoria.

THE

THE

FIFTEENTH BOOK

OF THE

ILIAD.

The ARGUMENT.

The fifth battle, at the ſhips; and the acts of *Ajax*.

JUPITER, *awaking, ſees the* Trojans *repulſed from the trenches,* Hector *in a ſwoon, and* Neptune *at the head of the* Greeks: *He is highly incenſed at the artifice of* Juno, *who appeaſes him by her ſubmiſſions; ſhe is then ſent to* Iris *and* Apollo. Juno, *repairing to the aſſembly of the Gods, attempts with extraordinary addreſs to incenſe them againſt* Jupiter; *in particular ſhe touches* Mars *with a violent reſentment: He is ready to take arms, but is prevented by* Minerva. Iris *and* Apollo *obey the orders of* Jupiter; Iris *commands* Neptune *to leave the battle, to which, after much reluctance and paſſion, he conſents.* Apollo *re-inſpires* Hector *with vigour, brings him back to the battle, marches before him with his* Ægis, *and turns the fortune of the fight. He breaks down great part of the* Grecian *wall; the* Trojans *ruſh in, and attempt to fire the firſt line of the fleet, but are yet repulſed by the greater* Ajax *with a prodigious ſlaughter.*

THE

THE

FIFTEENTH BOOK

OF THE

ILIAD.

NOW in ſwift flight they paſs the trench profound,
And many a chief lay gaſping on the ground;
Then ſtopp'd and panted, where the chariots lie;
Fear on their cheek, and horror in their eye.
Meanwhile awaken'd from his dream of love,
On *Ida*'s ſummit ſat imperial *Jove*;
Round the wide fields he caſt a careful view,
There ſaw the *Trojans* fly, the *Greeks* purſue;
Theſe proud in arms, thoſe ſcatter'd o'er the plain;
And, 'midſt the war, the monarch of the main.
Not far, great *Hector* on the duſt he ſpies,
(His ſad aſſociates round with weeping eyes)
Ejecting blood, and panting yet for breath,
His ſenſes wand'ring to the verge of death.
The God beheld him with a pitying look,
And thus, incens'd, to fraudful *Juno* ſpoke.
O thou, ſtill adverſe to th' eternal will,
For ever ſtudious in promoting ill!

Thy

V. 17. *Adam*, in *Paradiſe loſt*, awakes from the embrace of *Eve*, with much the ſame humour with *Jupiter* in this place. Their circumſtance is very parallel; and each of them, as ſoon as his paſſion is over, full of that reſentment natural to a Superior who is impoſed upon by one of leſs worth and ſenſe than himſelf, and impoſed upon in the worſt manner, by ſhews of tenderneſs and love.

Thy arts have made the god-like *Hector* yield,
And driv'n his conq'ring squadrons from the field.
Can'st thou, unhappy in thy wiles! withstand
Our pow'r immense, and brave th' almighty hand?
Hast thou forgot, when bound and fix'd on high,
From the vast concave of the spangled sky,

I hung

V. 23. *Hast thou forgot*, &c.] It is in the original to this effect. *Have you forgot how you swung in the air, when I hung a load of two anvils at your feet, and a chain of gold on your hand?* "Tho' it is not my design, says M. *Dacier*, to give "a reason for every story in the pagan theology, yet I can't "prevail upon myself to pass over this in silence. The phy-"sical allegory seems very apparent to me: *Homer* myste-"riously in this place explains the nature of the *Air*, which "is *Juno*; the two anvils which she had at her feet are the "two elements, earth and water; and the chains of gold "about her hands are the *æther*, or fire which fills the supe-"rior region: The two grosser elements are called anvils, "to shew us, that in those two elements only, arts are ex-"ercised. I don't know but that a moral allegory may here "be found, as well as a physical one; the Poet by these "masses tied to the feet of *Juno*, and by the chain of gold "with which her hands were bound, might signify, not only "that domestick affairs should like fetters detain the wife at "home; but that proper and beautiful works like chains of "gold ought to employ her hands."

The physical part of this note belongs to *Heraclides Ponticus*, *Eustathius*, and the Scholiast: M. *Dacier* might have been contented with the credit of the moral one, as it seems an observation no less singular in a Lady.

V. 23.] *Eustathius* tells us that there were in some manuscripts of *Homer* two verses, which are not to be found in any of the printed editions, (which *Hen. Stephens* places here.)

Πρὶν γ' ὅτε δὲ σ' ἀπέλυσα ποδῶν, μύδρους δ' ἐνὶ Τροίῃ
Κάββαλον ὄφρα πέλοιτο καὶ ἐσσομένοισι πυθέσθαι.

By these two verses *Homer* shews us, that what he says of the punishment of *Juno* was not an invention of his own, but founded upon an ancient tradition. There had probably been some statue of *Juno* with anvils at her feet, and chains on her hands; and nothing but chains and anvils being left by time, super-

I hung thee trembling, in a golden chain;
And all the raging Gods oppos'd in vain?
Headlong I hurl'd them from th' *Olympian* hall,
Stunn'd in the whirl, and breathleſs with the fall.
For godlike *Hercules* theſe deeds were done,
Nor ſeem'd the vengeance worthy ſuch a ſon;
When, by thy wiles induc'd, fierce *Boreas* toſt
The ſhip-wreck'd hero on the *Coan* coaſt:
Him thro' a thouſand forms of death I bore,
And ſent to *Argos*, and his native ſhore.
Hear this, remember, and our fury dread,
Nor pull th' unwilling vengeance on thy head;
Leſt arts and blandiſhments ſucceſsleſs prove,
Thy ſoft deceits, and well-diſſembled love.
The thund'rer ſpoke: Imperial *Juno* mourn'd,
And trembling, theſe ſubmiſſive words return'd.
By ev'ry oath that pow'rs immortal ties,
The foodful earth, and all-infolding ſkies,
By thy black waves, tremendous *Styx!* that flow
Thro' the drear realm of gliding ghoſts below:

By

ſuperſtitious people raiſed this ſtory, ſo that *Homer* only followed common report. What farther confirms it, is what *Euſtathius* adds, that there were ſhewn near *Troy* certain ruins, which were ſaid to be the remains of theſe maſſes. *Dacier.*

V. 43. *By thy black waves, tremendous* Styx!] The Epithet *Homer* here gives to *Styx* is καταιβάτην, *ſubterlabens*, which I take to refer to its paſſage thro' the infernal regions. But there is a refinement upon it, as if it ſignified *ex alto ſtillans*, falling drop by drop from on high. *Herodotus*, in his ſixth book, writes thus. "The *Arcadians* ſay, that "near the city *Nonacris* flows the water of *Styx*, and that "it is a ſmall rill, which, diſtilling from an exceeding high "rock, falls into a little cavity or baſon, environed with a "hedge." *Pauſanias*, who had ſeen the place, gives light to this paſſage of *Herodotus*. "Going from *Pheneus*, ſays he, "in the country of the *Arcadians*, and drawing towards "the

By the dread honours of thy ſacred head,
And that unbroken vow, our virgin bed!
Not by my arts the ruler of the main
Steeps *Troy* in blood, and ranges round the plain:
By his own ardour, his own pity ſway'd
To help his *Greeks*; he fought, and diſobey'd:
Elſe had thy *Juno* better counſel giv'n,
And taught ſubmiſſion to the Sire of heav'n.
Think'ſt thou with me? fair Empreſs of the ſkies!
(Th' immortal Father with a ſmile replies!)
Then ſoon the haughty Sea-god ſhall obey,
Nor dare to act, but when we point the way.
If truth inſpires thy tongue, proclaim our will
To yon' bright ſynod on th' *Olympian* hill;
Our high decree let various *Iris* know,
And call the God that bears the ſilver bow.

Let

" the Weſt, we find on the left the city of *Clyterus*, and on " the right that of *Nonacris*, and the fountain of *Styx*, which " from the height of a ſhaggy precipice falls drop by drop " upon an exceeding high rock, and before it has traverſed " this rock, flows into the river *Crathis*: this water is mor- " tal both to man and beaſt, and therefore it is ſaid to be an " infernal fountain. *Homer* gives it a place in his Poems, " and by the deſcription which he delivers, one would think " he had ſeen it." This ſhews the wonderful exactneſs of *Homer*, in the deſcription of places which he mentions. The Gods ſwore by *Styx*, and this was the ſtrongeſt oath they could take; but we likewiſe find that men too ſwore by this fatal water; for *Herodotus* tells us, that *Cleomenes*, going to *Arcadia* to engage the *Arcadians* to follow him in a war againſt *Sparta*, had a deſign to aſſemble at the city *Nonacris*, and make them ſwear by the water of this fountain. *Dacier. Euſtath.* in *Odyſſ.*

V. 47. *Not by my arts*, &c.] This apology is well contrived; *Juno* could not ſwear that ſhe had not deceived *Jupiter*, for this had been entirely falſe, and *Homer* would be far from authoriſing perjury by ſo great an example. *Juno*, we ſee, throws part of the fault on *Neptune*, by ſhewing ſhe had not acted in concert with him. *Euſtathius.*

Let her descend, and from th' embattel'd plain
Command the Sea-god to his wat'ry reign:
While *Phœbus* hastes, great *Hector* to prepare
To rise afresh, and once more wake the war:
His lab'ring bosom re-inspire with breath,
And call his senses from the verge of death.
Greece, chas'd by *Troy* ev'n to *Achilles'* fleet,
Shall fall by thousands at the hero's feet.

He,

V. 67. Greece, *chas'd by* Troy, &c.] In this discourse of *Jupiter*, the Poet opens his design, by giving his readers a sketch of the principal events he is to expect. As this conduct of *Homer* may to many appear no way artful, since it is a principal article of the charge brought against him by some late *French* criticks, it will not be improper here to look a little into this dispute. The case will be best stated by translating the following passage from Mr. *de la Motte's Reflections sur la Critique*.

" I could not forbear wishing that *Homer* had an art, which " he seems to have neglected, that of preparing events with- " out making them known beforehand; so that when they " happen, one might be surprised agreeably. I could not " be quite satisfied to hear *Jupiter*, in the middle of the " Iliad, give an exact abridgment of the remainder of the " action. Madam *Dacier* alledges an excuse, that this passed " only between *Jupiter* and *Juno*; as if the reader was not " let into the secret, and had not as much share in the " confidence.

She adds, " that as we are capable of a great deal of " pleasure at the representation of a tragedy which we have " seen before, so the surprises which I require are no way " necessary to our entertainment. This I think a pure piece " of sophistry: One may have two sorts of pleasure at the " representation of a tragedy; in the first place, that of " taking part in an action of importance the first time it " passes before our eyes, of being agitated by fear and hope " for the persons one is most concerned about, and in fine, " of partaking their felicity and misfortune, as they happen " to succeed or be disappointed.

" This therefore is the first pleasure which the poet should " design to give his auditors, to transport them by pathetic " surprises which excite terror or pity. The second pleasure

" must

He, not untouch'd with pity, to the plain
Shall send *Patroclus*, but shall send in vain.
What youth he slaughters under *Ilion*'s walls?
Ev'n my lov'd son, divine *Sarpedon*, falls!
Vanquish'd at last by *Hector*'s lance he lies,
Then, not till then, shall great *Achilles* rise:
And lo! that instant, god-like *Hector* dies.

From

" must proceed from a view of that art which the author " has shewn in raising the former.

" 'Tis true, when we have seen a piece already, we have " no longer that first pleasure of the surprise, at least, not " in all its vivacity; but there still remains the second, " which could never have its turn, had not the poet laboured " successfully to excite the first, it being upon that indis- " pensible obligation that we judge of his art.

" The art therefore consists in telling the hearer only what " is necessary to be told him, and in telling him only as much " as is requisite to the design of pleasing him. And although " we know this already when we read it a second time, we " yet taste the pleasure of that order and conduct which the " art required.

" From hence it follows, that every poem ought to be " contrived for the first impression it is to make. If it be " otherwise, it gives us (instead of two pleasures which we " expected) two sorts of disgusts, the one, that of being " cool and untouched when we should be moved and trans- " ported; the other, that of perceiving the defect which " caused that disgust.

" This, in one word, is what I have found in the Iliad, " I was not interested or touched by the adventures, and I " saw it was this cooling preparation that prevented my " being so."

It appears clearly that M. *Dacier*'s defence no way excuses the Poet's conduct; wherefore I shall add two or three considerations which may chance to set it in a better light. It must be owned that a surprise artfully managed, which arises from unexpected revolutions of great actions, is extremely pleasing. In this consists the principal pleasure of a Romance, or well writ Tragedy. But besides this, there is in the relation of great events a different kind of pleasure, which arises from the artful unravelling of a knot of actions, which we knew before in the gross. This is a delight peculiar to

History

From that great hour the war's whole fortune turns,
Pallas aſſiſts, and lofty *Ilion* burns.
Not till that day ſhall *Jove* relax his rage,
Nor one of all the heav'nly hoſt engage

In

Hiſtory and Epic Poetry, which is founded on Hiſtory. In theſe kinds of writing, a preceding ſummary knowledge of the events deſcribed does no way damp our curioſity, but rather makes it more eager for the detail. This is evident in a good hiſtory, where generally the reader is affected with a greater delight in proportion to his preceding knowledge of the facts deſcribed: The pleaſure in this caſe is like that of an Architect's firſt view of ſome magnificent building, who was before well acquainted with the proportions of it. In an Epic Poem the caſe is of a like nature; where, as if the hiſtorical fore-knowledge were not ſufficient, the moſt judicious poets never fail to excite their reader's curioſity by ſome ſmall ſketches of their deſign; which, like the outlines of a fine picture, will neceſſarily raiſe in us a greater deſire to ſee it in its finiſhed colouring.

Had our author been inclined to follow the method of managing our paſſions by ſurpriſes, he could not well have ſucceeded by this manner in the ſubject he choſe to write upon, which being a ſtory of great importance, the principal events of which were well known to the *Greeks*, it was not poſſible for him to alter the ground-work of his piece; and probably he was willing to mark ſometimes by anticipation, ſometimes by recapitulations, how much of his ſtory was founded on hiſtorical truths, and that what is ſuperadded were the poetical ornaments.

There is another conſideration worth remembering on this head, to juſtify our author's conduct. It ſeems to have been an opinion in thoſe early times, deeply rooted in moſt countries and religions, that the actions of men were not only foreknown, but predeſtinated by a ſuperior being. This ſentiment is very frequent in the moſt ancient writers both ſacred and prophane, and ſeems a diſtinguiſhing character of the writings of the greateſt antiquity. *The word of the Lord was fulfilled*, is the principal obſervation in the hiſtory of the Old Teſtament; and Διὸς δ' ἐτελείετο βουλή is the declared and moſt obvious moral of the Iliad. If this great moral be fit to be repreſented in poetry, what means ſo proper to make it evident, as this introducing *Jupiter* foretelling the events which he had decreed;

In aid of *Greece*. The promiſe of a God
I gave, and ſeal'd it with th' almighty nod,
Achilles' glory to the ſtars to raiſe;
Such was our word, and fate the word obeys.
The trembling Queen (th' almighty order giv'n)
Swift from th' *Idæan* ſummit ſhot to heav'n.
As ſome way-faring man, who wanders o'er,
In thought, a length of lands he trod before,
Sends forth his active mind from place to place,
Joins hill to dale, and meaſures ſpace with ſpace:
So ſwift flew *Juno* to the bleſt abodes,
If thought of man can match the ſpeed of Gods.

There

V. 86. *As ſome way-faring man*, &c.] The diſcourſe of *Jupiter* and *Juno* being ended, ſhe aſcends to heaven with wonderful celerity, which the Poet explains by this compariſon. On other occaſions he has illuſtrated the actions of the mind by ſenſible images from the motion of the bodies; here he inverts the caſe, and ſhews the great velocity of *Juno*'s flight by comparing it to the quickneſs of thought. No other compariſon could have equalled the ſpeed of an heavenly being. To render this more beautiful and exact, the Poet deſcribes a traveller who revolves in his mind the ſeveral places which he has ſeen, and in an inſtant paſſes in imagination from one diſtant part of the earth to another. *Milton* ſeems to have had it in his eye in that elevated paſſage:

——' The ſpeed of Gods
' Time counts not, tho' with ſwifteſt minutes wing'd.'

As the ſenſe in which we have explained this paſſage is exactly literal, as well as truly ſublime, one cannot but wonder what ſhould induce both *Hobbes* and *Chapman* to ramble ſo wide from it in their tranſlations.

' This ſaid, went *Juno* to *Olympus* high.
' As when a man looks o'er an ample plain,
' To any diſtance quickly goes his eye:
' So ſwiftly *Juno* went with little pain.

Chapman is yet more foreign to the ſubject.

' But

There ſate the pow'rs in awful ſynod plac'd;
They bow'd, and made obeyſance as ſhe paſs'd,
Thro' all the brazen dome: With goblets crown'd
They hail her Queen; the *Nectar* ſtreams around.
Fair *Themis* firſt preſents the golden bowl,
And anxious, aſks what cares diſturb her ſoul?
To whom the white-arm'd Goddeſs thus replies:
Enough thou know'ſt the tyrant of the ſkies,
Severely bent his purpoſe to fulfil,
Unmov'd his mind, and unreſtrain'd his will.
Go thou, the feaſts of heaven attend thy call;
Bid the crown'd Nectar circle round the hall;
But *Jove* ſhall thunder thro' th' ethereal dome,
Such ſtern decrees, ſuch threaten'd woes to come,
As ſoon ſhall freeze mankind with dire ſurprize,
And damp th' eternal banquets of the ſkies.
The Goddeſs ſaid, and ſullen took her place;
Black horror ſadden'd each celeſtial face.
To ſee the gath'ring grudge in ev'ry breaſt,
Smiles on her lips a ſpleenful joy expreſt,
While on her wrinkled front, and eye-brow bent,
Sat ſtedfaſt care, and low'ring diſcontent.

Thus

'But as the mind of ſuch a man, that hath a great way gone,
'And either knowing not his way, or then would let alone
'His purpos'd journey; is diſtract, and in his vexed mind
Reſolves now not to go, now goes, ſtill many ways inclin'd—

V. 102. *Go thou, the feaſts of heav'n attend thy call.*] This is a paſſage worthy our obſervation. *Homer* feigns that *Themis*, that is juſtice, preſides over the feaſts of the Gods; to let us know, that ſhe ought much more to preſide over the feaſts of men. *Euſtathius*.

Thus ſhe proceeds——Attend, ye pow'rs above!
But know, 'tis madneſs to conteſt with *Jove:*
Supreme he ſits; and ſees, in pride of ſway,
Your vaſſal Godheads grudgingly obey;
Fierce in the majeſty of pow'r controuls,
Shakes all the thrones of heav'n, and bends the poles.
Submiſs, immortals! all he wills, obey;
And thou, great *Mars*, begin and ſhew the way.
Behold *Aſcalaphus!* behold him die,
But dare not murmur, dare not vent a ſigh;
Thy own lov'd boaſted offſpring lies o'erthrown,
If that lov'd boaſted offſpring be thy own.

Stern *Mars*, with anguiſh for his ſlaughter'd ſon,
Smote his rebelling breaſt, and fierce begun.
Thus then, Immortals!. thus ſhall *Mars* obey!
Forgive me, Gods, and yield my vengeance way:
Deſcending firſt to yon' forbidden plain,
The God of battles dares avenge the ſlain:
Dares, tho' the thunder burſting o'er my head
Should hurl me blazing on thoſe heaps of dead.

With

V. 114. Juno's *ſpeech to the Gods.*] It was no ſort of exaggeration, what the ancients have affirmed of *Homer*, that the examples of all kind of oratory are to be found in his works. The preſent ſpeech of *Juno* is a maſter piece in that ſort, which ſeems to ſay one thing, and perſuades another. For while ſhe is only declaring to the Gods the orders of *Jupiter*, at the time that ſhe tells them they muſt obey, ſhe fills them with a reluctance to do it. By repreſenting ſo ſtrongly the ſuperiority of his power, ſhe makes them uneaſy at it, and by particularly adviſing that God to ſubmit, whoſe temper could leaſt brook it, ſhe incites him to downright rebellion. Nothing can be more ſly and artfully provoking, than that ſtroke on the death of his darling ſon. *Do thou, O* Mars, *teach obedience to us all, for it is upon thee that* Jupiter *has put the ſevereſt trial:* Aſcalaphus *thy ſon lies ſlain by his means: Bear it with ſo much temper and moderation, that the world may not think he was thy ſon.*

With that, he gives command to *Fear* and *Flight*
To join his rapid courſers for the fight:
The grim in arms, with haſty vengeance flies;
Arms, that reflect a radiance thro' the ſkies.
And now had *Jove*, by bold rebellion driv'n,
Diſcharg'd his wrath on half the hoſt of heav'n;
But *Pallas* ſpringing thro' the bright abode,
Starts from her azure throne to calm the God.
Struck for th' immortal race with timely fear,
From frantic *Mars* ſhe ſnatch'd the ſhield and ſpear;
Then the huge helmet lifting from his head,
Thus, to th' impetuous homicide ſhe ſaid.
By what wild paſſion, furious! art thou toſt?
Striv'ſt thou with *Jove?* thou art already loſt.
Shall not the Thund'rer's dread command reſtrain,
And was imperial *Juno* heard in vain?
Back to the ſkies would'ſt thou with ſhame be driv'n,
And in thy guilt involve the hoſt of heav'n?
Ilion and *Greece* no more ſhould *Jove* engage;
The ſkies would yield an ampler ſcene of rage,
Guilty and guiltleſs find an equal fate,
And one vaſt ruin whelm th' *Olympian* ſtate.
Ceaſe then thy offspring's death unjuſt to call;
Heroes as great have dy'd, and yet ſhall fall.
Why ſhould heav'n's law with fooliſh man comply,
Exempted from the race ordain'd to die?

V. 134. *To* Fear *and* Flight.—] *Homer* does not ſay, that *Mars* commanded they ſhould join his horſes to his chariot, which horſes were called *Fear* and *Flight*. *Fear* and *Flight* are not the names of the horſes of *Mars*, but the names of two furies in the ſervice of this God: It appears likewiſe by other paſſages, that they were his children, book 13. V. 299. This is a very ancient miſtake; *Euſtathius* mentions it as an error of *Ariſtarchus*, yet *Hobbes* and others have fallen into it.

This menace fix'd the warrior to his throne;
Sullen he ſate, and curb'd the riſing groan.
Then *Juno* call'd (*Jove*'s orders to obey)
The winged *Iris*, and the God of Day.
Go wait the Thund'rer's will (*Saturnia* cry'd)
On yon' tall ſummit of the fount-full *Ide:*
There in the father's awful preſence ſtand,
Receive and execute his dread command.
She ſaid, and ſat: The God that gilds the day,
And various *Iris* wing their airy way.
Swift as the wind, to *Ida*'s hills they came,
(Fair nurſe of fountains, and of ſavage game)
There ſat th' Eternal; he, whoſe nod controuls
The trembling world, and ſhakes the ſteady poles.
Veil'd in a miſt of fragrance him they found,
With clouds of gold and purple circled round.
Well pleas'd the Thund'rer ſaw their earneſt care,
And prompt obedience to the Queen of air.
Then (while a ſmile ſerenes his awful brow)
Commands the Goddeſs of the ſhow'ry bow.
Iris! deſcend, and what we here ordain
Report to yon' mad tyrant of the main.
Bid him from fight to his own deeps repair,
Or breathe from ſlaughter in the fields of air.
If he refuſe, then let him timely weigh
Our elder birth-right, and ſuperior ſway.

How

V. 164. *Go wait the Thund'rer's will.*] It is remarkable that whereas it is familiar with the Poet, to repeat his errands and meſſages, here he introduces *Juno* with very few words, where ſhe carries a diſpatch from *Jupiter* to *Iris* and *Apollo*. She only ſays, "*Jove* commands you to attend him on mount "*Ida*," and adds, nothing of what had paſſed between herſelf and her conſort before. The reaſon of this brevity is not only that ſhe is highly diſguſted with *Jupiter*, and ſo unwilling to tell her tale from the anguiſh of her heart; but alſo becauſe *Jupiter* had given her no commiſſion to relate fully the ſubject of

How ſhall his raſhneſs ſtand the dire alarms,
If heav'n's omnipotence deſcend in arms?
Strives he with me, by whom his pow'r was giv'n,
And is there equal to the Lord of Heav'n?
Th' Almighty ſpoke; the Goddeſs wing'd her flight
To ſacred *Ilion* from th' *Idæan* height.
Swift as the ratt'ling hail, or fleecy ſnows
Drive thro' the ſkies, when *Boreas* fiercely blows;
So from the clouds deſcending *Iris* falls;
And to blue *Neptune* thus the Goddeſs calls.
Attend the mandate of the Sire above,
In me behold the meſſenger of *Jove:*
He bids thee from forbidden wars repair
To thy own deeps, or to the fields of air.
This if refus'd, he bids thee timely weigh
His elder birthright, and ſuperior ſway.
How ſhall thy raſhneſs ſtand the dire alarms,
If heav'n's omnipotence deſcend in arms?
Striv'ſt thou with him, by whom all pow'r is giv'n?
And art thou equal to the Lord of Heav'n!
What means the haughty Sov'reign of the ſkies?
(The King of Ocean thus, incens'd, replies)
Rule as he will his portion'd realms on high;
No vaſſal God, nor of his train am I.

of their diſcourſe: wherefore ſhe is cautious of declaring what poſſibly he would have concealed. Neither does *Jupiter* himſelf in what follows reveal his decrees: For he lets *Apollo* only ſo far into his will, that he would have him diſcover and rout the *Greeks:* Their good fortune, and the ſucceſs which was to enſue, he hides from him, as one who favoured the cauſe of *Troy*. One may remark in this paſſage *Homer*'s various conduct and diſcretion concerning what ought to be put in practice, or left undone; whereby his reader may be informed how to regulate his own affairs. *Euſtathius.*

Three brother Deities from *Saturn* came,
And ancient *Rhea*, earth's immortal dame:
Assign'd by lot, our triple rule we know;
Infernal *Pluto* sways the shades below;
O'er the wide clouds, and o'er the starry plain,
Ethereal *Jove* extends his high domain;
My court beneath the hoary waves I keep,
And hush the roarings of the sacred deep:
Olympus, and this earth in common lie;
What claim has here the tyrant of the sky?

Far

V. 210. *Three brother deities from* Saturn *came,*
And ancient Rhea, *earth's immortal dame:*
Assign'd by lot, our triple rule we know, &c.]
Some have thought the *Platonic* Philosophers drew from hence the notion of their *Triad* (which the Christian *Platonists* since imagined to be an obscure hint of the *Sacred Trinity.*) The *Trias* of *Plato* is well known, τὸ αὐτὸ ὄν, ὁ νοῦς, ὁ δημιουργὸς, ἡ τοῦ κόσμου ψυχὴ. In his *Gorgias* he tells us, τὸν Ὅμηρον (autorem sc. fuisse) τῆς τῶν δημιουργικῶν Τριαδικῆς ὑποστάσεως. See *Proclus in Plat. Theol. lib.* 1. *c.* 5. *Lucian Philoptr. Aristotle de cœlo, l.* 1. *c.* 1 speaking of the *Ternarian* number from *Pythagoras* has these words; Τὰ τρία πάντα, καὶ τὸ τρὶς πᾶν. Καὶ πρὸς τὰς ἀρχαίας τῶν θεῶν χρώμεθα τῷ ἀριθμῷ τούτῳ· Καθάπερ γὰρ φασιν οἱ Πυθαγόρειοι, τὸ πᾶν καὶ τὰ πάντα τοῖς τρισὶν ὥρισται. Τελευτὴ γὰρ καὶ μέσον καὶ ἀρχὴ τὸν ἀριθμὸν ἔχει τὸν τοῦ παντός· ταῦτα δὲ τὸν τῆς τριάδος. From which passage *Trapezuntius* endeavoured very seriously to prove, that *Aristotle* had a perfect knowledge of the *Trinity*. *Duport* (who furnished me with this note, and who seems to be sensible of the folly of *Trapezuntius*) nevertheless in his *Gnomologia Homerica*, or comparison of our author's sentences with those of the scripture, has placed opposite to this verse that of St. *John*: *There are three who give testimony in heaven, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost*. I think this the strongest instance I ever met with of the manner of thinking of such men, whose too much learning has made them mad.

Lactantius, de falsi. relig. lib. 1 *cap.* 11. takes this fable to be a remain of ancient history, importing, that the empire of the then known world was divided among the three brothers; to *Jupiter* the oriental part, which was called Heaven, as the region of light, or the sun: to *Pluto* the occidental, or darker regions: and to *Neptune* the sovereignty of the seas.

Far in the diſtant clouds let him controul,
And awe the younger brothers of the pole;
There to his children his commands be giv'n,
The trembling, ſervile, ſecond race of heav'n.
And muſt I then (ſaid ſhe) O ſire of Floods!
Bear this fierce anſwer to the King of Gods?
Correct it yet, and change thy raſh intent;
A noble mind diſdains not to repent.
To elder brothers guardian fiends are giv'n,
To ſcourge the wretch inſulting them and heav'n.
Great is the profit (thus the God rejoin'd)
When miniſters are bleſs'd with prudent mind:
Warn'd by thy words, to pow'rful *Jove* I yield,
And quit, tho' angry, the contended field.
Not but his threats with Juſtice I diſclaim,
The ſame our honours, and our birth the ſame.
If yet, forgetful of his promiſe giv'n
To *Hermes*, *Pallas*, and the Queen of heav'n;
To favour *Ilion*, that perfidious place,
He breaks his faith with half th' ethereal race;
Give him to know, unleſs the *Grecian* train
Lay yon' proud ſtructures level with the plain,
Howe'er th' offence by other Gods be paſt,
The wrath of *Neptune* ſhall for ever laſt.

V. 228. *To elder brothers.*] *Iris*, that ſhe may not ſeem to upbraid *Neptune* with weakneſs of judgment, out of regard to the greatneſs and dignity of his perſon does not ſay that *Jupiter* is ſtronger or braver; but attacking him from a motive not in the leaſt invidious, ſuperiority of age, ſhe ſays ſententiouſly, that *Furies* wait upon our elders. The *Furies* are ſaid to wait upon men in a double ſenſe: either for evil, as upon *Oreſtes* after he had ſlain his mother; or elſe for their good, as upon elders when they are injured, to protect them and avenge their wrongs. This is an inſtance that the pagans looked upon birth-right as a right divine. *Euſtathius.*

Thus ſpeaking, furious from the field he ſtrode,
And plung'd into the boſom of the flood.
The Lord of Thunders from his lofty height
Beheld, and thus beſpoke the Source of light.
Behold! the God whoſe liquid arms are hurl'd
Around the globe, whoſe earthquakes rock the world,
Deſiſts at length his rebel-war to wage,
Seeks his own ſeas, and trembles at our rage.
Elſe had my wrath, heav'n's thrones all ſhaking round,
Burn'd to the bottom of his ſeas profound;
And all the Gods that round old *Saturn* dwell,
Had heard the thunder to the deeps of hell.
Well was the crime, and well the vengeance ſpar'd;
Ev'n pow'r immenſe had found ſuch battle hard.
Go thou, my ſon! the trembling *Greeks* alarm,
Shake my broad *Ægis* o'er thy active arm,
Be god-like *Hector* thy peculiar care,
Swell his bold heart, and urge his ſtrength to war:
Let *Ilion* conquer, till th' *Achaian* train
Fly to their ſhips and *Helleſpont* again:

Then

V. 252. *Elſe had my wrath*, &c.] This repreſentation of terrors which muſt have attended the conflict of two ſuch mighty powers as *Jupiter* and *Neptune*, whereby the elements had been mixed in confuſion, and the whole frame of nature had been endangered, is imaged in theſe few lines with a nobleneſs ſuitable to the occaſion. *Milton* has a thought very like it in his fourth book, where he repreſents what muſt have happened if *Satan* and *Gabriel* had encountered.

—'*Not only* Paradiſe
'In this commotion, but the ſtarry cope
'Of heav'n, perhaps, and all the elements
'At leaſt had gone to wreck, diſturb'd and torn
'With violence of this conflict, had not ſoon
'Th' Almighty, to prevent ſuch horrid fray, &c.

Then *Greece* ſhall breathe from toils--the Godhead ſaid:
His will divine the ſon of *Jove* obey'd.
Not half ſo ſwift the ſailing falcon flies,
That drives a turtle thro' the liquid ſkies;
As *Phœbus* ſhooting from th' *Idæan* brow,
Glides down the mountain to the plain below.
There *Hector* ſeated by the ſtream he ſees,
His ſenſe returning with the coming breeze;
Again his pulſes beat, his ſpirits riſe;
Again his lov'd companions meet his eyes;
Jove thinking of his pains, they paſt away.
To whom the God who gives the golden day.
Why ſits great *Hector* from the field ſo far,
What grief, what wound, withholds him from the war?
The fainting hero, as the viſion bright
Stood ſhining o'er him, half unſeal'd his ſight;
What bleſt immortal, with commanding breath,
Thus wakers *Hector* from the ſleep of death?
Has fame not told, how, while my truſty ſword
Bath'd *Greece* in ſlaughter, and her battle gor'd,
The mighty *Ajax* with a deadly blow
Had almoſt ſunk me to the ſhades below?
Ev'n yet, methinks, the gliding ghoſts I ſpy,
And hell's black horrors ſwim before my eye.
To him *Apollo*. Be no more diſmay'd;
See, and be ſtrong! the Thund'rer ſends thee aid:

V. 274. Jove *thinking of his pains, they paſt away.*] *Euſtathius* obſerves that this is a very ſublime repreſentation of the power of *Jupiter*, to make *Hector*'s pains ceaſe from the moment wherein *Jupiter* firſt turned his thoughts towards him. *Apollo* finds him ſo far recovered, as to be able to ſit up, and know his friends. Thus much was the work of *Jupiter*; the God of health perfects the cure.

Behold! thy *Phœbus* ſhall his arms employ,
Phœbus, propitious ſtill to thee and *Troy*.
Inſpire thy warriors then with manly force,
And to the ſhips impel thy rapid horſe:
Ev'n I will make thy fiery courſers way,
And drive the *Grecians* headlong to the ſea.

Thus to bold *Hector* ſpoke the ſon of *Jove*,
And breath'd immortal ardour from above.
As when the pamper'd ſteed, with reins unbound,
Breaks from his ſtall, and pours along the ground;
With ample ſtrokes he ruſhes to the flood,
To bathe his ſides and cool his fiery blood:
His head now freed, he toſſes to the ſkies;
His mane diſhevel'd o'er his ſhoulders flies.
He ſnuffs the females in the well-known plain,
And ſprings, exulting, to his fields again:

Urg'd

V. 298. *As when the pamper'd ſteed.*] This compariſon is repeated from the ſixth book, and we are told that the ancient criticks retained no more than the two firſt verſes and the four laſt in this place, and that they gave the verſes two marks, by the one (which was the aſteriſm) they intimated, that the four lines were very beautiful; but by the other (which was the *obelus*) that they were ill placed. I believe an impartial reader who conſiders the two places will be of the ſame opinion.

Taſſo has improved the juſtneſs of this ſimile in his ſixteenth book, where *Rinaldo* returning from the arms of *Armida* to battle, is compared to the ſteed that is taken from his paſtures and mares to the ſervice of the war: The reverſe of the circumſtance better agreeing with the occaſion.

Qual force deſtrier, ch'al faticoſo
Honor de l'arme vincitor ſia tolto,
E laſcivo marito in vil ripoſo
Fra gli armenti, ne paſchi erri diſciolto;
Se'l deſta o ſuon di tromba, o lumino ſo
Acciar, cola teſta annitrendo è volto;
Già già brama l'arringo, è l'huom sùl dorſo
Portando, urtato riurtar nel corſo.

Urg'd by the voice divine, thus *Hector* flew,
Full of the God; and all his hoſts purſue.
As when the force of men and dogs combin'd
Invade the mountain goat, and branching hind:
Far from the hunter's rage ſecure they lie
Cloſe in the rock, (not fated yet to die)
When lo! a lion ſhoots acroſs the way!
They fly: at once the chaſers and the prey:
So *Greece*, that late in conqu'ring troops purſu'd,
And mark'd their progreſs thro' the ranks in blood,
Soon as they ſee the furious chief appear,
Forget to vanquiſh, and conſent to fear.
Thoas with grief obſerv'd his dreadful courſe,
Thoas, the braveſt of th' *Ætolian* force:
Skill'd to direct the jav'lin's diſtant flight,
And bold to combat in the ſtanding fight;
Nor more in councils fam'd for ſolid ſenſe,
Than winning words and heav'nly eloquence.
Gods! what portent (he cry'd) theſe eyes invades?
Lo *Hector* riſes from the *Stygian* ſhades!
We ſaw him, late, by thund'ring *Ajax* kill'd;
What God reſtores him to the frighted field;
And not content that half of *Greece* lie ſlain,
Pours new deſtruction on her ſons again?

V. 311. *Not fated yet to die.*] *Dacier* has a pretty remark on this paſſage, that *Homer* extended deſtiny (that is the care of providence) even to the beaſts of the field; an opinion that agrees perfectly with true theology. In the book of *Jonas*, the regard of the creator extending to the meaneſt rank of his creatures, is ſtrongly expreſſed in thoſe words of the Almighty, where he makes his compaſſion to the brute beaſts one of the reaſons againſt deſtroying *Nineveh*. *Shall I not ſpare the great city, in which there are more than ſixſcore thouſand perſons, and alſo much cattle?* And what is ſtill more parallel to this paſſage, in St. *Matth.* ch. 10. *Are not two ſparrows ſold for a farthing? And yet not one of them ſhall fall to the ground, without your father.*

He comes not, *Jove!* without thy pow'rful will,
Lo! ſtill he lives, purſues, and conquers ſtill!
Yet hear my counſel, and his worſt withſtand;
The *Greeks'* main body to the fleet command:
But let the few whom briſker ſpirits warm,
Stand the firſt onſet, and provoke the ſtorm:
Thus point your arms; and when ſuch foes appear,
Fierce as he is, let *Hector* learn to fear.
The warrior ſpoke, the liſt'ning *Greeks* obey,
Thick'ning their ranks, and form a deep array.
Each *Ajax*, *Teucer*, *Merion*, gave command,
The valiant leaders of the *Cretan* band,
And *Mars* like *Meges*: Theſe the chiefs excite,
Approach the foe, and meet the coming fight.
Behind, unnumber'd multitudes attend
To flank the navy, and the ſhores defend.
Full on the front the preſſing *Trojans* bear,
And *Hector* firſt came tow'ring to the war.
Phœbus himſelf the ruſhing battle led;
A veil of clouds involv'd his radiant head:
High-held before him, *Jove's* enormous ſhield
Portentous ſhone, and ſhaded all the field:
Vulcan to *Jove* th' immortal gift conſign'd,
To ſcatter hoſts, and terrify mankind.
The *Greeks* expect the ſhock; the clamours riſe
From diff'rent parts, and mingle in the ſkies.
Dire was the hiſs of darts by heroes flung,
And arrows leaping from the bow-ſtring ſung:
Theſe drink the life of gen'rous warriors ſlain;
Thoſe guiltleſs fall, and thirſt for blood in vain.
As long as *Phœbus* bore unmov'd the ſhield,
Sate doubtful conqueſt hov'ring on the field;

But

But when aloft he ſhakes it in the ſkies,
Shouts in their ears, and lightens in their eyes,
Deep horror ſeizes ev'ry *Grecian* breaſt,
Their force is humbled, and their fear conteſt.
So flies a herd of oxen, ſcatter'd wide,
No ſwain to guard 'em, and no day to guide,
When two fell lions from the mountain come,
And ſpread the carnage thro' the ſhady gloom.
Impending *Phœbus* pours around 'em fear,
And *Troy* and *Hector* thunder in the rear.
Heaps fall on heaps: the ſlaughter *Hector* leads;
Firſt great *Arceſilas*, then *Stichius* bleeds;
One to the bold *Bœotians* ever dear,
And one *Meneſtheus'* friend, and fam'd compeer.
Medon and *Iſchius*, *Æneas* ſped;
This ſprung from *Phelus*, and th' *Athenians* led;
But hapleſs *Medon* from *Oileus* came;
Him *Ajax* honour'd with a brother's name,
Tho' born of lawleſs love: From home expell'd,
A baniſh'd man, in *Phylace* he dwell'd,
Preſs'd by the vengeance of an angry wife,
Troy ends, at laſt, his labours and his life.

Mecyſtes

V. 362. *But when aloft he ſhakes.*] *Apollo* in this paſſage, by the mere ſhaking his *Ægis*, without acting offenſively, annoys and puts the *Greeks* into diſorder. *Euſtathius* thus thinks that ſuch a motion might poſſibly create the ſame confuſion, as hath been reported by hiſtorians to proceed from *panic fears:* or that it might intimate ſome dreadful confuſion in the air, and a noiſe iſſuing from thence; a notion which ſeems to be warranted by *Apollo*'s out-cry, which preſently follows in the ſame verſe. But perhaps we need not go ſo far to account for this fiction of *Homer:* The ſight of a hero's armour often has the like effect in an Epic Poem: The ſhield of Prince *Arthur* in *Spenſer* works the ſame wonders with this *Ægis* of *Apollo*.

Mecyſtes next; *Polydamas* o'erthrew;
And thee, brave *Clonius!* great *Agenor* ſlew.
By *Paris*, *Deiochus* inglorious dies,
Pierc'd thro' the ſhoulder as he baſely flies.
Polites' arm laid *Echius* on the plain;
Stretch'd on one heap, the victors ſpoil the ſlain.
The *Greeks* diſmay'd, confus'd, diſperſe or fall,
Some ſeek the trench, ſome ſkulk behind the wall,
While theſe fly trembling, others pant for breath,
And o'er the ſlaughter ſtalks gigantic death.
On ruſh'd bold *Hector*, gloomy as the night,
Forbids to plunder, animates the fight,
Points to the fleet: For by the Gods, who flies,
Who dares but linger, by this hand he dies;

No

V. 386. *By* Paris, Deiochus *inglorious dies,*
Pierc'd thro' the ſhoulder as he baſely flies.]
Here is one that falls under the ſpear of *Paris*, ſmitten in the extremity of his ſhoulder as he was flying. This gives occaſion to a pretty obſervation in *Euſtathius*, that this is the only *Greek* who falls by a wound in the back, ſo careful is *Homer* of the honour of his countrymen. And this remark will appear not ill-grounded, if we except the death of *Eioneus* in the beginning of *lib.* 6.

V. 396. *For by the Gods, who flies,* &c.] It ſometimes happens (ſays *Longinus*) that a writer in ſpeaking of ſome perſon, all on a ſudden puts himſelf in that other's place, and acts his part; a figure which marks the impetuoſity and hurry of paſſion. It is this which *Homer* practiſes in theſe verſes; the Poet ſtops his narration, forgets his own perſon, and inſtantly, without any notice, puts this precipitate menace into the mouth of his furious and tranſported hero. How muſt his diſcourſe have languiſhed, had he ſtayed to tell us, Hector *then ſaid theſe, or the like words.* Inſtead of which, by this unexpected tranſition he prevents the reader, and the tranſition is made before the Poet himſelf ſeems ſenſible he had made it. The true and proper place for this figure is when the time preſſes, and when the occaſion will not allow of any delay. It is elegant then to paſs from one perſon to another, as in that of *Hecataus*. *The herald, extremely diſcontented at the orders he had received,*

gave

No weeping ſiſter his cold eye ſhall cloſe,
No friendly hand his fun'ral pyre compoſe.
Who ſtops to plunder in this ſignal hour,
The birds ſhall tear him, and the dogs devour.
Furious he ſaid; the ſmarting ſcourge reſounds;
The courſers fly; the ſmoaking chariot bounds:
The hoſts ruſh on; loud clamours ſhake the ſhore;
The horſes thunder, Earth and Ocean roar!
Apollo, planted at the trench's bound,
Puſh'd at the bank: down ſunk th' enormous mound:
Roll'd in the ditch the heavy ruin lay;
A ſudden road! a long and ample way.
O'er the dread foſſe (a late-impervious ſpace)
Now ſteeds, and men, and cars, tumultuous paſs.
The wond'ring crouds the downward level trod;
Before them flam'd the ſhield, and march'd the God.
Then with his hand he ſhook the mighty wall;
And lo! the turrets nod, the bulwarks fall.
Eaſy, as when aſhore an infant ſtands,
And draws imagin'd houſes in the ſands;
The ſportive wanton, pleas'd with ſome new play,
Sweeps the ſlight works and faſhion'd domes away.
Thus

gave command to the Heraclidæ *to withdraw —It is no way in my power to help you; if therefore you would not periſh entirely, and if you would not involve me too in your ruin, depart, and ſeek a retreat among ſome other people.* Longinus, *chap.* 23.

V. 416. *As when aſhore an infant ſtands.*] This ſimile of the ſand is inimitable; it is not eaſy to imagine any thing more exact and emphatical to deſcribe the tumbling and confuſed heap of a wall, in a moment. Moreover the compariſon here taken from ſand is the juſter, as it riſes from the very place and ſcene before us. For the wall here demoliſhed, as it was founded on the coaſt, muſt needs border on the ſand, wherefore the ſimilitude is borrowed immediately from the ſubject of the matter under view.

Thus vaniſh'd, at thy touch, the tow'rs and walls;
The toil of thouſands in a moment falls.
The *Grecians* gaze around with wild deſpair,
Confus'd, and weary all the pow'rs with pray'r;
Exhort their men, with praiſes, threats, commands;
And urge the Gods, with voices, eyes, and hands.
Experienc'd *Neſtor* chief obteſts the ſkies,
And weeps his country with a father's eyes.
O *Jove!* if ever on his native ſhore,
One *Greek* enrich'd thy ſhrine with offer'd gore;
If e'er, in hope our country to behold,
We paid the fatteſt firſtlings of the fold;
If e'er thou ſign'ſt our wiſhes with thy nod;
Perform the promiſe of a gracious God!
This day preſerve our navies from the flame,
And ſave the reliques of the *Grecian* name.
Thus pray'd the ſage: Th' Eternal gave conſent,
And peals of thunder ſhook the firmament.
Preſumptuous *Troy* miſtook th' accepting ſign,
And catch'd new fury at the voice divine.

As,

V. 428. *O* Jove! *if ever*, &c.] The form of *Neſtor*'s prayer in this place reſembles that of *Chryſes* in the firſt book. And it is worth remarking, that the Poet well knew what ſhame and confuſion the reminding one of paſt benefits is apt to produce. From the ſame topick *Achilles* talks with his mother, and *Thetis* herſelf accoſts *Jove*; and likewiſe *Phœnix*, where he holds a parley with *Achilles*. This righteous prayer hath its wiſhed accompliſhment. *Euſtathius.*

V. 438. *Preſumptuous* Troy *miſtook the ſign.*] The thunder of *Jupiter* is deſigned as a mark of his acceptance of *Neſtor*'s prayers, and a ſign of his favour to the *Greeks*. However, there being nothing in the prodigy particular to the *Greeks*, the *Trojans* expound it in their own favour, as they ſeem warranted by their preſent ſucceſs. This ſelf-partiality of men in appropriating to themſelves the protection

As, when black tempeſts mix the ſeas and ſkies,
The roaring deeps in wat'ry mountains riſe,
Above the ſides of ſome ſmall ſhip aſcend,
Its womb they deluge, and its ribs they rend:
Thus loudly roaring, and o'er-pow'ring all,
Mount the thick *Trojans* up the *Grecian* wall;
Legiöns on legions from each ſide ariſe:
Thick ſound the keels; the ſtorm of arrows flies:
Fierce on the ſhips above, the cars below,
Theſe wield the mace, and thoſe the jav'lin throw,
While thus the thunder of the battle rag'd,
And lab'ring armies round the works engag'd;
Still in the tent *Patroclus* ſate, to tend
The good *Eurypylus*, his wounded friend.
He ſprinkles healing balms, to anguiſh kind,
And adds diſcourſe, the med'cine of the mind.
But when he ſaw, aſcending up the fleet,
Victorious *Troy*: Then, ſtarting from his ſeat,
With bitter groans his ſorrows he expreſt,
He wrings his hands, he beats his manly breaſt.

Tho'

tection of heaven, has always been natural to them. In the ſame manner *Virgil* makes *Turnus* explain the transformation of the *Trojan* ſhips into nymphs, as an ill omen to the *Trojans*.

Trojanos hæc monſtra petunt, his Jupiter ipſe
Auxilium ſolitum eripuit.———

Hiſtory furniſhes many inſtances of oracles, which, by reaſon of this partial interpretation, have proved an occaſion to lead men into great misfortunes: It was the caſe of *Cræſus* in his wars with *Cyrus*; and a like miſtake engaged *Pyrrhus* to make war upon the *Romans*.

V. 448. *On the ſhips above, the cars below.*] This is a new ſort o' battle, which *Homer* has never before mentioned; the *Greeks* on their ſhips, and the *Trojans* in their chariots, fight as on a plain. *Euſtathius.*

Tho' yet thy ſtate requires redreſs (he cries)
Depart I muſt: What horrors ſtrike my eyes?
Charg'd with *Achilles'* high commands I go,
A mournful witneſs of this ſcene of woe:
I haſte to urge him, by his country's care,
To riſe in arms, and ſhine again in war.
Perhaps ſome fav'ring God his ſoul may bend;
The voice is pow'rful of a faithful friend.
He ſpoke; and ſpeaking, ſwifter than the wind
Sprung from the tent, and left the war behind.
Th' embody'd *Greeks* the fierce attack ſuſtain,
But ſtrive, tho' num'rous, to repulſe in vain.
Nor could the *Trojans*, thro' that firm array,
Force to the fleet and tents, th' impervious way.
As when a ſhipwright with *Palladian* art,
Smooths the rough wood, and levels ev'ry part;
With equal hand he guides his whole deſign,
By the juſt rule, and the directing line:
The martial leaders with like ſkill and care,
Preſerv'd their line, and equal kept the war.
Brave deeds of arms thro' all the ranks were tryed,
And ev'ry ſhip ſuſtained an equal tide.
At one proud bark, high-tow'ring o'er the fleet,
Ajax the great, and god-like *Hector* meet:
For one bright prize the matchleſs chiefs contend,
Nor this the ſhips can fire, nor that defend;
One

V. 472. *Nor could the* Trojans—*Force to the fleet and tents th' impervious way.*] *Homer* always marks diſtinctly the place of battle; he here ſhews us clearly, that the *Trojans* attacked the firſt line of the fleet that ſtood next the wall, or the veſſels which were drawn foremoſt on the land: theſe veſſels were a ſtrong rampart to the tents which were pitch'd behind, and to the other line of the navy which ſtood nearer to the ſea; to penetrate therefore to the tents, they muſt neceſſarily force the firſt line, and defeat the troops which defended it. *Euſtathius.*

One kept the ſhore, and one the veſſel troul;
That fix'd as fate, this acted by a God.
The ſon of *Clytius* in his daring hand,
The deck approaching, ſhakes a flaming brand;
But pierc'd by *Telamon*'s huge lance expires;
Thund'ring he falls, and drops th' extinguiſh'd fires.
Great *Hector* view'd him with a ſad ſurvey,
As ſtretch'd in duſt before the ſtern he lay.
Oh! all of *Trojan*, all of *Lycian* race!
Stand to your arms, maintain this arduous ſpace.
Lo! where the ſon of royal *Clytius* lies,
Ah ſave his arms, ſecure his obſequies!
This ſaid, his eager jav'lin ſought the foe:
But *Ajax* ſhunn'd the meditated blow.
Not vainly yet the forceful lance was thrown:
It ſtretch'd in duſt unhappy *Lycophron*:
An exile long, ſuſtain'd at *Ajax*' board,
A faithful ſervant to a foreign Lord;
In peace, in war, for ever at his ſide,
Near his lov'd maſter, as he liv'd, he dy'd.
From the high poop he tumbles on the ſand,
And lies, a lifeleſs load, along the land.
With anguiſh *Ajax* views the piercing fight,
And thus inflames his brother to the fight.
Teucer, behold! extended on the ſhore
Our friend, our lov'd companion! now no more!
Dear as a parent, with a parent's care,
To fight our wars, he left his native air.
This death deplor'd to *Hector*'s rage we owe;
Revenge, revenge it on the cruel foe.
Where are thoſe darts on which the fates attend?
And where the bow, which *Phœbus* taught to bend?
Impatient *Teucer* haſt'ning to his aid,
Before the chief his ample bow diſplay'd;

The

The well-ſtor'd quiver on his ſhoulders hung:
Then hiſs'd his arrow and the bow-ſtring ſung.
Clytus, *Piſenor*'s ſon, renown'd in fame,
(To thee, *Polydamas!* an honour'd name)
Drove thro' the thickeſt of th' embattel'd plains
The ſtartling ſteeds, and ſhook his eager reins.
As all on glory ran his ardent mind,
The pointed death arreſts him from behind:
Thro' his fair neck the thrilling arrow flies;
In youth's firſt bloom reluctantly he dies.
Hurl'd from the lofty ſeat, at diſtance far,
The headlong courſers ſpurn his empty car;
'Till ſad *Polydamas* the ſteeds reſtrain'd,
And gave, *Aſtynous*, to the careful hand;
Then, fir'd to vengeance, ruſh'd amidſt the foe;
Rage edg'd his ſword, and ſtrengthen'd ev'ry blow.
Once more bold *Teucer*, in his country's cauſe,
At *Hector*'s breaſt a choſen arrow draws;
And had the weapon found the deſtin'd way,
Thy fall, great *Trojan!* had renown'd that day.
But *Hector* was not doom'd to periſh then:
Th' all-wiſe Diſpoſer of the fates of men,
(Imperial *Jove*) his preſent death withſtands;
Nor was ſuch glory due to *Teucer*'s hands.
At his full ſtretch as the tough ſtring he drew,
Struck by an arm unſeen, it burſt in two;
Down dropp'd the bow: the ſhaft with brazen head
Fell innocent, and on the duſt lay dead.
Th' aſtoniſh'd archer to great *Ajax* cries;
Some God prevents our deſtin'd enterprize:
Some God, propitious to the *Trojan* foe,
Has, from my arm unfailing, ſtruck the bow.

And

And broke the nerve my hands had twin'd with art,
Strong to impel the flight of many a dart.
Since heav'n commands it (*Ajax* made reply)
Diſmiſs the bow, and lay thy arrows by;
Thy arms no leſs ſuffice the lance to wield,
And quit the quiver for the pond'rous ſhield.
In the firſt ranks indulge thy thirſt of fame,
Thy brave example ſhall the reſt inflame.
Fierce as they are, by long ſucceſſes vain;
To force our fleet, or ev'n a ſhip to gain,
Aſks toil, and ſweat, and blood: Their utmoſt might
Shall find its match—No more: 'Tis ours to fight.
Then *Teucer* laid his faithleſs bow aſide;
The four-fold buckler o'er his ſhoulder ty'd;
On his brave head a creſted helm he plac'd,
With nodding horſe-hair formidably grac'd;
A dart, whoſe point with braſs refulgent ſhines,
The warrior wields; and his great brother joins.
This *Hector* ſaw, and thus expreſs'd his joy.
Ye troops of *Lycia*, *Dardanus*, and *Troy!*
Be mindful of yourſelves, your ancient fame,
And ſpread your glory with the navy's flame.
Jove is with us; I ſaw his hand, but now,
From the proud archer ſtrike his vaunted bow.
Indulgent *Jove!* how plain thy favours ſhine,
When happy nations bear the mark divine!
How eaſy then, to ſee the ſinking ſtate
Of realms accurſt, deſerted, reprobate!
Such is the fate of *Greece*, and ſuch is ours:
Behold, ye warriors, and exert your pow'rs.

Death

Death is the worſt; a fate which all muſt try;
And, for our country, 'tis a bliſs to die.
The gallant man, tho' ſlain in fight he be,
Yet leaves his nation ſafe, his children free;
Entails a debt on all the grateful ſtate;
His own brave friends ſhall glory in his fate;
His wife live honour'd, all his race ſucceed;
And late poſterity enjoy the deed!
This rouz'd the ſoul in ev'ry *Trojan* breaſt:
The god-like *Ajax* next his *Greeks* addreſt.
How long, ye warriors of the *Argive* race,
(To gen'rous *Argos* what a dire diſgrace!)
How long, on theſe curs'd confines will ye lie,
Yet undetermin'd, or to live, or die!

What

V. 582. *Death is the worſt*, &c.] 'Tis with very great addreſs, that, to the bitterneſs of death, he adds the advantages that were to accrue after it. And the ancients are of opinion, that 'twould be as advantageous for young ſoldiers to read this leſſon, conciſe as it is, as all the volumes of *Tyrtæus*, wherein he endeavours to raiſe the ſpirits of his countrymen. *Homer* makes a noble enumeration of the parts wherein the happineſs of a city conſiſts. For having told us in another place, the three great evils to which a town, when taken, is ſubject; the ſlaughter of the men, the deſtruction of the place by fire, the leading of their wives and children into captivity; now he reckons up the bleſſings that are contrary to thoſe calamities. To the ſlaughter of the men indeed he makes no oppoſition; becauſe it is not neceſſary to the well-being of a city, that every individual ſhould be ſaved, and not a man ſlain. *Euſtathius.*

V. 591. *The God-like* Ajax *next.*] The oration of *Hector* is more ſplendid and ſhining than that of *Ajax*, and alſo more ſolemn, from his ſentiments concerning the favour and aſſiſtance of *Jupiter*. But that of *Ajax* is the more politick, fuller of management, and apter to perſuade: For it abounds with no leſs than ſeven generous arguments to inſpire reſolution. He exhorts his people even to death,

from

What hopes remain, what methods to retire,
If once your veſſels catch the *Trojan* fire?
Mark how the flames approach, how near they fall,
How *Hector* calls, and *Troy* obeys his call!
Not to the dance that dreadful voice invites,
It calls to death, and all the rage of fights.
'Tis now no time for wiſdom or debates;
To your own hands are truſted all your fates:
And better far, in one deciſive ſtrife,
One day ſhall end our labour, or our life;
Than keep this hard-got inch of barren ſands,
Still preſs'd, and preſs'd by ſuch inglorious hands.
The liſt'ning *Grecians* feel their leader's flame,
And ev'ry kindling boſom pants for fame.
Then mutual ſlaughters ſpread on either ſide;
By *Hector* here the *Phocian Schedius* dy'd;
There pierc'd by *Ajax*, ſunk *Laodamas*,
Chief of the foot, of old *Antenor*'s race.
Polydamas laid *Otus* on the ſand,
The fierce commander of th' *Epeian* band.
His lance bold *Meges* at the victor threw;
The victor ſtopping, from the death withdrew;
(That valu'd life, O *Phœbus!* was thy care)
But *Cræſmus*' boſom took the flying ſpear:

His

from the danger to which their navy was expoſed, which if once conſumed, they were never like to get home. And as the *Trojans* were bid to die, ſo he bids his men dare to die likewiſe; and indeed with great neceſſity, for the *Trojans* may recruit after the engagement, but for the *Greeks*, they had no better way than to hazard their lives; and if they ſhould gain nothing elſe by it, yet at leaſt they would have a ſpeedy diſpatch, not a lingring and dilatory deſtruction. *Euſtathius.*

His corps fell bleeding on the slipp'ry shore;
His radiant arms triumphant *Meges* bore.
Dolops, the son of *Lampus*, rushes on,
Sprung from the race of old *Laomedon*,
And fam'd for prowess in a well fought field;
He pierc'd the centre of his sounding shield:
But *Meges*, *Phyleus'* ample breast-plate wore,
(Well known in fight on *Selles'* winding shore,
For King *Euphetes* gave the golden mail,
Compact, and firm with many a jointed scale)
Which oft, in cities storm'd, and battles won,
Had sav'd the father, and now saves the son.
Full at the *Trojan*'s head he urg'd his lance,
Where the high plumes above the helmet dance,
New-ting'd with *Tyrian* dye: In dust below
Shorn from the crest, the purple honours glow.
Mean time their fight the *Spartan* King survey'd,
And stood by *Meges'* side, a sudden aid,
Thro' *Dolops'* shoulder urg'd his forceful dart,
Which held its passage thro' the panting heart,
And issu'd at his breast. With thund'ring sound
The warrior falls, extended on the ground.
In rush the conqu'ring *Greeks* to spoil the slain;
But *Hector*'s voice excites his kindred train;
The hero most, from *Hicetaon* sprung,
Fierce *Menalippus*, gallant, brave, and young.
He (ere to *Troy* the *Grecians* cross'd the main)
Fed his large oxen on *Percote*'s plain;
But when oppress'd, his country claim'd his care,
Return'd to *Ilion*, and excell'd in war:
For this, in *Priam*'s court he held his place,
Belov'd no less than *Priam*'s royal race.

Him

Him *Hector* fingled, as his troops he led,
And thus inflam'd him, pointing to the dead.
Lo *Menalippus!* lo where *Dolops* lies;
And is it thus our royal kinſman dies?
O'ermatch'd he falls; to two at once a prey,
And lo! they bear the bloody arms away!
Come on—a diſtant war no longer wage,
But hand to hand thy country's foes engage:
'Till *Greece* at once, and all her glory end;
Or *Ilion* from her tow'ry height deſcend,
Heav'd from the loweſt ſtone; and bury all
In one ſad ſepulchre, one common fall.
Hector (this ſaid) ruſh'd forward on the foes:
With equal ardour *Menalippus* glows.
Then *Ajax* thus—Oh *Greeks!* reſpect your fame,
Reſpect yourſelves, and learn an honeſt ſhame:
Let mutual rev'rence mutual warmth inſpire,
And catch from breaſt to breaſt the noble fire.
On valour's ſide the odds of combat lie,
The brave live glorious, or lamented die;
The wretch that trembles in the field of fame,
Meets death, and worſe than death, eternal ſhame.
His gen'rous ſenſe he not in vain imparts;
It ſunk, and rooted in the *Grecian* hearts
They join, they throng, they thicken at his call,
And flank the navy with a brazen wall;

Shields

V. 677. *And flank the navy with a brazen wall.*] The Poet has built the *Grecians* a new ſort of wall out of their arms; and perhaps one might ſay, 'twas from this paſſage *Apollo* borrowed that oracle which he gave to the *Athenians* about their wall of wood; in like manner the *Spartans* were ſaid to have a wall of bones: If ſo, we muſt allow the God not a little obliged to the Poet. *Euſtathius.*

Shields touching ſhields, in order blaze above,
And ſtop the *Trojans*, tho' impell'd by *Jove*.
The fiery *Spartan* firſt, with loud applauſe,
Warms the bold ſon of *Neſtor* in his cauſe.
Is there (he ſaid) in arms a youth like you,
So ſtrong to fight, ſo active to purſue?
Why ſtand you diſtant, nor attempt a deed?
Lift the bold lance, and make ſome *Trojan* bleed.
He ſaid, and backward to the lines retir'd;
Forth ruſh'd the youth, with martial fury fir'd,
Beyond the foremoſt ranks; his lance he threw,
And round the black battalions caſt his view.
The troops of *Troy* recede with ſudden fear,
While the ſwift jav'lin hiſs'd along in air.
Advancing *Menalippus* met the dart
With his bold breaſt, and felt it in his heart:
Thund'ring he falls; his falling arms reſound,
And his broad buckler rings againſt the ground.
The victor leaps upon his proſtrate prize;
Thus on a roe the well-breath'd beagle flies,
And rends his ſide, freſh-bleeding with the dart
The diſtant hunter ſent into his heart.
Obſerving *Hector* to the reſcue flew;
Bold as he was, *Antilochus* withdrew:
So when a ſavage, ranging o'er the plain,
Has torn the ſhepherd's dog, or ſhepherd ſwain;
While conſcious of the deed, he glares around,
And hears the gath'ring multitude reſound,
Timely he flies the yet untaſted food,
And gains the friendly ſhelter of the wood.
So fears the youth; all *Troy* with ſhouts purſue,
While ſtones and darts in mingled tempeſts flew;

But

But enter'd in the *Grecian* ranks, he turns
His manly breaſt, and with new fury burns.
Now on the fleet the tides of *Trojans* drove,
Fierce to fulfil the ſtern decrees of *Jove*:
The Sire of Gods, confirming *Thetis'* prayer,
The *Grecian* ardour quench'd in deep deſpair;
But lifts to glory *Troy's* prevailing bands,
Swells all their hearts, and ſtrengthens all their hands.
On *Ida's* top he waits with longing eyes,
To view the navy blazing to the ſkies;
Then, nor till then, the ſcale of war ſhall turn,
The *Trojans* fly, and conquer'd *Ilion* burn.
Theſe fates revolv'd in his almighty mind,
He raiſes *Hector* to the work deſign'd,
Bids him with more than mortal fury glow,
And drives him, like a light'ning, on the foe.
So *Mars*, when human crimes for vengeance call,
Shakes his huge jav'lin, and whole armies fall.
Not with more rage a conflagration rolls,
Wraps the vaſt mountains, and involves the poles.

V. 723. *He raiſes* Hector, *&c.*] This picture of *Hector*, impuls'd by *Jupiter*, is a very finiſhed piece, and excels all the drawings of this hero which *Homer* has given us in ſo various attitudes. He is here repreſented as an inſtrument in the hand of *Jupiter*, to bring about thoſe deſigns the God had long projected: And as his fatal hour now approaches, *Jove* is willing to recompenſe his haſty death with this ſhort-lived glory. Accordingly this being the laſt ſcene of victory he is to appear in, the Poet introduces him with all imaginable pomp, and adorns him with all the terror of a conqueror: His eyes ſparkle with fire, his mouth foams with fury, his figure is compared to the God of War, his rage is equalled to a conflagration and a ſtorm, and the deſtruction he cauſes is reſembled to that which a lion makes among the herds. The Poet, by this heap of compariſons, raiſes the idea of the hero higher than any ſimple deſcription could reach.

He foams with wrath; beneath his gloomy brow
Like fiery meteors his red eye-balls glow:
The radiant helmet on his temples burns,
Waves when he nods, and lightens as he turns:
For *Jove* his splendor round the Chief had thrown,
And cast the blaze of both the hosts on one.
Unhappy glories! for his fate was near,
Due to stern *Pallas*, and *Pelides'* spear:
Yet *Jove* defer'd the death he was to pay,
And gave what fate allow'd, the honours of a day!
Now all on fire for fame, his breast, his eyes
Burn at each foe, and single ev'ry prize;
Still at the closest ranks, the thickest fight,
He points his ardour, and exerts his might.
The *Grecian* Phalanx, moveless as a tow'r,
On all sides batter'd, yet resists his power:
So some tall rock o'erhangs the hoary main,
By winds assail'd, by billows beat in vain,
Unmov'd it hears, above, the tempest blow,
And sees the wat'ry mountains break below.
Girt in surrounding flames, he seems to fall
Like fire from *Jove*, and bursts upon them all:
Bursts as a wave that from the clouds impends,
And swell'd with tempests on the ship descends;

White

V. 736.—*His fate was near—Due to stern* Pallas.] It may be asked, what *Pallas* has to do with the *Fates*, or what Power has she over them? *Homer* speaks thus, because *Minerva* has already resolved to succour *Achilles*, and deceive *Hector* in the combat between these two heroes, as we find in book 22. Properly speaking, *Pallas* is nothing but the knowledge and wisdom of *Jove*, and it is wisdom which presides over the counsels of his providence, therefore she may be looked upon as drawing all things to the fatal term to which they are decreed. *Dacier.*

V. 752. *Bursts as a wave*, &c.] *Longinus*, observing that oftentimes the principal beauty of writing consists in the judicious

White are the decks with foam; the winds aloud
Howl o'er the maſts, and ſing thro' ev'ry ſhroud:

cious aſſembling together of the great circumſtances, and the ſtrength with which they are marked in the proper place, chuſes this paſſage of *Homer* as a plain inſtance of it. "Where (ſays "that noble critick) in deſcribing the terror of a tempeſt, he "takes care to expreſs whatever are the accidents of moſt dread "and horror in ſuch a ſituation: He is not content to tell us "the mariners were in danger, but he brings them before our "eyes, as in a picture, upon the point of being every moment "overwhelmed by every wave; nay, the very words and ſyl-"lables of the deſcription give us an image of their peril." He ſhews, that a Poet of leſs judgment would amuſe himſelf in leſs important circumſtances, and ſpoil the whole effect of the image by minute, ill-choſen or ſuperfluous particulars. Thus *Aratus* endeavouring to refine upon that line,

And inſtant death in ev'ry wave appears!

He turned it thus,

A ſlender plank preſerves them from their fate:

Which, by flouriſhing upon the thought, has loſt the loftineſs and terror of it, and is ſo far from improving the image, that it leſſens and vaniſhes in his management. By confining the danger to a ſingle line, he has ſcarce left the ſhadow of it, and indeed the word *preſerves* takes away even that. The ſame critick produces a fragment of an old poem on the *Arimaſpians*, written in this falſe taſte, whoſe author, he doubts not, imagined he had ſaid ſomething wonderful in the following affected verſes. I have done my beſt to give them the ſame turn, and I believe there are thoſe who will not think them bad ones.

'Ye pow'rs! what madneſs! How on ſhips ſo frail,
'(Tremendous thought!) can thoughtleſs mortals ſail?
'For ſtormy ſeas they quit the pleaſing plain,
'Plant woods, in waves, and dwell amidſt the main.
'Par o'er the deep (a trackleſs path) they go,
'And wander oceans, in purſuit of woe.
'No eaſe their hearts, no reſt their eyes can find,
'On heav'n their looks, and on the waves their mind;
'Sunk are their ſpirits, while their arms they rear;
'And gods are weary'd with their fruitleſs pray'r,"

Pale, trembling, tir'd, the ſailors freeze with fears;
And inſtant death on ev'ry wave appears.
So pale the *Greeks* the eyes of *Hector* meet,
The chief ſo thunders, and ſo ſhakes the fleet.
As when a lion, ruſhing from his den,
Amidſt the plain of ſome wide water'd fen,
(Where num'rous oxen, as at eaſe they feed,
At large expatiate o'er the ranker mead;)
Leaps on the herds before the herdſman's eyes;
The trembling herdſman far to diſtance flies:
Some lordly bull (the reſt diſpers'd and fled)
He ſingles out; arreſts, and lays him dead.
Thus from the rage of *Jove*-like *Hector* flew
All *Greece* in heaps; but one he ſeiz'd, and ſlew.
Mycenæan Periphes, a mighty name,
In wiſdom great, in arms well known to fame:
The miniſter of ſtern *Euryſtheus'* ire
Againſt *Alcides*, *Copreus*, was his ſire:
The ſon redeem'd the honours of the race,
A ſon as gen'rous as the ſire was baſe;
O'er all his country's youth conſpicuous far
In every virtue, or of peace or war:
But doom'd to *Hector*'s ſtronger force to yield;
Againſt the margin of his ample ſhield
He ſtruck his haſty foot: his heels up-ſprung;
Supine he fell; his brazen helmet rung.
On the fall'n Chief th' invading *Trojan* preſt,
And plung'd the pointed jav'lin in his breaſt.
His circling friends, who ſtrove to guard too late
Th' unhappy hero, fled, or ſhar'd his fate.
Chas'd from the foremoſt line, the *Grecian* train
Now man the next, receding tow'rd the main:

Wedg'd

Wedg'd in one body at the tents they ſtand,
Wall'd round with ſterns, a gloomy deſp'rate band.
Now manly ſhame forbids th' inglorious flight;
Now fear itſelf confines them to the fight:
Man courage breathes in man; but *Neſtor* moſt
(The ſage preſerver of the *Grecian* hoſt)
Exhorts, adjures, to guard theſe utmoſt ſhores;
And by their parents, by themſelves, implores.
O friends! be men: your gen'rous breaſts inflame
With mutual honour, and with mutual ſhame!
Think of your hopes, your fortunes; all the care
Your wives, your infants, and your parents ſhare:
Think

V. 796. Neſtor's *ſpeech.*] This popular harangue of *Neſtor* is juſtly extolled as the ſtrongeſt and moſt perſuaſive piece of oratory imaginable. It contains in it every motive by which men can be affected; the preſervation of their wives and children, the ſecure poſſeſſion of their fortunes, the reſpect of their living parents, and the due regard for the memory of thoſe that were departed: By theſe he diverts the *Grecians* from any thoughts of flight in the article of extreme peril. *Euſtathius.*

This noble exhortation is finely imitated by *Taſſo*, *Jeruſalem*, *l.* 10.

——— *O valoroſo, hor via conqueſta*
Faccia, e vitor la preda a' tui rapita.
L'imagine ad alcuno in mente deſta,
Glie la figura quaſi, e glie l' addita
De la pregante patria e de la meſta
Supplice famiglivola ſbigottita.
Credi (dicea) che la tua patria ſpieghi
Per la mia lingua in tai parole i preghi.
Guarda tu le mie leggi, e i ſacri tempi
Fà, ch'io del ſangue mio non bagni, e lavi,
Aſſicura le virgini da gli empi,
E i ſepolchri, e le cinere de gli avi.
A te piangendo i lor paſſati tempi
Moſtran la bianca chioma i vecchi gravi:
A tè la moglie, e le mammelle, e l petto,
Le cune, e i figli, e l marital ſuo letto.

Think of each living father's rev'rend head;
Think of each anceſtor with glory dead;
Abſent, by me they ſpeak, by me they ſue;
They aſk their ſafety and their fame from you:
The Gods their fates on this one action lay,
And all are loſt if you deſert the day.

He ſpoke, and round him breath'd heroic fires;
Minerva ſeconds what the ſage inſpires.
The midſt of darkneſs *Jove* around them threw
She clear'd, reſtoring all the war to view;
A ſudden ray ſhot beaming o'er the plain,
And ſhew'd the ſhores, the navy, and the main:
Hector they ſaw, and all who fly or fight,
The ſcene wide op'ning to the blaze of light.
Firſt of the field, great *Ajax* ſtrikes their eyes,
His port majeſtick, and his ample ſize:
A pond'rous mace, with ſtuds of iron crown'd,
Full twenty cubits long, he ſwings around.
Nor fights like others fix'd to certain ſtands,
But looks a moving tow'r above the bands;
High on the decks, with vaſt gigantick ſtride,
The god-like hero ſtalks from ſide to ſide.
So when a horſeman from the wat'ry mead
(Skill'd in the manage of the bounding ſteed)

Drives

V. 814. *Firſt of the field, great* Ajax.] In this book, *Homer*, to raiſe the valour of *Hector*, gives him *Neptune* for an antagoniſt; and to raiſe that of *Ajax*, he firſt oppoſed to him *Hector*, ſupported by *Apollo*, and now the ſame *Hector* impelled and ſeconded by *Jupiter* himſelf. Theſe are ſtrokes of a maſter-hand. *Euſtathius.*

Drives four fair courſers, practis'd to obey,
To ſome great city thro' the publick way;
Safe in his art, as ſide by ſide they run,
He ſhifts his ſeat, and vaults from one to one;
And now to this and now to that he flies;
Admiring numbers follow with their eyes.
From ſhip to ſhip, thus *Ajax* ſwiftly flew,
No leſs the wonder of the warring crew.
As furious *Hector* thunder'd threats aloud,
And ruſh'd enrag'd before the *Trojan* crowd;
Then ſwift invades the ſhips, whoſe beaky prores
Lay rank'd contiguous on the bending ſhores.
So the ſtrong eagle from his airy height,
Who marks the ſwans or cranes embody'd flight,
Stoops down impetuous, while they light for food,
And ſtooping darkens with his wings the flood.
Jove leads him on with his almighty hand;
And breathes fierce ſpirits in his following band.

The

V. 814. *Drives four fair courſers*, &c.] The compariſon which *Homer* here introduces, is a demonſtration that the art of mounting and managing horſes was brought to ſo great a perfection in theſe early times, that one man could manage four at once, and leap from one to the other, even when they ran full ſpeed. But ſome object, That the cuſtom of riding was not known in *Greece* at the time of the *Trojan* war. Beſides, they ſay that the compariſon is not juſt, for the horſes are ſaid to run full ſpeed, whereas the ſhips ſtand firm and unmoved. Had *Homer* put the compariſon in the mouth of one of his heroes, the objection had been juſt, and he guilty of an inconſiſtency; but it is he himſelf who ſpeaks: Saddle horſes were in uſe in his age, and any poet may be allowed to illuſtrate pieces of antiquity by images familiar to his own times. This is ſufficient for the firſt objection; nor is the ſecond more reaſonable; for it is not abſolutely neceſſary that compariſons ſhould correſpond in every particular, it ſuffices if there be a general reſemblance. This is only introduced to ſhew the agility of *Ajax*, who paſſes ſwiftly from one veſſel to another, and is therefore entirely juſt. *Euſtathius.*

The warring nations meet, the battle roars,
Thick beats the combat on the ſounding prores.
Thou would'ſt have thought, ſo furious was their fire,
No force could tame them, and no toil could tire;
As if new vigour from new fights they won,
And the long battle was but then begun.
Greece, yet unconquer'd, kept alive the war,
Secure of death, confiding in deſpair;
Troy in proud hopes already view'd the main
Bright with the blaze, and red with heroes ſlain;
Like ſtrength it felt from hope, and from deſpair;
And each contends, as his were all the war.
'Twas thou, bold *Hector*! whoſe reſiſtleſs hand
Firſt ſeiz'd a ſhip on that conteſted ſtrand:
The ſame, which dead *Proteſilaüs* bore,
The firſt that touch'd th' unhappy *Trojan* ſhore.
For this in arms the warring nations ſtood,
And bath'd their gen'rous breaſts with mutual blood.
No room to poize the lance, or bend the bow;
But hand to hand, and man to man they grow:
Wounded, they wound; and ſeek each others hearts
With faulchions, axes, ſwords and ſhorten'd darts.
The faulchions ring, ſhields rattle, axes ſound,
Swords flaſh in air, or glitter on the ground:
With ſtreaming blood the ſlipp'ry ſhores are dy'd,
And ſlaughter'd heroes ſwell the dreadful tide.
Still raging *Hector* with his ample hand
Graſps the high ſtern, and gives his loud command,
Haſte,

V. 856. *The ſame, which dead* Proteſilaus *bore.*] *Homer* feigns that *Hector* laid hold on the ſhip of the dead *Proteſilaus*, rather than on that of any other, that he might not diſgrace any of his *Grecian* Generals. *Euſtathius.*

Haſte, bring the flames! the toil of ten long years
Is finiſh'd; and the day deſir'd appears!
This happy day with acclamations greet,
Bright with deſtruction of yon hoſtile fleet.
The coward-counſels of a tim'rous throng
Of reverend dotards, check'd our glory long:
Too long *Jove* lull'd us with lethargic charms,
But now in peals of thunder calls to arms;
In this great day he crowns our full deſires,
Wakes all our force, and ſeconds all our fires.
He ſpoke—the warriors, at his fierce command,
Pour a new deluge on the *Grecian* band.
Ev'n *Ajax* paus'd (ſo thick the jav'lins fly)
Stepp'd back, and doubted or to live, or die.
Yet where the oars are plac'd, he ſtands to wait
What Chief approaching dares attempt his fate:
Ev'n

V. 874. *The coward-counſels of a tim'rous throng*
Of rev'rend dotards—]
Homer adds this with a great deal of art and prudence, to anſwer beforehand all the objections which he well foreſaw would be made, becauſe *Hector* never till now attacks the *Grecians* in their camp, or endeavours to burn their navy. He was retained by the elders of *Troy*, who, frozen with fear at the ſight of *Achilles*, never ſuffered him to march from the ramparts. Our Author forgets nothing that has the reſemblance of truth; but he had yet a farther reaſon for inſerting this, as it exalts the glory of his principal hero: Theſe elders of *Troy* thought it leſs difficult to defeat the *Greeks* defended with ſtrong entrenchments, while *Achilles* was not with them; than to overcome them without entrenchments when he aſſiſted them. And this is the reaſon that they prohibited *Hector* before, and permit him now, to ſally on the enemy. *Dacier.*

V. 877. *But now* Jove *calls to arms*, &c.] *Hector* ſeems to be ſenſible of an extraordinary impulſe from heaven, ſignified by theſe words *the moſt mighty hand of* Jove *puſhing him on.* It is no more than any other perſon would be ready to imagine, who ſhould riſe from a ſtate of diſtreſs or indolence, into one of good fortune, vigour, and activity. *Euſtathius.*

Ev'n to the laſt his naval charge defends,
Now ſhakes his ſpear, now lifts, and now protends;
Ev'n yet the *Greeks* with piercing ſhouts inſpires,
Amidſt attacks, and deaths, and darts, and fires.
O friends! O heroes! names for ever dear,
Once ſons of *Mars*, and thunderbolts of war!
Ah!

V. 890. *The ſpeech of* Ajax.] There is great ſtrength, cloſeneſs, and ſpirit in this ſpeech, and one might (like many criticks) employ a whole page in extolling and admiring it in general terms. But ſure the perpetual rapture of ſuch commentators, who are always giving us exclamations inſtead of criticiſms, may be a mark of great admiration, but of little judgment. Of what uſe is this either to a reader who has a taſte, or to one who has not? To admire a fine paſſage is what the former will do without us. However we ought gratefully to acknowledge the good-nature of moſt people, who are not only pleaſed with this ſuperficial applauſe given to fine paſſages, but are likewiſe inclined to tranſfer to the critick, who only points at theſe beauties, part of the admiration juſtly due to the Poet. This is a cheap and eaſy way to fame, which many writers both ancient and modern have purſued with great ſucceſs. Formerly indeed this ſort of authors had modeſty, and were humbly content to call their performance only *Florilegia* or *Poſies:* But ſome of late have paſs'd ſuch collections on the world for criticiſms of great depth and learning, and ſeem to expect the ſame flowers ſhould pleaſe us better in thoſe paltry noſegays, of their own making up, than in the native gardens where they grew. As this practice of extolling without giving reaſons is very convenient for moſt writers, ſo it excellently ſuits the ignorance or lazineſs of moſt readers, who will come into any ſentiment, rather than take the trouble of refuting it. Thus the compliment is mutual: For as ſuch criticks do not tax their readers with any thought to underſtand them, ſo their readers in return advance nothing in oppoſition to ſuch criticks. They may go roundly on, admiring and exclaiming in this manner; *What an exquiſite ſpirit of poetry—How beautiful a circumſtance—What delicacy of ſentiments—With what art has the Poet—In how ſublime and juſt a manner—How finely imagined—How wonderfully beautiful and poetical*—And ſo proceed, without one reaſon to interrupt the courſe of their eloquence, moſt comfortably and ignorantly apoſtrophiſing to the end of the chapter.

Ah! yet be mindful of your old renown,
Your great forefathers virtues and your own.
What aids expect you in this utmoſt ſtrait?
What bulwarks riſing between you and fate?
No aids, no bulwarks your retreat attend,
No friends to help, no city to defend.
This ſpot is all you have, to loſe or keep;
There ſtand the *Trojans*, and here rolls the deep.
'Tis hoſtile ground you tread, your native lands
Far, far, from hence: your fates are in your hands.
Raging he ſpoke; nor farther waſtes his breath,
But turns his jav'lin to the work of death.
Whate'er bold *Trojan* arm'd his daring hands
Againſt the ſable ſhips with flaming brands,
So well the chief his naval weapon ſped,
The luckleſs warrior at his ſtern lay dead:
Full twelve, the boldeſt in a moment fell,
Sent by great *Ajax* to the ſhades of hell.

THE

THE SIXTEENTH BOOK OF THE ILIAD.

The ARGUMENT.

The sixth battle: The acts and death of *Patroclus.*

PATROCLUS (*in pursuance of the request of* Nestor *in the eleventh book*) *intreats* Achilles *to suffer him to go to the assistance of the* Greeks *with* Achilles's *troops and armour. He agrees to it, but at the same time charges him to content himself with rescuing the fleet, without farther pursuit of the enemy. The armour, horses, soldiers, and officers of* Achilles *are described.* Achilles *offers a libation for the success of his friend, after which* Patroclus *leads the* Myrmidons *to battle. The* Trojans *at the sight of* Patroclus *in* Achilles' *armour, taking him for that hero, are cast into the utmost consternation: He beats them off from the vessels,* Hector *himself flies,* Sarpedon *is killed, tho'* Jupiter *was averse to his fate. Several other particulars of the battle are described; in the heat of which,* Patroclus, *neglecting the orders of* Achilles, *pursues the foe to the walls of* Troy; *where* Apollo *repulses and disarms him.* Euphorbus *wounds him, and* Hector *kills him: which concludes the book.*

THE

THE

*SIXTEENTH BOOK

OF THE

ILIAD.

So warr'd both armies on th' enſanguin'd ſhore,
While the black veſſels ſmoak'd with human gore.
Meantime *Patroclus* to *Achilles* flies;
The ſtreaming tears fall copious from his eyes;

Not

* We have at the entrance of this book one of the moſt beautiful parts of the Iliad. The two different characters are admirably ſuſtained in this dialogue of the two heroes, wherein there is not a period but ſtrongly marks not only their natural temper, but that particular diſpoſition of mind in either, which ariſes from the preſent ſtate of affairs. We ſee *Patroclus* touched with the deepeſt compaſſion for the misfortune of the *Greeks* (whom the *Trojans* had forced to retreat to their ſhips, and which ſhips were on the point of burning) proſtrating himſelf before the veſſel of *Achilles*, and pouring out his tears at his feet. *Achilles*, ſtruck with the grief of his friend, demands the cauſe of it. *Patroclus*, pointing to the ſhips, where the flames already began to riſe, tells him he is harder than the rocks or ſea which lay in proſpect before them, if he is not touched with ſo moving a ſpectacle, and can ſee in cold blood his friends periſhing before his eyes. As nothing can be more natural and affecting than the ſpeech of *Patroclus*, ſo nothing is more

Not faſter, trickling to the plains below,
From the tall rock the ſable waters flow.
Divine *Pelides*, with compaſſion mov'd,
Thus ſpoke, indulgent to his beſt belov'd.

Patroclus,

more lively and pictureſque than the attitude he is here deſcribed in.

The *Pathetic* of *Patroclus*'s ſpeech is finely contraſted by the *Fierté* of that of *Achilles*. While the former is melting with ſorrow for his countrymen, the utmoſt he can hope from the latter is but to borrow his armour and troops; to obtain his perſonal aſſiſtance he knows is impoſſible. At the very inſtant that *Achilles* is moved to aſk the cauſe of his friend's concern, he ſeems to ſay that nothing could deſerve it but the death of their fathers: and in the ſame breath ſpeaks of the total deſtruction of the *Greeks* as of too ſlight a cauſe for tears. *Patroclus*, at the opening of this ſpeech, dares not name *Agamemnon* even for being wounded; and after he has tried to bend him by all the arguments that could affect an human breaſt, concludes by ſuppoſing that ſome oracle or ſupernatural inſpiration is the cauſe that withholds his arms. What can match the fierceneſs of his anſwer: Which implies, that not the oracles of heaven itſelf ſhould be regarded, if they ſtood in competition with his reſentment: That if he yields, it muſt be through his own mere motive: the only reaſon he has ever to yield, is that nature itſelf cannot ſupport anger eternally: And if he yields now, it is only becauſe he had before determined to do ſo at a certain time, (*Il.* 9. V. 773.) That time was not till the flames ſhould approach to his own ſhips, till the laſt article of danger, and that not of danger to *Greece*, but to himſelf. Thus his very pity had the ſterneſt qualifications in the world. After all, what is it he yields to? only to ſuffer his friend to go in his ſtead, juſt to ſave them from preſent ruin, but he expreſſly forbids him to proceed any farther than barely to put out the fires, and ſecure his own and his friends return to their country: And all this concludes with a wiſh, that (if it were poſſible) every *Greek* and every *Trojan* might periſh except themſelves. Such is that *wrath* of *Achilles*, that more than wrath, as the *Greek* μῆνις implies, which *Homer* has painted in ſo ſtrong a colouring.

V. 8. *Indulgent to his beſt belov'd.*] The friendſhip of *Achilles* and *Patroclus* is celebrated by all antiquity: And *Homer*, notwith-

Patroclus, say, what grief thy bosom beats,
That flows so fast in these unmanly tears?
No girl, no infant whom the mother keeps
From her lov'd breast, with fonder passion weeps?
Not more the mother's soul that infant warms,
Clung to her knees, and reaching at her arms,
Than thou hast mine! O tell me to what end
Thy melting sorrows thus pursue thy friend?

Griev'st

withstanding the anger of *Achilles* was his profess'd subject, has found the secret to discover, thro' that very anger, the softer parts of his character. In this view we shall find him generous in his temper, despising gain or booty, and as far as his honour is concerned, fond of his mistress, and easy to his friend: Not proud, but when injured; and not more revengeful when ill used, than grateful and gentle when respectfully treated. "*Patroclus* (says *Philostratus*, who probably grounds his assertion on some ancient tradition) "was not so much elder than *Achilles* as to pretend to direct him, but of a tender, modest and unassuming nature; constant and diligent in his attendance, and seeming to have no affections but those of his friends." The same author has a very pretty passage, where *Ajax* is introduced enquiring of *Achilles*, "Which of all his warlike actions were the most difficult and dangerous to him? He answers, those which he undertook for the sake of his friends. And which (continues *Ajax*) were the most pleasing and easy? The very same, replies *Achilles*. He then asks him, Which of all the wounds he ever bore in battle was the most painful to him? *Achilles* answers, That which he received from *Hector*. But *Hector*, says *Ajax*, never gave you a wound. Yes, replies *Achilles*, a mortal one when he slew my friend *Patroclus*."

It is said in the life of *Alexander the Great*, that when that Prince visited the monuments of the heroes at *Troy*, and placed a crown upon the tomb of *Achilles*; his friend *Hephæstion* placed another on that of *Patroclus*, as an intimation of his being to *Alexander* what the other was to *Achilles*. On which occasion the saying of *Alexander* is recorded; *That* Achilles *was happy indeed, for having such a* Friend *to love him living, and such a* Poet *to celebrate him dead.*

V. 11. *No girl, no infant*, &c.] I know the obvious translation of this passage makes the comparison consist only in tears of

Griev'ſt thou for me, or for my martial band?
Or come ſad tidings from our native land?
Our fathers live, (our firſt, moſt tender care)
Thy good *Menœtius* breathes the vital air,
And hoary *Peleus* yet extends his days;
Pleas'd in their age to hear their children's praiſe.
Or may ſome meaner cauſe thy pity claim?
Perhaps yon' reliques of the *Grecian* name,
Doom'd in their ſhips to ſink by fire and ſword,
And pay the forfeit of their haughty Lord?
Whate'er the cauſe, reveal thy ſecret care,
And ſpeak thoſe ſorrows which a friend would ſhare.
A ſigh, that inſtant from his boſom broke,
Another follow'd, and *Patroclus* ſpoke.
Let *Greece* at length with pity touch thy breaſt,
Thyſelf a *Greek*; and once, of *Greeks* the beſt!
Lo!

of the infant, applied to thoſe of *Patroclus*. But certainly the idea of the ſimile will be much finer, if we comprehend alſo in it the mother's fondneſs and concern, awakened by this uneaſineſs of the child, which no leſs aptly correſponds with the tenderneſs of *Achilles* on the ſight of his friend's affliction. And there is yet a third branch of the compariſon, in that purſuit, and conſtant application the infant makes to the mother, in the ſame manner as *Patroclus* follows *Achilles* with his grief till he forces him to take notice of it. I think (all theſe circumſtances laid together) nothing can be more affecting or exact in all its views, than this ſimilitude; which, without that regard, has perhaps ſeemed but low and trivial to an unreflecting reader.

V. 31. *Let Greece at length with pity touch thy breaſt.*] The commentators labour to prove, that the words in the original which begin this ſpeech, Μὴ νεμέσσα, *Be not angry*, are not meant to deſire *Achilles* to bear no farther reſentment againſt the *Greeks*, but only not to be diſpleaſed at the tears which *Patroclus* ſhed for their misfortune. *Patroclus* (they ſay) was not ſo imprudent to begin his interceſſion in that manner, when there was need of ſomething more inſinuating. I take this to be an exceſs

Lo! ev'ry chief that might her fate prevent,
Lies pierc'd with wounds, and bleeding in his tent,
Eurypylus, *Tydides*, *Atreus'* ſon,
And wiſe *Ulyſſes* at the navy groan
More for their country's wounds, than for their own.
Their pain ſoft arts of pharmacy can eaſe,
Thy breaſt alone no lenitives appeaſe.
May never rage like thine my ſoul enſlave,
O great in vain! unprofitably brave!
Thy country ſlighted in her laſt diſtreſs,
What friend, what man, from thee ſhall hope redreſs?
No—men unborn, and ages yet behind,
Shall curſe that fierce, that unforgiving mind.
O man unpitying! if of man thy race;
But ſure thou ſpring'ſt not from a ſoft embrace,
Nor ever am'rous hero caus'd thy birth,
Nor ever tender Goddeſs brought thee forth.

Some

exceſs of refinement: The purpoſe of every period in his ſpeech is to perſuade *Achilles* to lay aſide his anger; why then may he not begin by deſiring it? The whole queſtion is, whether he may ſpeak openly in favour of the *Greeks*, in the firſt half of the verſe, or in the latter? For in the ſame line he repreſents their diſtreſs.

—— τῶν γὰς ἀχος βεβίηκεν Ἀχαιούς.

'Tis plain he treats him without much reſerve, calls him implacable, inexorable, and even miſchievous (for *αναιτιη* implies no leſs.) I do not ſee wherein the caution of this ſpeech conſiſts: it is a generous, unartful petition, whereof *Achilles's* nature would much more approve, than of all the artifice of *Ulyſſes*, to which he expreſſed his hatred in the ninth book, V. 412.

V. 35. Eurypylus, Tydides, Atreus' *ſon*,
And wiſe Ulyſſes.——]

Patroclus in mentioning the wounded Princes to *Achilles*, takes care not to put *Agamemnon* firſt, leſt that odious name ſtriking his ear on a ſudden, ſhould ſhut it againſt the reſt of his diſcourſe; Neither does he name him laſt, for fear *Achilles*, dwelling

Some rugged rock's hard entrails gave thee form,
And raging seas produced thee in a storm.
A soul well suiting that tempestuous kind,
So rough thy manners, so untam'd thy mind.
If some dire Oracle thy breast alarm,
If ought from *Jove*, or *Thetis*, stop thy arm,
Some beam of comfort yet on *Greece* may shine,
If I but lead the *Myrmidonian* line:
Clad in thy dreadful arms if I appear,
Proud *Troy* shall tremble, and desert the war:
Without thy person *Greece* shall win the day,
And thy mere image chase her foes away.

Press'd

dwelling upon it, should fall into a passion. But he slides it into the middle, mixing and confounding it with the rest, that it might not be taken too much notice of, and that the names which precede and follow it may diminish the hatred it might excite. Wherefore he does not so much as accompany it with an epithet.

I think the foregoing remark of *Eustathius* is very ingenious, and I have given into it so far, as to chuse rather to make *Patroclus* call him *Atreus'* son, than *Agamemnon*, which yet farther softens it, since thus it might as well be imagined he spoke of *Menelaus*, as of *Agamemnon*.

V. 61. *And thy mere image chase her foes away.*] It is hard to conceive a greater compliment, or one that could more touch the warlike ambition of *Achilles*, than this which *Homer* puts into the mouth of *Patroclus*. It was also an encomium which he could not suspect of flattery; since the person who made it desires to hazard his life upon the security that the enemy could not support the sight of the very armour of *Achilles*: And indeed *Achilles* himself seems to entertain no less a thought, in the answer to this speech, where he ascribes the flight of *Troy* to the blazing of his helmet: a circumstance wonderfully fine, and nobly exalting the idea of this hero's terrible character. Besides all this, *Homer* had it in view to prepare hereby the wonderful incident that is to ensue in the eighteenth book, where the very sight of *Achilles* from his ship turns the fortune of the war.

Preſs'd by freſh forces, her o'erlabour'd train
Shall quit the ſhips, and *Greece* reſpire again.
Thus blind to fate! with ſupplicating breath,
Thou begg'ſt his arms, and in his arms thy death.
Unfortunately good! a boding ſigh
Thy friend return'd; and with it, this reply.
Patroclus! thy *Achilles* knows no fears!
Nor words from *Jove*, nor *Oracles* he hears;
Nor ought a mother's conſcience can ſuggeſt;
The tyrant's pride lies rooted in my breaſt.
My wrongs, my wrongs, my conſtant thought engage,
Thoſe, my ſole oracles, inſpire my rage;
I made him tyrant; gave him pow'rs to wrong
Ev'n me: I felt it; and ſhall feel it long.
The maid, my black-eye'd maid, he forc'd away,
Due to the toils of many a well-fought day;
Due to my conqueſt of her father's reign;
Due to the votes of all the *Grecian* train.
From me he forc'd her; me, the bold and brave;
Diſgrac'd, diſhonour'd, like the meaneſt ſlave.
But bear we this —— the wrongs I grieve are paſt:
'Tis time our fury ſhould relent at laſt:
I fix'd its date: the day I wiſh'd appears:
Now *Hector* to my ſhips his battle bears,
The flames my eyes, the ſhouts invade my ears.
Go then, *Patroclus!* court fair honour's charms
In *Troy*'s fam'd fields, and in *Achilles'* arms:
Lead forth my martial *Myrmidons* to fight,
Go ſave the fleets, and conquer in my right.
See the thin reliques of their baffled band,
At the laſt edge of yon' deſerted land!
Behold all *Ilion* on their ſhips deſcends;
How the cloud blackens, how the ſtorm impends!

It was not thus, when at my ſight amaz'd,
Troy ſaw and trembled, as this helmet blaz'd.
Had not th' injurious King our friendſhip loſt,
Yon' ample trench had bury'd half her hoſt.
No camps, no bulwarks now the *Trojans* fear,
Thoſe are not dreadful, no *Achilles* there:
No longer flames the lance of *Tydeus'* ſon;
No more your Gen'ral calls his heroes on;
Hector, alone, I hear; his dreadful breath
Commands your ſlaughter, or proclaims your death.
Yet now, *Patroclus*, iſſue to the plain;
Now ſave the ſhips, the riſing fires reſtrain,
And give the *Greeks* to viſit *Greece* again.
But heed my words, and mark a friend's command,
Who truſts his fame and honours in thy hand,

And

V. 101. *No longer flames the lance of* Tydeus' *ſon.*] By what *Achilles* here ſays, joining *Diomed* to *Agamemnon* in this taunting reflection, one may juſtly ſuſpect there was ſome particular diſagreement and emulation between theſe two Heroes. This we may ſuppoſe to be the more natural, becauſe *Diomede* was of all the *Greeks* confeſſedly the neareſt in fame and courage to *Achilles*, and therefore the moſt likely to move his envy, as being the moſt likely to ſupply his place. The ſame ſentiments are to be obſerved in *Diomed* with regard to *Achilles*; he is always confident in his own valour, and therefore in the greateſt extremities he no where acknowledges the neceſſity of appeaſing *Achilles*, but always in council appears moſt forward and reſolute to carry on the war without him. For this reaſon he was not thought a fit ambaſſador to *Achilles*; and upon return from the embaſſy, he breaks into a ſevere reflection, not only upon *Achilles*, but even upon *Agamemnon* who had ſent this embaſſy to him. *I wiſh thou hadſt not ſent theſe ſupplications and gifts to* Achilles: *his inſolence was extreme before, but now his arrogance will be intolerable; let us not mind whether he goes or ſtays, but do our duty and prepare for the battle.* *Euſtathius* obſerves, that *Achilles* uſes this particular expreſſion concerning *Diomede*,

Οὐ γάρ Τυδείδεω Διομήδεος ἐν παλάμῃσι
Μάρναται ἐγχείῃ———

And from thy deeds expects, th' *Achaian* hoſt
Shall render back the beauteous maid he loſt:
Rage uncontroul'd thro' all the hoſtile crew,
But touch not *Hector*, *Hector* is my due.

Tho'

becauſe it was the ſame boaſting expreſſion *Diomed* had applied to himſelf, *Il.* 8. V. 111. of the original. But this having been ſaid only to *Neſtor* in the heat of fight, how can we ſuppoſe *Achilles* had notice of it? This obſervation ſhews the great diligence, if not the judgment, of the good Archbiſhop.

V. 111. *Shall render back the beauteous maid.*] But this is what the *Greeks* had already offered to do, and which he has refuſed; this then is an inequality in *Achilles*'s manners. Not at all: *Achilles* is ſtill ambitious; when he refuſed theſe preſents, the *Greeks* were not low enough, he would not receive them till they were reduced to the laſt extremity, and till he was ſufficiently revenged by their loſſes. *Dacier.*

V. 113. *But touch not* Hector.] This injunction of *Achilles* is highly correſpondent to his ambitious character: He is by no means willing that the conqueſt of *Hector* ſhould be atchieved by any hand but his own: in that point of glory he is jealous even of his deareſt friend. This alſo wonderfully ſtrengthens the idea we have of his implacability and reſentment; ſince at the ſame time that nothing can move him to aſſiſt the *Greeks* in the battle, we ſee it is the utmoſt force upon his nature to abſtain from it, by the fear he manifeſts leſt any other ſhould ſubdue this hero.

The verſe I am ſpeaking of,

Τὺς ἄλλυς ἰνάριξ· ἀπὸ δ' Ἕκτορος ἴσχεο χεῖρας,

is cited by *Diogenes Laertius* as *Homer*'s, but not to be found in the editions before that of *Barnes*'s. It is certainly one of the inſtructions of *Achilles* to *Patroclus*, and therefore properly placed in this ſpeech; but I believe better after

——— σοὶ δ', ἀγλαὰ δῶρα πόρωσιν,

than where he has inſerted it four lines above: For *Achilles*'s inſtructions not beginning till V. 83.

Πείθεο δ', ὡς τοι ἐγὼ μύθου τέλος ἐν φρεσὶ θείω,

it is not ſo proper to divide this material one from the reſt.

Whereas

Tho' *Jove* in thunder ſhould command the war,
Be juſt, conſult my glory, and forbear.
The fleet once ſav'd, deſiſt from farther chace,
Nor lead to *Ilion*'s walls the *Grecian* race;
Some adverſe God thy raſhneſs may deſtroy;
Some God, like *Phœbus*, ever kind to *Troy*.
Let *Greece*, redeem'd from this deſtructive ſtrait,
Do her own work, and leave the reſt to fate.
Oh! would to all th' immortal pow'rs above,
Apollo, *Pallas*, and almighty *Jove*!

That

Whereas (according to the method I propoſe) the whole context will lie in this order. *Obey my injunctions, as you conſult my intereſt and honour. Make as great a ſlaughter of the* Trojans *as you will, but abſtain from* Hector. *And as ſoon as you have repulſed them from the ſhips, be ſatisfied and return: For it may be fatal to purſue the victory to the walls of* Troy.

V. 115. *Conſult my glory, and forbear.*] *Achilles* tells *Patroclus*, that if he purſues the foe too far, whether he ſhall be victor or vanquiſhed, it muſt either way prove prejudicial to his glory. For by the former, the *Greeks* having no more need of *Achilles*'s aid, will not reſtore him his captive, nor try any more to appeaſe him by preſents: By the latter, his arms would be left in the enemy's hands, and he himſelf upbraided with the death of *Patroclus*. *Dacier*.

V. 122. *Oh! would to all*, &c.] *Achilles* from his overflowing gall vents this execration: The *Trojans* he hates as profeſſed enemies, and he deteſts the *Grecians* as people who had with calmneſs overlooked his wrongs. Some of the ancient criticks not entering into the manners of *Achilles*, would have expunged this imprecation, as uttering an univerſal malevolence to mankind. This violence agrees perfectly with his implacable character. But one may obſerve at the ſame time the mighty force of friendſhip, if for the ſake of his dear *Patroclus* he will protect and ſecure thoſe *Greeks*, whoſe deſtruction he wiſhes. What a little qualifies this bloody wiſh, is, that we may ſuppoſe it ſpoken with great unreſervedneſs, as in ſecret, and between friends.

Monſ. *de la Motte* has a lively remark upon the abſurdity of this wiſh. Upon the ſuppoſition that *Jupiter* had granted it,

if

That not one *Trojan* might be left alive,
And not a *Greek* of all the race ſurvive;
Might only we the vaſt deſtruction ſhun,
And only we deſtroy th' accurſed town!
Such conf'rence held the chiefs: while on the ſtrand,
Great *Jove* with conqueſt crown'd the *Trojan* band.
Ajax no more the ſounding ſtorm ſuſtain'd,
So thick, the darts an iron tempeſt rain'd:

if all the *Trojans* and *Greeks* were deſtroyed, and only *Achilles* and *Patroclus* left to conquer *Troy*, he aſks what would be the victory without any enemies, and the triumph without any ſpectators? But the anſwer is very obvious; *Homer* intends to paint a man in paſſion; the wiſhes and ſchemes of ſuch an one are ſeldom conformable to reaſon; and the manners are preſerved the better, the leſs they are repreſented to be ſo.

This brings into my mind that curſe in *Shakeſpear*, where that admirable maſter of nature makes *Northumberland*, in the rage of his paſſion, wiſh for an univerſal deſtruction.

—'Now let not nature's hand
'Keep the wild flood confin'd! Let order die,
'And let the world no longer be a ſtage
'To feed contention in a lingring act:
'But let one ſpirit of the firſt-born *Cain*
'Reign in all boſoms, that each heart being ſet
'On bloody courſes, the rude ſcene may end,
'And darkneſs be the burier of the dead!'

V. 130. Ajax *no more*, &c.] This deſcription of *Ajax* wearied out with battle, is a paſſage of exquiſite life and beauty: Yet what I think nobler than the deſcription itſelf, is what he ſays at the end of it, that his hero, even in this exceſs of fatigue and languor, could ſcarce be moved from his poſt by the efforts of a whole army. *Virgil* has copied the deſcription very exactly, *Æn.* 9.

Ergo nec clypeo juvenis ſubſiſtere tantum
Nec dextra valet: injectis ſic undique telis
Obruitur. Strepit aſſiduo cava tempora circum
Tinnitu galea, & ſaxis ſolida æra fatiſcunt:
Diſcuſſæque jubæ capiti, nec ſufficit umbo

Ictibus;

On his tir'd arm the weighty buckler hung;
His hollow helm with falling jav'lins rung,
His breath, in quick, ſhort pantings, comes and goes;
And painful ſweat from all his members flows.
Spent and o'erpow'r'd, he barely breathes at moſt;
Yet ſcarce an army ſtirs him from his poſt:
Dangers on dangers all around him grow,
And toil to toil, and woe ſucceeds to woe.
Say, muſes, thron'd above the ſtarry frame,
How firſt the navy blaz'd with *Trojan* flame?
Stern *Hector* wav'd his ſword; and ſtanding near
Where furious *Ajax* ply'd his aſhen ſpear,
Full on the lance a ſtroke ſo juſtly ſped,
That the broad faulchion lopp'd its brazen head:
His pointleſs ſpear the warrior ſhakes in vain;
The brazen head falls ſounding on the plain.

Great

lcibus: *ingeminant haſtis & Treës & ipſe*
Fulmineus Mneſtheus; tum toto corpore ſudor
Liquitur, & piceum, nec reſpirare poteſtas,
Flumen agit; feſſos quatit æger anhelitus artus.

The circumſtances which I have marked in a different character are improvements upon *Homer*, and the laſt verſe excellently expreſſes, in the ſhort catching up of the numbers, the quick, ſhort panting, repreſented in the image. The reader may add to the compariſon an imitation of the ſame place in *Taſſo*, Cant. 9. *St.* 97.

Fatto intanto hà il ſoldan cio, ch' è conceſſo
Fare a terrena forza, hor piu non puote:
Tutto é ſangue e ſudore; un grave, e ſpeſſo
Anhelar gli ange il petto, e i fianchi ſcote.
Langue ſotto lo ſcudo il braccio oppreſſo,
Gira la deſtra il ferro in pigre rote;
Speſſa, e non taglia, e divenendo ottuſo
Perduto il brando omai di brando ha l'uſo.

Great *Ajax* ſaw, and own'd the hand divine,
Confeſſing *Jove*, and trembling at the ſign;
Warn'd, he retreats. Then ſwift from all ſides pour
The hiſſing brands; thick ſtreams the fiery ſhow'r;
O'er the high ſtern the curling volumes riſe,
And ſheets of rolling ſmoke involve the ſkies.
Divine *Achilles* view'd the riſing flames,
And ſmote his thigh, and thus aloud exclaims.
Arm, arm, *Patroclus!* Lo, the blaze aſpires!
The glowing ocean reddens with the fires.

V. 148. *Great* Ajax *ſaw, and own'd the hand divine, Confeſſing* Jove, *and trembling at the ſign.*] In the *Greek* there is added an explication of this ſign, which has no other alluſion to the action, but a very odd one in a ſingle phraſe or metaphor.

——ὸ ῥα πάγχυ μάχης ἐπι μήδεα καίρει
Ζεὺς ὑψιζεμέτης, Τρώεσσι δὲ βυλὸν νίκην.

Which may be tranſlated,

'So ſeem'd their hopes cut off by heav'n's high Lord,
So doom'd to fall before the *Trojan* ſword.

Chapman endeavours to account for the meanneſs of this conceit, by the groſs wit of *Ajax*; who ſeeing the head of his lance cut off, took it into his fancy that *Jupiter* would in the ſame manner cut off the counſels and ſchemes of the *Greeks*. For to underſtand this far-fetched apprehenſion gravely, as the commentators have done, is indeed (to uſe the words of *Chapman*) moſt *dull and Ajantical*. I believe no man will blame me for leaving theſe lines out of the text.

V. 154. Achilles *view'd the riſing flames.*] This event is prepared with a great deal of art and probability. That effect which a multitude of ſpeeches was not able to accompliſh, one lamentable ſpectacle, the ſight of the flames, at length brings to paſs, and moves *Achilles* to compaſſion. This it was (ſay the ancients) that moved the tragedians to make viſible repreſentations of miſery; for the ſpectators beholding people in unhappy circumſtances, find their ſouls more deeply touched, than by all the ſtrains of rhetorick, *Euſtathius*.

Arm, ere our veſſels catch the ſpreading flame;
Arm, ere the *Grecians* be no more a name;
I haſte to bring the troops—The hero ſaid;
The friend with ardour and with joy obey'd.
He cas'd his limbs in braſs, and firſt around
His manly legs, with ſilver buckles bound
The claſping greaves; then to his breaſt applies
The flamy cuiraſs, of a thouſand dyes;
Emblaz'd with ſtuds of gold, his faulchion ſhone,
In the rich belt, as in a ſtarry zone.
Achilles' ſhield his ample ſhoulders ſpread,
Achilles' helmet nodded o'er his head.
Adorn'd in all his terrible array,
He flaſh'd around intolerable day.
Alone, untouch'd, *Pelides'* jav'lin ſtands,
Not to be pois'd but by *Pelides'* hands:

From

V. 162. *He cas'd his limbs in braſs*, &c.] *Homer* does not amuſe himſelf here to deſcribe theſe arms of *Achilles* at length, for beſides that the time permits it not, he reſerves this deſcription for the new armour, which *Thetis* ſhall bring that hero; a deſcription which will be placed in a more quiet moment, and which will give him all the leiſure of making it, without requiring any force to introduce it. *Euſtathius.*

V. 172. *Alone, untouch'd, Pelides' jav'lin ſtands.*] This paſſage affords another inſtance of the ſtupidity of the commentators, who are here moſt abſurdly inquiſitive after the reaſons why *Patroclus* does not take the ſpear, as well as the other arms, of *Achilles*? He thought himſelf a very happy man, who firſt found out, that *Homer* had certainly given this ſpear to *Patroclus*, if he had not foreſeen that when it ſhould be loſt in his future unfortunate engagement, *Vulcan* could not furniſh *Achilles* with another; being no joiner, but only a ſmith. *Virgil*, it ſeems, was not ſo preciſely acquainted with *Vulcan*'s diſability to profeſs the two trades, ſince he has, without any ſcruple, employed him in making a ſpear, as well as the other arms, for *Æneas*. Nothing is more obvious than this thought of *Homer*, who intended to raiſe the idea of his hero, by giving

From *Pelion*'s ſhady brow the plant entire
Old *Chiron* rent, and ſhap'd it for his ſire;
Whoſe ſon's great arm alone the weapon wields,
The death of heroes, and the dread of fields.
The brave *Automedon* (an honour'd name,
The ſecond to his Lord in love and fame,
In peace his friend, and partner of the war)
The winged courſers harneſs'd to the car.
Xanthus and *Balius*, of immortal breed,
Sprung from the wind, and like the wind in ſpeed;

ing him ſuch a ſpear, as no other could wield: The deſcription of it in this place is wonderfully pompous.

V. 183. *Sprung from the wind.*] It is a beautiful invention of the Poet, to repreſent the wonderful ſwiftneſs of the horſes of *Achilles*, by ſaying they were begotten by the weſtern wind. This fiction is truly poetical, and very proper in the way of natural allegory. However, it is not altogether improbable our Author might have deſigned it even in the literal ſenſe: Nor ought the notion to be thought very extravagant in a Poet, ſince grave naturaliſts have ſeriouſly vouched the truth of this kind of generation. Some of theſe relate, as an undoubted piece of natural hiſtory, that there was anciently a breed of this kind of horſes in *Portugal*, whoſe dams were impregnated by a weſtern wind: *Varro*, *Columella*, and *Pliny*, are all of this opinion. I ſhall only mention the words of *Pliny*, Nat. Hiſt. lib. 8. cap. 42. *Conſtet in Luſitania circa Olyſſiponem oppidum, & Tagum amnem, equas favonio flante obverſas animalem concipere ſpiritum, idque partum fieri & gigni perniciſſimum.* See alſo the ſame author, *l.* 4. *c.* 22. *l.* 16. *c.* 25. Poſſibly *Homer* had this opinion in view, which we ſee has authority more than ſufficient to give it place in poetry. *Virgil* has given us a deſcription of this manner of conception, *Georgic* 3.

Continuoque avidis ubi ſubdita flamma medullis,
Vere magis (quia vere calor redit oſſibus) illæ
Ore omnes verſæ in zephyrum, ſtant rupibus altis,
Exceptantque leves auras: & ſæpe ſine ullis
Conjugiis, ventis gravidæ (mirabile dictu)
Saxa per & ſcopulos & depreſſas convalles
Diffugiunt.——

Whom the wing'd *Harpye*, ſwift *Podarge*, bore,
By *Zephyr* pregnant on the breezy ſhore.
Swift *Pedaſus* was added to their ſide,
(Once great *Action*'s, now *Achilles*, pride)
Who, like in ſtrength, in ſwiftneſs, and in grace,
A mortal courſer match'd th' immortal race.
Achilles ſpeeds from tent to tent, and warms
His hardy *Myrmidons* to blood and arms.
All breathing death, around their chief they ſtand,
A grim, terrific, formidable band:
Grim as voracious wolves that ſeek the ſprings,
When ſcalding thirſt their burning bowels rings.
(When

V. 186. *Swift* Pedaſus *was added to their ſide.*] Here was a neceſſity for a ſpare horſe (as in another place *Neſtor* had occaſion for the ſame) that if by any misfortune one of the other horſes ſhould fall, there might be a freſh one ready at hand to ſupply his place. This is good management in the Poet, to deprive *Achilles*, not only of his charioteer and his arms, but of one of his inеſtimable horſes. *Euſtathius.*

V. 194. *Grim as voracious wolves*, &c.] There is ſcarce any picture in *Homer* ſo much in the ſavage and terrible way, as this compariſon of the *Myrmidons* to wolves: It puts one in mind of the pieces of *Spagnolett*, or *Salvator Roſa:* Each circumſtance is made up of images very ſtrongly coloured, and horribly lively. The principal deſign is to repreſent the ſtern looks and fierce appearance of the *Myrmidons*, a gaunt and ghaſtly train of raw-boned bloody-minded fellows. But beſides this, the Poet ſeems to have ſome farther views in ſo many different particulars of the compariſon: Their eager deſire of fight is hinted at by the wolves thirſting after water: Their ſtrength and vigour for the battle is intimated by their being filled with food: And as theſe beaſts are ſaid to have their thirſt ſharper after they are gorged with prey; ſo the *Myrmidons* are ſtrong and vigorous with eaſe and refreſhment, and therefore more ardently deſirous of the combat. This image of their *ſtrength* is inculcated by ſeveral expreſſions, both in the ſimile and in the application, and ſeems deſigned in contraſt to the other *Greeks*, who are all waſted and ſpent with toil.

We

(When ſome tall ſtag, freſh-ſlaughter'd in the wood,
Has drench'd their wide inſatiate throats with blood)
To the black fount they ruſh, a hideous throng,
With paunch diſtended, and with lolling tongue:
Fire fills their eyes, their black jaws belch the gore,
And, gorg'd with ſlaughter, till they thirſt for more.
Like furious, ruſh'd the *Myrmidonian* crew,
Such their dread ſtrength, and ſuch their dreadful view.
High in the midſt the great *Achilles* ſtands,
Directs their order, and the war commands.
He, lov'd of *Jove*, had launch'd for *Ilion's* ſhores
Full fifty veſſels, mann'd with fifty oars:
Five choſen leaders the fierce bands obey,
Himſelf ſupreme in valour, as in ſway.

We have a picture much of this kind given us by *Milton*, *lib.* 10. where *Death* is let looſe into the new creation, to glut his appetite and diſcharge his rage againſt all nature.

'—As when a flock
'Of rav'nous fowls, tho' many a league remote,
'Againſt the day of battle, to a field
'Where armies lie encamp'd, come flying, lur'd
'With ſcent of living carcaſſes, deſign'd
'For Death the following day, in bloody fight.
'So ſcented the grim feature, and upturn'd
'His noſtril wide into the murky air,
'Sagacious of his quarry from afar.

And by *Taſſo*, Canto 10. *St.* 2. of the furious *Soldan* covered with blood, and thirſting for freſh ſlaughter.

Come dal chiuſo ovil cacciato viene
Lupo tal' hor, che fugge, e ſi naſconde;
Che ſe ben del gran ventre ogni ripiene
Ha l'ingorde voragini profonde.
Avi lo pur di ſangue anco fuor tiene
La lingua, e'l ſugge da le labbra immonde;
Tal' ei ſen già dopo il ſanguigno ſtratio
De la ſua cupa fame anco non ſatio.

First march'd *Menestheus*, of celestial birth,
Deriv'd from thee, whose waters wash the earth,
Divine *Spercheus!* *Jove*-descended flood!
A mortal mother mixing with a God.
Such was *Menestheus*, but miscall'd by fame
The son of *Borus*, that espous'd the dame.
Eudorus next; whom *Polymele* the gay,
Fam'd in the graceful dance, produc'd to day.
Her, sly *Cyllenius* lov'd; on her would gaze,
As with swift step she form'd the running maze:
To her high chamber from *Diana's* quire,
The God pursu'd her, urg'd, and crown'd his fire.
The son confess'd his father's heav'nly race,
And heir'd his mother's swiftness in the chace.
Strong *Echeclēus*, blest in all those charms
That pleas'd a God, succeeded to her arms;
Not conscious of those loves, long hid from fame,
With gifts of price he sought and won the dame;
Her secret offspring to her sire she bare;
Her Sire caress'd him with a parent's care.
Pisander

V. 211. *Deriv'd from thee, whose waters*, &c.] *Homer* seems resolved that every thing about *Achilles* shall be miraculous. We have seen his very horses are of celestial origin; and now his commanders, tho' vulgarly reputed the sons of men, are represented as the real offspring of some deity. The Poet thus enhances the admiration of his chief hero by every circumstance with which his imagination could furnish him.

V. 220. *To her high chamber.*] It was the custom of those times to assign the uppermost rooms to the women, that they might be the farther remov'd from commerce: Wherefore *Penelope* in the *Odyssey* mounts up into a garret, and there sits to her business. So *Priam*, in the sixth book, V. 248. had chambers for the Ladies of his court, under the roof of his palace.

The *Lacedæmonians* call'd these high apartments ὠα, and as the word also signifies *eggs*, it is probable it was this that gave occasion to the fable of *Helen's* birth, who is said to be born from an *egg*. *Eustathius*.

Piſander follow'd; matchleſs in his art
To wing the ſpear, or aim the diſtant dart;
No hand ſo ſure of all th' *Emathian* line,
Or if a ſurer, great *Patroclus!* thine.
The fourth by *Phœnix'* grave command was grac'd
Laërtes' valiant offspring led the laſt.
Soon as *Achilles* with ſuperior care
Had call'd the chiefs, and order'd all the war,
This ſtern remembrance to his troops he gave:
"Ye far-fam'd *Myrmidons*, ye fierce and brave!
"Think with what threats ye dar'd the *Trojan* throng,
"Think what reproach theſe ears endur'd ſo long:
"Stern ſon of *Peleus* (thus ye us'd to ſay,
"While reſtleſs, raging, in your ſhips you lay)
"Oh nurs'd with gall, unknowing how to yield!
"Whoſe rage defrauds us of ſo fam'd a field.
"If that dire fury muſt for ever burn,
"What make we here? Return, ye Chiefs, return!"
Such were your words—Now, warriors, grieve no more,
Lo there the *Trojans!* bathe your ſwords in gore!
This day ſhall give you all your ſoul demands;
Glut all your hearts! and weary all your hands!
Thus while he rous'd the fire in every breaſt,
Cloſe, and more cloſe, the liſt'ning cohorts preſt,
Ranks wedg'd in ranks of arms a ſteely ring
Still grows, and ſpreads, and thickens round the King.
As when a circling wall the builder forms,
Of ſtrength defenſive againſt winds and ſtorms,
Compacted ſtones the thick'ning work compoſe,
And round him wide the riſing ſtructure grows.
So helm to helm, and creſt to creſt they throng,
Shield urg'd on ſhield, and man drove man along:
Thick, undiſtinguiſh'd plumes, together join'd,
Float in one ſea, and wave before the wind.

Far o'er the reſt, in glitt'ring pomp appear
There bold *Automedon*; *Patroclus* here;
Brothers in arms, with equal fury fir'd;
Two friends, two bodies with one ſoul inſpir'd.
But mindful of the Gods, *Achilles* went
To the rich coffer in his ſhady tent:
There lay on heaps his various garments roll'd,
And coſtly furs, and carpets ſtiff with gold.
(The preſents of the ſilver-footed dame)
From thence he took a bowl of antique frame,
Which never man had ſtain'd with ruddy wine,
Not rais'd in off'rings to the pow'rs divine,
But *Peleus'* ſon; and *Peleus'* ſon to none
Had rais'd in off'rings, but to *Jove* alone.
This ting'd with ſulphur, ſacred firſt to flame,
He purg'd; and waſh'd it in the running ſtream.
Then cleans'd his hands; and fixing for a ſpace
His eyes on heav'n, his feet upon the place
Of ſacrifice, the purple draught he pour'd
Forth in the midſt; and thus the God implor'd.
Oh thou ſupreme! high-thron'd, all high above!
Oh great *Pelaſgic*, *Dodonæan Jove!*

Who

V. 283. *And thus the God implor'd.*] Tho' the character of *Achilles* every where ſhews a mind ſwayed with unbounded paſſions, and entirely regardleſs of all human authority and law; yet he preſerves a conſtant reſpect to the Gods, and appears as zealous in the ſentiments and actions of piety as any hero of the Iliad; who indeed are all remarkable this way. The preſent paſſage is an exact deſcription and perfect ritual of the ceremonies on theſe occaſions. *Achilles*, tho' an urgent affair called for his friend's aſſiſtance, would not yet ſuffer him to enter the fight, till in a moſt ſolemn manner he had recommended him to the protection of *Jupiter*: And this I think a ſtronger proof of his tenderneſs and affection for *Patroclus*, than either the grief he expreſſed at his death, or the fury he ſhewed to revenge it.

V. 285. Dodonæan Jove.] The frequent mention of *Oracles* in

Who 'midſt ſurrounding froſts and vapours chill,
Preſid'ſt on bleak *Dodona*'s vocal hill:

(Whoſe

in *Homer* and the ancient authors, may make it not improper to give the reader a general account of ſo conſiderable a part of the *Grecian* ſuperſtition; which I cannot do better than in the words of my friend Mr. *Stanyan*, in his excellent and judicious abſtract of the *Grecian* hiſtory.

"The *Oracles* were ranked among the nobleſt and moſt "religious kinds of divination; the deſign of them being to "ſettle ſuch an immediate way of converſe with their Gods, "as to be able with them not only to explain things intricate "and obſcure, but alſo to anticipate the knowledge of future "events; and that with far greater certainty than they could "hope for from men, who out of ignorance and prejudice muſt "ſometimes either conceal or betray the truth. So that this "became the only ſafe way of deliberating upon affairs of any "conſequence, either publick or private. Whether to pro-"claim war, or conclude a peace; to inſtitute a new form of "government, or enact new laws; all was to be done with "the advice, and approbation of the Oracle, whoſe determi-"nations were always held ſacred and inviolable. As to the "cauſes of Oracles, *Jupiter* was looked upon as the firſt cauſe "of this, and all other ſorts of divination; he had the book of "fate before him, and out of that revealed either more or "leſs, as he pleaſed, to inferior dæmons. But to argue more "rationally, this way of acceſs to the Gods has been branded "as one of the earlieſt and groſſeſt pieces of prieſtcraft, that ob-"tained in the world. For the prieſts whoſe dependence was "on the Oracles, when they found the cheat had got ſufficient "footing, allowed no man to conſult the Gods without coſtly "ſacrifices and rich preſents to themſelves: And as few could "bear this expence, it ſerved to raiſe their credit among the "common people, by keeping them at an awful diſtance. "And to heighten their eſteem with the better and wealthieſt "ſort, even they were only admitted upon a few ſtated days: "By which the thing appeared ſtill more myſterious, and, for "want of this good management, muſt quickly have been ſeen "through, and fall to the ground. But whatever juggling "there was as to the religious part, Oracles had certainly a "good effect as to the publick; being admirably ſuited to the "genius of the people, who would join in the moſt deſperate "expedition, and admit of any change of government, when "they underſtood by the Oracle it was the irreſiſtible will of "the Gods. This was the method *Minos*, *Lycurgus*, and all

"the

(Whose groves the *Selli*, race austere! surround,
Their feet unwash'd, their slumbers on the ground;
Who

" the famous lawgivers took; and indeed they found the peo-
" ple so entirely devoted to this part of religion, that it was
" generally the easiest and sometimes the only, way of win-
" ning them into a compliance. And then they took care to
" have them delivered in such ambiguous terms, as to admit
" of different constructions according to the exigency of the
" times; so that they were generally interpreted to the advan-
" tage of the state, unless sometimes there happened to be
" bribery or flattery in the case; as when *Demosthenes* com-
" plained that the *Pythia* spoke as *Philip* would have her. The
" most numerous, and of greatest repute, were the Oracles of
" *Apollo*, who, in subordination to *Jupiter*, was appointed to
" preside over, and inspire, all sorts of prophets and diviners.
" And amongst these the *Delphian* challenged the first place,
" not so much in respect of its antiquity, as its perspicuity and
" certainty; insomuch that the answers of the *Tripos* came to
" be used proverbially for clear and infallible truths. Here
" we must not omit the first *Pythia* or priestess of this famous
" oracle in heroic verse. They found a secret charm in num-
" bers, which made every thing look pompous and weighty.
" And hence it became the general practice of legislators and
" philosophers, to deliver their laws and maxims in that dress:
" And scarce any thing in those ages was writ of excellence or
" moment but in verse. This was the dawn of poetry, which
" soon grew into repute; and so long as it served to such noble
" purposes as religion and government, poets were highly ho-
" noured, and admitted into a share of the administration. But
" by that time it arrived to any perfection, they pursued more
" mean and servile ends; and as they prostituted their muse,
" they debased the subject, they sunk proportionably in their
" esteem and dignity. As to the history of Oracles, we find
" them mentioned in the very infancy of *Greece*; and it is as
" uncertain when they were finally extinct, as when they be-
" gan. For they often lost their prophetick faculty for some
" time, and recovered it again. I know it is a common opini-
" on, that they were universally silenced upon our Saviour's
" appearance in the world: And if the Devil had been permit-
" ted for so many ages to delude mankind, it might probably
" have been so. But we are assured from history, that several
" of them continued till the reign of *Julian* the apostate,
" and were consulted by him: And therefore I look upon
" the whole business as of human contrivance; an egre-
" gious

Who hear, from ruſtling oaks, thy dark decrees;
And catch the fates, low-whiſper'd in the breeze.

Hear,

"gious impoſture founded upon ſuperſtition, and carried "on by policy and intereſt, till the brighter oracles of "the holy ſcripture diſpelled theſe miſts of error and en-"thuſiaſm."

V. 285. Pelaſgic, Dodonæan Jove.] *Achilles* invokes *Jupiter* with theſe particular appellations, and repreſents to him the ſervices perform'd by theſe prieſts and prophets; making theſe honours, paid in his own country, his claim for the protection of this Deity. *Jupiter* was looked upon as the firſt cauſe of all divination and oracles, from whence he had the appellation of πανομφαῖος, *Il.* 8. V. 250. The firſt Oracle of *Dodona* was founded by the *Pelaſgi*, the moſt ancient of all the inhabitants of *Greece*, which is confirmed by this verſe of *Heſiod*, preſerved by the Scholiaſt *Sophocles Trachin.*

Δωδώνην, φηγόν τε Πελασγῶν ἔδρανον ἧκεν.

The Oaks of this place were ſaid to be endowed with voice and prophetick ſpirit; the prieſts who gave anſwers concealing themſelves in theſe trees; a practice which the pious frauds of ſucceeding ages have rendered not improbable.

V. 288. *Whoſe groves, the* Selli, *race auſtere!* &c.] *Homer* ſeems to me to ſay clearly enough, that theſe prieſts lay on the ground and forbore the bath, to honour by theſe auſterities the God they ſerved; for he ſays σοὶ ναίουσι ἀνιπτόποδες' and this σοὶ can in my opinion only ſignify *for you*, that is to ſay, *to pleaſe you*, and *for your honour*. This example is remarkable, but I do not think it ſingular; and the earlieſt antiquity may furniſh us with the like of pagans, who by an auſtere life tried to pleaſe their Gods. Nevertheleſs I am obliged to ſay, that *Strabo*, who ſpeaks at large of theſe *Selli* in his ſeventh book, has not taken this auſterity of life for an effect of their devotion, but for a remain of the groſſneſs of their anceſtors; who being barbarians, and ſtraying from country to country, had no bed but the earth, and never uſed a bath. But it is no way unlikely that what was in the firſt *Pelaſgians* (who founded this oracle) only cuſtom and uſe, might be continued by theſe prieſts thro' devotion. How many things do we at this day ſee, which were in their original only ancient manner, and which are continued thro' zeal and a ſpirit of religion? It is very probable that theſe prieſts by this hard living had a mind to attract the admiration and confidence of a people who lov'd luxury and delicacy ſo much. I was willing to ſearch into antiquity

Hear, as of old! Thou gav'ſt, at *Thetis'* pray'r,
Glory to me, and to the *Greeks* deſpair:

Lo

tiquity for the origin of theſe *Selli*, prieſts of *Jupiter*, but found nothing ſo ancient as *Homer*: *Herodotus* writes in his ſecond book, that the oracle of *Dodona* was the ancienteſt of *Greece*, and that it was a long time the only one; but what he adds, that it was founded by an *Egyptian* woman, who was the prieſteſs of it, is contradicted by this paſſage of *Homer*, who ſhews that in the time of the *Trojan* war this temple was ſerved by men called *Selli*, and not by women. *Strabo* informs us of a curious ancient tradition, importing, that this temple was at firſt built in *Theſſaly*, that from thence it was carried into *Dodona*; that ſeveral women who had placed their devotion there, followed it; and that in proceſs of time the prieſteſſes uſed to be choſen from among the deſcendants of thoſe women. To return to their *Selli*; *Sophocles*, who of all the *Greek* poets is he who has moſt imitated *Homer*, ſpeaks in like manner of theſe prieſts in one of his plays, where *Hercules* ſays to his ſon *Hillus*; "I will declare to thee a new Oracle, which perfectly "agrees with this ancient one; I myſelf having entered into "the ſacred wood inhabited by the auſtere *Selli*, who lie on "the ground, writ this anſwer to the oak, which is conſecrated "to my father *Jupiter*, and which renders his oracles in all "languages." *Dacier*.

V. 288. *Homer* in this verſe uſes a word which I think ſingular and remarkable, ὑποφῆται. I cannot believe that it was put ſimply for προφῆται, but am perſuaded that this term includes ſome particular ſenſe, and ſhews ſome cuſtom but little known, which I would willingly diſcover. In the *Scholia* of *Didymus* there is this remark: "They called thoſe who ſerv-"ed in the temple, and who explain'd the Oracles rendered by "the prieſts, *hypothets*, or *under-prophets*." It is certain that there were in the temple ſervitors, or ſubaltern miniſters, who for the ſake of gain undertook to explain the Oracles which were obſcure. This cuſtom ſeems very well eſtabliſhed in the *Ion* of *Euripides*; where the young child (after having ſaid that the prieſteſs is ſeated on the tripod, and renders the Oracles which *Apollo dictates* to her) addreſſes himſelf to thoſe who ſerve in the temple, and bids them go and waſh in the *Caſtalian* fountain, to come again into the temple, and explain the Oracles to thoſe who ſhould demand the explication of them: *Homer* therefore means to ſhew, that theſe *Selli* were, in the temple of *Dodona*, thoſe ſubaltern miniſters that interpreted the Oracles. But this, after all, does not appear to agree with

the

Lo to the dangers of the fighting field
The beſt, the deareſt of my friends I yield:
Tho' ſtill determin'd to my ſhips confin'd,
Patroclus gone, I ſtay but half behind.
Oh be his guard thy providential care,
Confirm his heart, and ſtring his arm to war:
Preſs'd by his ſingle force let *Hector* ſee
His fame in arms, not owing all to mè.
But when the fleets are ſav'd from foes and fire,
Let him with conqueſt and renown retire;
Preſerve his arms, preſerve his ſocial train,
And ſafe return him to theſe eyes again!
Great *Jove* conſents to half the chief's requeſt,
But heav'n's eternal doom denies the reſt;

To

the preſent paſſage: For, beſides that the cuſtom was not eſtabliſhed in *Homer*'s time, and that there is no footſtep of it founded in that early age; theſe *Selli* (of whom *Homer* ſpeaks) are not here miniſters ſubordinate to others, they are plainly the chief prieſts. The explication of this word therefore muſt be elſewhere ſought, and I ſhall offer my conjecture; which I ground upon the nature of this Oracle of *Dodona*, which was very different from all the other Oracles: In all other temples the prieſts delivered the Oracles which they had received from their Gods, immediately: But in the temple of *Dodona*, *Jupiter* did not utter his Oracles to his prieſts, but to his *Selli*; he rendered them to the oaks, and the wonderful oaks rendered them to the prieſts, who declared them to thoſe who conſulted them: So theſe prieſts were not properly προφῆται, prophets, ſince they did not receive thoſe anſwers from the mouth of their God immediately; but they were ὑποφῆται, under-prophets; becauſe they received them from the mouth of the oaks, if I may ſay ſo. The oaks, properly ſpeaking, were the prophets, the firſt interpreters of *Jupiter*'s Oracles; and the *Selli* were ὑποφῆται, under-prophets, becauſe they pronounced what the oaks had ſaid. Thus *Homer*, in one ſingle word, includes a very curious piece of antiquity. *Dacier*.

V. 306. *Great* Jove *conſents to half.*] *Virgil* has finely imitated this in his 11th *Æneid*.

Audiit

To free the fleet was granted to his pray'r:
His ſafe return the winds diſpers'd in air.
Back to his tent the ſtern *Achilles* flies,
And waits the combat with impatient eyes.
Mean while the troops, beneath *Patroclus'* care,
Invade the *Trojans*, and commence the war.
As waſps, provok'd by children in their play,
Pour from their manſions by the broad high-way,

In

Audiit & voti Phœbus ſuccedere partem
Mente dedit, partem volucres diſperſit in auras.
Sterneret ut ſubitâ turbatam morte Camillam
Annuit oranti; reducem ut patria alta videret
Non dedit, inque Notos vocem vertêre procellæ.

V. 314. *As waſps, provok'd,* &c.] One may obſerve, that tho' *Homer* ſometimes takes his ſimilitudes from the meaneſt and ſmalleſt things in nature, yet he orders it ſo as by their appearance to ſignalize and give a luſtre to his greateſt heroes. Here he likens a body of *Myrmidons* to a neſt of waſps, not on account of their ſtrength and bravery, but of their heat and reſentment. *Virgil* has imitated theſe humble compariſons, as when he compares the builders of *Carthage* to bees. *Homer* has carried it a little farther in another place, where he compares the ſoldiers to flies, for their buſy induſtry and perſeverance about a dead body; not diminiſhing his heroes by the ſize of theſe ſmall animals, but raiſing his compariſons from certain properties inherent in them, which deſerve our obſervation. *Euſtathius.*

This brings into my mind a pretty rural ſimile in *Spencer*, which is very much in the ſimplicity of the old father of poetry.

'As gentle ſhepherd in ſweet even-tide,
'When ruddy *Phœbus* 'gins to welke in weſt,
'High on a hill, his flock to viewen wide,
'Marks which do bite their haſty ſupper beſt;
'A cloud of cumb'rous gnats do him moleſt,
'All ſtriving to infix their feeble ſtings,
'That from their noyance he no whit can reſt,
'But with his clowniſh hand their tender wings
'He bruſheth oft, and oft doth mar their murmurings.

In ſwarms the guiltleſs traveller engage,
Whet all their ſtings, and call forth all their rage:
All riſe in arms, and with a gen'ral cry
Aſſert their waxen domes, and buzzing progeny.
Thus from the tents the fervent legion ſwarms,
So loud their clamours, and ſo keen their arms;
Their riſing rage *Patroclus'* breath inſpires,
Who thus inflames them with heroick fires.
O warriors, part'ners of *Achilles'* praiſe!
Be mindful of your deeds in ancient days;
Your god-like maſter let your acts proclaim,
And add new glories to his mighty name.
Think your *Achilles* ſees you fight: Be brave,
And humble the proud monarch whom you ſave.
Joyful they heard, and kindling as he ſpoke,
Flew to the fleet, involv'd in fire and ſmoke.
From ſhore to ſhore the doubling ſhouts reſound,
The hollow ſhips return a deeper ſound.
The war ſtood ſtill, and all around them gaz'd,
When great *Achilles'* ſhining armour blaz'd:
Troy ſaw, and thought the dread *Achilles* nigh,
At once they ſee, they tremble and they fly.
Then firſt thy ſpear, divine *Patroclus!* flew,
Where the war rag'd, and where the tumult grew.
Cloſe to the ſtern of that fam'd ſhip which bore
Unbleſt *Proteſilaus* to *Ilion's* ſhore,
The great *Pæonian*, bold *Pyræchmes*, ſtood:
(Who led his bands from *Axius'* winding flood)
His ſhoulder-blade receives the fatal wound;
The groaning warrior pants upon the ground.
His troops, that ſee their country's glory ſlain,
Fly diverſe, ſcatter'd o'er the diſtant plain,
Patroclus' arm forbids the ſpreading fires,
And from the half-burn'd ſhip proud *Troy* retires.

Clear'd

Clear'd from the ſmoke the joyful navy lies,
In heaps on heaps the foe tumultuous flies:
Triumphant *Greece* her reſcu'd decks aſcends,
And loud acclaim the ſtarry region rends.
So when thick clouds inwrap the mountain's head,
O'er heav'n's expanſe like one black cieling ſpread; Sudden

V. 354. *So when thick clouds*, &c.] All the commentators take this compariſon in a ſenſe different from that in which it is here tranſlated. They ſuppoſe *Jupiter* is here deſcribed cleaving the air with a flaſh of lightning, and ſpreading a gleam of light over a high mountain, which a black cloud had buried in darkneſs. The application is made to *Patroclus* falling on the *Trojans*, and giving reſpite to the *Greeks*, who were plunged in obſcurity. *Euſtathius* gives this interpretation, but at the ſame time acknowledges it improper in this compariſon to repreſent the extinction of the flames by the darting of lightning. This explanation is ſolely founded on the expreſſion ἀστεροπητὴς, Ζεὺς, *fulgurator Jupiter*, which epithet is often applied when no ſuch action is ſuppoſed. The moſt obvious ſignification of the words in this paſſage, gives a more natural and agreeable image, and admits of a juſter application. The ſimile ſeems to be of *Jupiter* diſperſing a black cloud which had covered a high mountain, whereby a beautiful proſpect, which was before hid in darkneſs, ſuddenly appears. This is applicable to the preſent ſtate of the *Greeks*, after *Patroclus* had extinguiſhed the flames, which began to ſpread clouds of ſmoak over the fleet. It is *Homer*'s deſign in his compariſons to apply them to the moſt obvious and ſenſible image of the thing to be illuſtrated; which his commentators too frequently endeavour to hide by moral and allegorical refinements; and thus injure the Poet more, by attributing to him what does not belong to him, and by refuſing him what is really his own.

It is much the ſame image with that of *Milton* in his ſecond book, tho' applied in a very different way.

'As when from mountain tops the duſky clouds
'Aſcending, while the north wind ſleeps, o'erſpread
'Heav'n's chearful face, the low'ring element
'Scowls o'r the dark'ned landſkip ſnow or ſhow'r;
'If chance the radiant ſun with farewel ſweet
'Extend his evening beam, the fields revive,
'The birds their notes renew, the bleating herds
'Atteſt their joy, that hill, and valley rings.

Sudden the Thund'rer with a flaſhing ray,
Burſts thro' the darkneſs, and lets down the day:
The hills ſhine out, the rocks in proſpect riſe,
And ſtreams, and vales, and foreſts ſtrike the eyes;
The ſmiling ſcene wide opens to the ſight,
And all th' unmeaſur'd *Æther* flames with light.
But *Troy* repuls'd, and ſcatter'd o'er the plains,
Forc'd from the navy, yet the fight maintains.
Now ev'ry *Greek* ſome hoſtile hero ſlew,
But, ſtill the foremoſt, bold *Patroclus* flew:
As *Areilychus* had turn'd him round,
Sharp in his thigh he felt the piercing wound;
The brazen-pointed ſpear, with vigour thrown,
The thigh transfix'd, and broke the brittle bone:
Headlong he fell. Next, *Thoas*, was thy chance,
Thy breaſt unarm'd, receiv'd the *Spartan* lance,
Phylides dart, (as *Amphiclus* drew nigh)
His blow prevented, and tranſpierc'd his thigh,
Tore all the brawn, and rent the nerves away;
In darkneſs, and in death, the warrior lay.
In equal arms two ſons of *Neſtor* ſtand,
And two bold brothers of the *Lycian* band:
By great *Antilochus*, *Antymnius* dies,
Pierc'd in the flank, lamented youth! he lies.
Kind *Maris*, bleeding in his brother's wound,
Defends the breathleſs carcaſs on the ground;
Furious he flies, his murd'rer to engage,
But god-like *Thraſimed* prevents his rage.
Between his arm and ſhoulder aims a blow;
His arms fall ſpouting on the duſt below;
He ſinks, with endleſs darkneſs cover'd o'er,
And vents his ſoul effus'd with guſhing gore.
Slain by two brothers, thus two brothers bleed,
Sarpedon's friends, *Amiſadorus'* ſeed;

Amiſodarus,

Amiſodarus, who by furies led,
The bane of man, abhorr'd *Chimæra* bred;
Skill'd in the dart in vain, his ſons expire,
And pay the forfeit of their guilty ſire.
Stopp'd in the tumult *Cleobulus* lies,
Beneath *Oileus'* arm, a living prize;
A living prize not long the *Trojan* ſtood;
The thirſty faulchion drank his reeking blood;
Plung'd in his throat the ſmoaking weapon lies,
Black death, and fate unpitying, ſeal his eyes.
Amid the ranks, with mutual thirſt of fame,
Lycon the brave, and fierce *Peneleus* came;
In vain their jav'lins at each other flew,
Now met in arms, their eager ſwords they drew.
On the plum'd creſt of his *Bœotian* foe,
The daring *Lycon* aim'd a noble blow;
The ſword broke ſhort; but his *Peneleus* ſped
Full on the juncture of the neck and head:
The head divided by a ſtroke ſo juſt,
Hung by the ſkin: the body ſunk to duſt.
O'ertaken *Neamas* by *Merion* bleeds,
Pierc'd thro' his ſhoulder as he mounts his ſteeds:
Back from the car he tumbles to the ground;
His ſwimming eyes eternal ſhades ſurround.
Next *Erymas* was doom'd his fate to feel,
His open mouth received the *Cretan* ſteel:
Beneath the brain the point a paſſage tore,
Craſh'd the thin bones, and drown'd the teeth in gore
His

V. 390. Amiſodarus, *who*, &c.] *Amiſodarus* was King of *Caria*; *Bellerophon* married his daughter. The ancients gueſſed from this paſſage that the *Chimæra* was not a fiction, ſince *Homer* marks the time wherein ſhe lived; they thought it was ſome beaſt of that Prince's herds, who being grown furious and mad, had done a great deal of miſchief, like the *Calydonian* boar. *Euſtathius.*

His mouth, his eyes, his noſtrils pour a flood;
He ſobs his ſoul out in the guſh of blood.
As when the flocks neglected by the ſwain
(Or kids, or lambs) lie ſcatter'd o'er the plain,
A troop of wolves th' unguarded charge ſurvey,
And rend the trembling, unreſiſting prey:
Thus on the foe the *Greeks* impetuous came:
Troy fled, unmindful of her former fame.
But ſtill at *Hector* god-like *Ajax* aim'd,
Still pointed at his breaſt, his jav'lin flam'd:
The *Trojan* chief, experienc'd in the field,
O'er his broad ſhoulders ſpread the maſſy ſhield,
Obſerv'd the ſtorm of darts the *Grecians* pour,
And on his buckler caught the ringing ſhow'r.
He ſees for *Greece* the ſcale of conqueſt riſe,
Yet ſtops, and turns, and ſaves his lov'd allies.
As when the hand of *Jove* a tempeſt forms,
And rolls the cloud to blacken heav'n with ſtorms,
Dark o'er the fields th' aſcending vapours flies,
And ſhades the ſun, and blots the golden ſkies:
So from the ſhips, along the dulky plain,
Dire *Fright* and *Terror* drove the *Trojan* train.
Ev'n *Hector* fled; thro' heaps of diſarray
The fiery courſers drove their lord away:
While far behind his *Trojans* fall confus'd,
Wedg'd in the trench, in one vaſt carnage bruis'd.

Chariots

V. 433. *Yet ſtops, and turns, and ſaves his lov'd allies.*] *Homer* repreſents *Hector*, as he retires, making a ſtand from time to time, to ſave his troops: And he expreſſes it by this ſingle word ἀνέρωμαι; for ἀναμίμνειν does not only ſignify to *ſtay*, but likewiſe in retiring to ſtop from time to time; for this is the power of the prepoſition ἀνὰ, as in the word ἀναμάχεσθαι, which ſignifies to *fight by fits and ſtarts*; ἀναπαλαίειν, to *wreſtle ſeveral times*, and in many others. *Euſtathius.*

Chariots on chariots roll; the clashing spokes
Shock; while the madding steeds break short their yokes.
In vain they labour up the steepy mound;
Their charioteers lie foaming on the ground.
Fierce on the rear, with shouts, *Patroclus* flies:
Tumultuous clamour fills the fields and skies;
Thick drifts of dust involve their rapid flight;
Clouds rise on clouds, and heav'n is snatch'd from sight.
Th' affrighted steeds, their dying lords cast down,
Scour o'er the fields, and stretch to reach the town.
Loud o'er the rout was heard the victor's cry,
Where the war bleeds and where the thickest die,
Where horse and arms, and chariots lie o'erthrown,
And bleeding heroes under axles groan.
No stop, no check the steeds of *Peleus* knew;
From bank to bank th' immortal coursers flew,
High-bounding o'er the fosse: the whirling car
Smoaks thro' the ranks, o'ertakes the flying war,
And thunders after *Hector*; *Hector* flies,
Patroclus shakes his lance; but fate denies.
Not with less noise, with less impetuous force,
The tide of *Trojans* urge their desp'rate course,
Than when in Autumn *Jove* his fury pours,
And earth is loaden with incessant show'rs,

(When

V. 459. *From bank to bank th' immortal coursers fly*, &c.] *Homer* has made of *Hector*'s horses all that poetry could make of common and mortal horses; they stand on the bank of the ditch, foaming and neighing for madness that they cannot leap it. But the immortal horses of *Achilles* find no obstacle; they leap the ditch, and fly into the plain. *Eustathius.*

V. 466. *Than when in autumn* Jove *his fury pours—*
When guilty mortals, &c]

The Poet, in this image of an inundation, takes occasion to mention

(When guilty mortals break th' eternal laws
And judges, brib'd, betray the righteous cauſe)
From their deep beds he bids the rivers riſe,
And opens all the flood-gates of the ſkies:
Th' impetuous torrents from their hills obey,
Whole fields are drown'd and mountains ſwept away;
Loud roars the deluge till it meets the main;
And trembling man ſees all his labours vain.
And now the chief (the foremoſt troops repell'd)
Back to the ſhips his deſtin'd progreſs held,

Bore

mention a ſentiment of great piety, that ſuch calamities were the effects of divine juſtice puniſhing the ſins of mankind. This might probably refer to the tradition of an univerſal deluge, which was very common amongſt the ancient heathen writers, moſt of them aſcribing the cauſe of this deluge to the wrath of heaven provoked by the wickedneſs of men. *Diodorus Siculus*, *l.* 15. *c.* 5. ſpeaking of an earthquake and inundation, which deſtroyed a great part of *Greece*, in the hundred and firſt *Olympiad*, has theſe words, *There was a great diſpute concerning the cauſe of this calamity: The natural philoſophers generally aſcribed ſuch events to neceſſary cauſes, not to any divine hand: But they, who had more devout ſentiments, gave a more probable account hereof; aſſerting that it was the divine vengeance alone that brought this deſtruction upon men who had offended the Gods with their impiety.* And then proceeds to give an account of thoſe crimes which drew down this puniſhment upon them.

This is one, among a thouſand inſtances, of *Homer*'s indirect and oblique manner of introducing moral ſentences and inſtructions. Theſe agreeably break in upon his reader, even in deſcriptions and poetical parts, where one naturally expects only painting and amuſements. We have virtue put upon us by ſurprize, and are pleaſed to find a thing where we ſhould never have looked to meet with it. I muſt do a noble *Engliſh* poet the juſtice to obſerve, that it is this particular art that is the very diſtinguiſhing excellence of *Cooper's-hill*; throughout which, the deſcriptions of places, and images raiſed by the Poet, are ſtill tending to ſome hint, or leading into ſome reflection, upon a moral life or political inſtitution: Much in the ſame manner as the real ſight of ſuch ſcenes and proſpects is apt to give to the mind a compoſed turn, and incline it to thoughts and contemplations that have a relation to the object.

Bore down half *Troy* in his reſiſtleſs way,
And fort'd the routed ranks to ſtand the day.
Between the ſpace where ſilver *Simois* flows,
Where lay the fleets, and where the rampires roſe,
All grim with duſt and blood, *Patroclus* ſtands,
And turns the ſlaughter on the conqu'ring bands.
Firſt *Pronous* dy'd beneath his fiery dart,
Which pierc'd below the ſhield his valiant heart.
Theſtor was next; who ſaw the chief appear,
And fell the victim of his coward fear:
Shrunk up he ſate with wild and haggard eye,
Nor ſtood to combat, nor had force to fly:
Patroclus marked him as he ſhun'd the war,
And with unmanly trembling ſhook the car,
And dropp'd the flowing reins. Him 'twixt the jaws
The jav'lin ſticks, and from the chariot draws.
As on a rock that overhangs the main,
An angler, ſtudious of the line and cane,
Some mighty fiſh draws panting on the ſhore;
Not with leſs eaſe the barbed jav'lin bore
The gaping daſtard: As the ſpear was ſhook,
He fell, and life his heartleſs breaſt forſook.
Next on *Eurÿalus* he flies; a ſtone,
Large as a rock, was by his fury thrown:
Full on his crown the pond'rous fragment flew,
And burſt the helm, and cleft the head in two:
Prone

V. 480. *Between the ſpace where ſilver* Simois *flows,*
Where lay the ſhips, and where the rampires roſe.] It looks at firſt ſight as if *Patroclus* was very punctual in obeying the orders of *Achilles*, when he hinders the *Trojans* from aſcending to their town, and holds an engagement with them between the ſhips, the river, and the wall. But he ſeems afterwards through very haſte to have ſlipt his commands, for his orders were that he ſhould drive them from the ſhips, and then preſently return; but he proceeds farther, and his death is the conſequence. *Euſtathius.*

Prone to the ground the breathleſs warrior fell,
And death involv'd him with the ſhades of hell.
Then low in duſt *Epaltus*, *Echius*, lie;
Ipheas, *Evippus*, *Polymelus*, die;
Amphoterus, and *Erymas* ſucceed;
And laſt *Tlepolemus* and *Pyres* bleed.
Where'er he moves the growing ſlaughters ſpread
In heaps on heaps; a monument of dead.
When now *Sarpedon* his brave friends beheld
Grov'ling in duſt, and gaſping on the field,

With

V. 512. *When now* Sarpedon, *&c.*] The Poet preparing to recount the death of *Sarpedon*, it will not be improper to give a ſketch of ſome particulars which conſtitute a character the moſt faultleſs and amiable in the whole Iliad. This hero is by birth ſuperior to all the chiefs of either ſide, being the only ſon of *Jupiter* engaged in this war. His qualities are no way unworthy his deſcent, ſince he every where appears equal in valour, prudence and eloquence, to the moſt admired heroes: Nor are theſe excellencies blemiſhed with any of thoſe defects with which the moſt diſtinguiſhed characters of the Poem are ſtained. So that the niceſt criticks cannot find any thing to offend their delicacy, but muſt be obliged to own the manners of this hero perfect. His valour is neither raſh or boiſterous; his prudence neither timorous nor tricking; and his eloquence neither talkative nor boaſting. He never reproaches the living, or inſults the dead: but appears uniform through his conduct in the war, acting with the ſame generous ſentiments that engaged him in it, having no intereſt in the quarrel but to ſuccour his allies in diſtreſs. This noble life is ended with a death as glorious; for in his laſt moments he has no other concern, but for the honour of his friends, and the event of the day.

Homer juſtly repreſents ſuch a character to be attended with univerſal eſteem: As he was greatly honoured when living, he is as much lamented when dead, as the chief prop of *Troy*. The Poet by his death, even before that of *Hector*, prepares us to expect the deſtruction of this town, when its two great defenders are no more: and in order to make it the more ſignal and remarkable, it is the only death in the Iliad attended with prodigies: Even his funeral is performed by divine aſſiſtance, he being the only hero whoſe body is carried back to be in-

With this reproach his flying hoſt he warms;
Oh ſtain to honour! oh diſgrace to arms!
Forſake, inglorious, the contended plain;
This hand, unaided, ſhall the war ſuſtain;
The taſk be mine, this hero's ſtrength to try,
Who mows whole troops, and makes an army fly.
He ſpake; and ſpeaking, leaps from off the car;
Patroclus lights, and ſternly waits the war.
As when two vultures on the mountain's height
Stoop with reſounding pinions to the fight;
They cuff, they tear, they raiſe a ſcreaming cry;
The deſart echoes, and the rocks reply:
The warriors, thus oppos'd in arms, engage
With equal clamours, and with equal rage.
Jove view'd the combat, whoſe event foreſeen,
He thus beſpoke his Siſter and his Queen.
The hour draws on; the deſtinies ordain,
My god-like ſon ſhall preſs the *Phrygian* plain:
Already on the verge of death he ſtands,
His life is ow'd to fierce *Patroclus'* hands.

What

terred in his native country, and honoured with monuments erected to his fame. Theſe peculiar and diſtinguiſhing honours ſeem appropriated by our Author to him alone, as the reward of a merit ſuperior to all his other leſs perfect heroes.

V. 522. *As when two vultures.*] *Homer* compares *Patroclus* and *Sarpedon* to two vultures, becauſe they appeared to be of equal ſtrength and abilities, when they had diſmount'd from their chariots. For this reaſon he has choſen to compare them to birds of the ſame kind; as on another occaſion, to image the like equality of ſtrength, he reſembles both *Hector* and *Patroclus* to lions: But a little after this place, diminiſhing the force of *Sarpedon*, he compares him to a bull, and *Patroclus* to a lion. He has placed theſe vultures upon a high rock, becauſe it is their nature to perch there, rather than in the boughs of trees. Their crooked talons make them unfit to walk on the ground; they could not fight ſteadily, in the air, and therefore their fitteſt place is the rock. *Euſtath.us.*

What paſſions in a parent's breaſt debate?
Say, ſhall I ſnatch him from impending fate,
And ſend him ſafe to *Lycia*, diſtant far
From all the dangers and the toils of war;

V. 535. *Say, ſhall I ſnatch him from impending fate.*] It appears by this paſſage that *Homer* was of opinion, that the power of God could over-rule fate or deſtiny. It has puzzled many to diſtinguiſh exactly the notion of the heathens as to this point. Mr. *Dryden* contends that *Jupiter* was limited by the deſtinies, or (to uſe his expreſſion) was no better than book-keeper to them. He grounds it upon a paſſage in the tenth book of *Virgil*, where *Jupiter* mentions this inſtance of *Sarpedon* as a proof of his yielding to the fates. But both that, and his citation from *Ovid*, amounts to no more than that *Jupiter* gave way to deſtiny; not that he could not prevent it, the contrary to which is plain from his doubt and deliberation in this place. And indeed whatever may be inferred of other poets, *Homer*'s opinion at leaſt, as to the diſpenſations of God to man, has ever ſeemed to me very clear, and diſtinctly agreeable to truth. We ſhall find, if we examine his whole works with an eye to this doctrine, that he aſſigns three cauſes for all the good that happens in this world, which he takes a particular care to diſtinguiſh. Firſt the *will of God*, ſuperior to all.

—— Διὸς δ' ἐτελείετο βουλή. *Il.* 1.
—— Θεὸς διὰ πάντα τελευτᾷ. *Il.* 19. v. 90.
Ζεὺς ἀγαθόν τε κακόν τε δίδοι.—&c.

Secondly, *deſtiny* or *fate*, meaning the laws and order of nature affecting the conſtitutions of men, and diſpoſing them to good or evil, proſperity or misfortune; which the ſupreme being, if it be his pleaſure, may over-rule (as he is inclined to do in this place) but which he generally ſuffers to take effect. Thirdly, our own *free will*, which either by prudence overcomes thoſe natural influences and paſſions, or by folly ſuffers us to fall under them. *Odyſſ.* 1. 22.

Ὦ πόποι, οἷον δή νυ Θεὺς βροτοὶ αἰτιόωνται.
Ἐξ ἡμέων γάρ φασι κάκ' ἔμμεναι. οἱ δὲ καὶ αὐτοὶ
Σφῇσιν ἀτασθαλίῃσιν ὑπὲρ μόρον ἄλγε' ἔχουσιν.

'Why charge mankind on heav'n their own offence,
'And call their woes the crime of providence?
'Blind! who themſelves their miſeries create,
'And periſh by their folly, not their fate.

Or to his doom my braveſt offspring yield,
And fatten with celeſtial blood, the field?
Then thus the Goddeſs with the radiant eyes:
What words are theſe? O ſov'reign of the ſkies!
Short is the date preſcrib'd to mortal man;
Shall *Jove*, for one, extend a narrow ſpan?
Whoſe bounds were fix'd before his race began?
How many ſons of Gods, foredoom'd to death,
Before proud *Ilion*, muſt reſign their breath!
Were thine exempt, debate would riſe above,
And murm'ring pow'rs condemn their partial *Jove*.
Give the bold chief a glorious fate in fight;
And when th' aſcending ſoul has wing'd her flight,
Let *Sleep* and *Death* convey, by thy command,
The breathleſs body to his native land.
His friends and people, to his future praiſe,
A marble tomb, and pyramid ſhall raiſe,
And laſting honours to his aſhes give;
His fame ('tis all the dead can have) ſhall live.
She ſaid; the Cloud-compeller overcome,
Aſſents to fate, and ratifies the doom.

Then,

V. 551. *Let* Sleep *and* Death *convey, by thy command, The breathleſs body to his native land.*]

The hiſtory or fable received in *Homer*'s time, imported that *Sarpedon* was interred in *Lycia*, but it ſaid nothing of his death. This gave the poet the liberty to make him die at *Troy*, provided that after his death he was carried into *Lycia* to preſerve the fable. The expedient propoſed by *Juno* ſolves all; *Sarpedon* dies at *Troy*, and is interred at *Lycia*: and what renders this probable is, that in thoſe times, as at this day, Princes and perſons of quality who died in foreign parts, were carried into their country to be laid in the tombs of their fathers. The antiquity of this cuſtom cannot be doubted, ſince it was practiſed in the patriarchs' time: *Jacob* dying in *Egypt*, orders his children to carry him into the land of *Canaan*, where he deſired to be buried. *Gen.* 49. 29. *Dacier.*

Then, touch'd with grief, the weeping heav'ns diſtill'd
A ſhow'r of blood o'er all the fatal field;
The God, his eyes averting from the plain,
Laments his ſon, predeſtin'd to be ſlain,
Far from the *Lycian* ſhores, his happy native reign.
Now met in arms, the combatants appear,
Each heav'd the ſhield, and pois'd the lifted ſpear:
From ſtrong *Patroclus'* hand the jav'lin fled,
And paſs'd the groin of valiant *Traſymed*;
The nerves unbrac'd no more his bulk ſuſtain,
He falls, and falling bites the bloody plain.
Two ſounding darts the *Lycian* leader threw;
The firſt aloof with erring fury flew,
The next tranſpierc'd *Achilles* mortal ſteed,
The gen'rous *Pedaſus*, of *Theban* breed;
Fix'd in the ſhoulder-joint, he reel'd around;
Roll'd in the bloody duſt, and paw'd the ſlipp'ry ground:
His ſudden fall th' entangled harneſs broke;
Each axle crackled, and the chariot ſhook:

V. 560. *A ſhow'r of blood.*] As to ſhowers of a bloody colour, many both ancient and modern naturaliſts agree in aſſerting the reality of ſuch appearances, tho' they account for them differently. You may ſee a very odd ſolution of them in *Euſtathius*, Note on V. 70. of the eleventh Iliad. What ſeems the moſt probable, is that of *Fromendus* in his *Meteorology*, who obſerved, that a ſhower of this kind, which gave great cauſe of wonder, was nothing but a quantity of very ſmall red inſects, beat down to the earth by a heavy ſhower, whereby the ground was ſpotted in ſeveral places, as with drops of blood.

V. 572. —Achilles' *mortal ſteed,*
The gen'rous Pedaſus—]

For the other two horſes of *Achilles*, *Xanthus* and *Balius*, were immortal, as we have already ſeen in this book. It is a merry conceit of *Euſtathius*, that *Pedaſus* is only ſaid to be mortal, becauſe of the three horſes he only was a gelding. 'Tis pity poor *Pedaſus* had not a better fate to have recompenſed the loſs of his immortality.

When bold *Automedon* to diſengage
The ſtarting courſers, and reſtrain their rage,
Divides the traces with his ſword, and freed
Th' incumber'd chariot from the dying ſteed:
The reſt move on obedient to the rein;
The car rolls ſlowly o'er the duſty plain.
The tow'ring chiefs to fiercer fight advance,
And firſt *Sarpedon* whirl'd his weighty lance,
Which o'er the warrior's ſhoulder took its courſe,
And ſpent in empty air its dying force.
Not ſo *Patroclus'* never-erring dart;
Aim'd at his breaſt, it pierc'd the mortal part,
Where the ſtrong fibres bind the ſolid heart.
Then as the mountain oak, or poplar tall,
Or pine (fit maſt for ſome great admiral)
Nods to the axe, 'till with a groaning ſound
It ſinks, and ſpreads its honours on the ground;
Thus fell the King; and laid on earth ſupine,
Before his chariot ſtretch'd his form divine:
He graſp'd the duſt diſtain'd with ſtreaming gore,
And pale in death lay groaning on the ſhore.
So lies a bull beneath a lion's paws,
While the grim ſavage grinds with foamy jaws
The trembling limbs, and ſucks the ſmoaking blood;
Deep groans, and hollow roars, rebellow through the wood.
Then to the leader of the *Lycian* band
The dying chief addreſs'd his laſt command.
Glaucus, be bold; thy taſk be firſt to dare
The glorious dangers of deſtructive war,

To

V. 605. Glaucus, *be bold*, &c.] This dying ſpeech of *Sarpedon* deſerves particular notice, being made up of noble ſentiments, and fully anſwering the character of this brave and generous

To lead my troops, to combat at their head,
Incite the living, and ſupply the dead.
Tell 'em, I charg'd 'em with my lateſt breath
Not unreveng'd to bear *Sarpedon*'s death.
What grief, what ſhame muſt *Glaucus* undergo,
If theſe ſpoil'd arms adorn a *Grecian* foe?
Then as a friend, and as a warrior, fight;
Defend my body, conquer in my right;
That taught by great examples, all may try
Like thee to vanquiſh, or like me to die.
He ceas'd; the fates ſuppreſs his lab'ring breath,
And his eyes darken'd with the ſhades of death.
Th' inſulting victor with diſdain beſtrode
The proſtrate prince, and on his boſom trod;
Then drew the weapon from his panting heart,
The reeking fibres clinging to the dart;
From the wide wound guſh'd out a ſtream of blood,
And the ſoul iſſu'd in the purple flood.
His flying ſteeds the *Myrmidons* detain,
Unguided now, their mighty maſter ſlain.
All impotent of aid, tranſfix'd with grief,
Unhappy *Glaucus* heard the dying chief.

generous Prince, which he preſerves in his laſt moments. Being ſenſible of approaching death, without any tranſports of rage, or deſire of revenge, he calls to his friend to take care to preſerve his body and arms from becoming a prey to the enemy: And this he ſays without any regard to himſelf, but out of the moſt tender concern for his friend's reputation, who muſt for ever become infamous if he fails in this point of honour and duty. If we conceive this ſaid by the expiring hero, his dying locks fixed on his wounded friend, the ſpear remaining in his body, and the victor ſtanding by in a kind of extaſy ſurveying his conqueſt; theſe circumſtances will form a very moving picture. *Patroclus* all this while, either out of humanity or ſurprize, omits to pull out the ſpear, which however he does not long forbear, but with it drawing forth his vitals, puts a period to this gallant life.

His painful arm, yet uſeleſs with the ſmart
Inflicted late by *Teucer's* deadly dart,
Supported on his better hand he ſtay'd;
To *Phœbus* then ('twas all he could) he pray'd.
All-ſeeing Monarch! whether *Lycia's* coaſt,
Or ſacred *Ilion* thy bright preſence boaſt;
Pow'rful alike to eaſe the wretch's ſmart;
Oh hear me! God of ev'ry healing art!
Lo! ſtiff with clotted blood, and pierc'd with pain,
That thrills my arm, and ſhoots thro' ev'ry vein;
I ſtand unable to ſuſtain the ſpear,
And ſigh, at diſtance from the glorious war.
Low in the duſt is great *Sarpedon* laid,
Nor *Jove* vouchſaf'd his hapleſs offspring aid.
But thou, O God of Health! thy ſuccour lend,
To guard the reliques of my ſlaughter'd friend.
For thou, tho' diſtant, can'ſt reſtore my might,
To head my *Lycians*, and ſupport the fight.
Apollo heard; and ſuppliant as he ſtood,
His heav'nly hand reſtrain'd the flux of blood;
He drew the dolours from the wounded part,
And breath'd a ſpirit in his riſing heart.

Renew'd

V. 637. —*Pierc'd with pain,*
That thrills my arm, and ſhoots thro' ev'ry vein.]

There ſeems to be an overſight in this place. *Glaucus* in the twelfth book had been wounded with an arrow by *Teucer* at the attack of the wall; and here ſo long after, we find him ſtill on the field, *in the ſharpeſt anguiſh of his wound, the blood not being yet ſtanch'd*, &c. In the ſpeech that next follows to *Hector*, there is alſo ſomething liable to cenſure, when he imputes to the negligence of the *Trojans* the death of *Sarpedon*, of which they knew nothing till that very ſpeech informed them. I beg leave to paſs over theſe things without expoſing or defending them; tho' ſuch as theſe may be ſufficient grounds for a moſt inveterate war among the criticks.

Renew'd by art divine, the hero ſtands,
And owns th' aſſiſtance of immortal hands.
Firſt to the fight his native troops he warms,
Then loudly calls on *Troy*'s vindictive arms;
With ample ſtrides he ſtalks from place to place,
Now fires *Agenor*, now *Polydamas*;
Æneas next, and *Hector* he accoſts;
Inflaming thus the rage of all their hoſts.
What thoughts, regardleſs chief! thy breaſt employ?
Oh too forgetful of the friends of *Troy!*
Thoſe gen'rous friends, who, from their country far,
Breathe their brave ſouls out in another's war.
See! where in duſt the great *Sarpedon* lies,
In action valiant, and in counſel wiſe,
Who guarded right, and kept his people free;
To all his *Lycians* loſt, and loſt to thee!
Stretch'd by *Patroclus*' arm on yonder plains,
Oh ſave from hoſtile rage his lov'd remains:
Ah! let not *Greece* his conquer'd trophies boaſt,
Nor on his corſe revenge her heroes loſt.
He ſpoke; each leader in his grief partook,
Troy, at the loſs, thro' all her legions ſhook.
Tranſfix'd with deep regret, they view o'erthrown
At once his country's pillar, and their own;
A chief, who led to *Troy*'s beleaguer'd wall
A hoſt of heroes, and out-ſhin'd them all.
Fir'd, they ruſh on; Firſt *Hector* ſeeks the foes,
And with ſuperior vengeance greatly glows.
But o'er the dead the fierce *Patroclus* ſtands,
And rouzing *Ajax*, rouz'd the liſt'ning bands.
Heroes, be men! be what you were before;
Or weigh the great occaſion, and be more,

The chief who taught our lusty walls to yield,
Lies pale in death, extended on the field.
To guard his body *Troy* in numbers flies;
'Tis half the glory to maintain our prize.
Haste, strip his arms, the slaughter round him spread,
And send the living *Lycians* to the dead.

The heroes kindle at his fierce commard;
The martial squadrons close on either hand:
Here *Troy* and *Lycia* charge with loud alarms,
Thessalia there, and *Greece*, oppose their arms.
With horrid shouts they circle round the slain;
The clash of armour rings o'er all the plain.
Great *Jove*, to swell the horrors of the fight,
O'er the fierce armies pours pernicious night,
And round his son confounds the warring hosts,
His fate ennobling with a croud of ghosts.

Now *Greece* gives way, and great *Epigeus* falls;
Agac'eus' son, from *Budium*'s lofty walls:
Who chas'd for murder thence, a suppliant came
To *Peleus*, and the silver-footed dame;
Now sent to *Troy*, *Achilles'* arms to aid,
He pays due vengeance to his kinsman's shade.
Soon as his luckless hand had touch'd the dead,
A rock's large fragment thunder'd on his head;
Hurl'd by *Hectorean* force, it cleft in twain
His shatter'd helm, and stretch'd him o'er the slain.

Fierce

V. 695. *Great* Jove—*O'er the fierce armies pour's pernicious Night.*] *Homer* calls here by the name of Night, the whirlwinds of thick dust which rise from beneath the feet of the combatants, and which hinder them from knowing one another. Thus poetry knows how to convert the most natural things into miracles; these two armies are buried in dust round *Sarpedon*'s body; 'tis *Jupiter* who pours upon them an obscure night, to make the battle bloodier, and to honour the funeral of his son by a greater number of victims. *Eustathius.*

Fierce to the van of fight *Patroclus* came;
And, like an eagle darting at his game,
Sprung on the *Trojan* and the *Lycian* band:
What grief thy heart, what fury urg'd thy hand,
Oh gen'rous *Greek!* when with full vigour thrown
At *Stenelaüs* flew the mighty ſtone,
Which ſunk him to the dead: when *Troy*, too near
That arm, drew back; and *Hector* learn'd to fear.
Far as an able hand a lance can throw,
Or at the liſts, or at the fighting foe;
So far the *Trojans* from their lines retir'd;
Till *Glaucus*, turning, all the reſt inſpir'd.
Then *Bathycles* fell beneath his rage,
The only hope of *Chalcon's* trembling age:
Wide o'er the land was ſtretch'd his large domain,
With ſtately ſeats, and riches, bleſs'd in vain:
Him, bold with youth, and eager to purſue
Thy flying *Lycians*, *Glaucus* met, and ſlew;
Pierc'd thro' the boſom with a ſudden wound,
He fell, and falling, made the fields reſound.
Th' *Achaians* ſorrow for their hero ſlain;
With conqu'ring ſhouts the *Trojans* ſhake the plain,
And croud to ſpoil the dead: the *Greeks* oppoſe;
An iron circle round the carcaſs grows.
Then brave *Laogonus* reſign'd his breath,
Diſpatch'd by *Merion* to the ſhades of death:
On *Ida's* holy hill he made abode,
The prieſt of *Jove*, and honour'd like his God.
Between the jaw and ear the jav'lin went;
The ſoul, exhaling, iſſu'd at the vent.
His ſpear *Æneas* at the victor threw,
Who ſtooping forward from the death withdrew;
The lance hiſs'd harmleſs on his cov'ring ſhield,
And trembling ſhook, and rooted in the field;

There

There yet ſcarce ſpent, it quivers on the plain,
Sent by the great *Æneas*' arm in vain.
Swift as thou art (the raging hero cries)
And ſkill'd in dancing to diſpute the prize,
My ſpear the deſtin'd paſſage had it found,
Had fix'd thy active vigour to the ground.
Oh valiant leader of the *Dardan* hoſt!
(Inſulted *Merion* thus retorts the boaſt)
Strong as you are, 'tis mortal force you truſt,
An arm as ſtrong may ſtretch thee in the duſt.
And if to this my lance thy fate be giv'n,
Vain are thy vaunts; Succeſs is ſtill from heav'n;
This inſtant ſends thee down to *Pluto*'s coaſt,
Mine is the glory, his thy parting ghoſt.
O friend (*Menœtius*' ſon this anſwer gave)
With words to combat, ill befits the brave:
Not empty boaſts the ſons of *Troy* repel,
Your ſword muſt plunge them to the ſhades of hell.
To ſpeak, beſeems the council; but to dare
In glorious action, is the taſk of war.
This ſaid, *Patroclus* to the battle flies;
Great *Merion* follows, and new ſhouts ariſe:
Shields, helmets rattle, as the warriors cloſe;
And thick and heavy ſounds the ſtorm of blows.
As thro' the ſhrilling vale, or mountain ground,
The labours of the woodman's axe reſound;
Blows following blows are heard re-echoing wide,
While crackling foreſts fall on ev'ry ſide.

Thus

V. 746. *And ſkill'd in dancing.*] This ſtroke of raillery upon *Meriones* is founded on the cuſtom of his country. For the *Cretans* were peculiarly addicted to this exerciſe, and in particular are ſaid to have invented the *Pyrrhic* dance, which was performed in complete armour. See Note on V. 797. in the thirteenth book.

Thus echo'd all the fields with loud alarms,
So fell the warriors, and ſo rung their arms.
Now great *Sarpedon*, on the ſandy ſhore,
His heav'nly form defac'd with duſt and gore,
And ſtuck with darts by warring heroes ſhed,
Lies undiſtinguiſh'd from the vulgar dead.
His long-diſputed corſe the chiefs incloſe,
On ev'ry ſide the buſy combat grows;
Thick, as beneath ſome ſhepherd's thatch'd abode,
(The pails high-foaming with a milky flood,)
The buzzing flies, a perſevering train,
Inceſſant ſwarm, and chas'd return again.
Jove view'd the combat with a ſtern ſurvey,
And eyes that flaſh'd intolerable day;
Fix'd on the field his fight, his breaſt debates
The vengeance due, and meditates the fates;
Whether to urge their prompt effect, and call
The force of *Hector* to *Patroclus'* fall,
This inſtant ſee his ſhort-liv'd trophies won,
And ſtretch him breathleſs on his ſlaughter'd ſon;
Or yet, with many a ſoul's untimely flight,
Augment the fame and horror of the fight?
To crown *Achilles'* valiant friend with praiſe
At length he dooms; and this his laſt of days
Shall ſet in glory; bids him drive the foe;
Nor unattended, ſee the ſhades below.
Then *Hector's* mind he fills with dire diſmay;
He mounts his car, and calls his hoſts away,
Sunk with *Troy's* heavy fates, he ſees decline
The ſcales of *Jove*, and pants with awe divine.
Then, nor before, the hardy *Lycians* fled,
And left their monarch with the common dead:
Around, in heaps on heaps, a dreadful wall
Of carnage riſes, as the heroes fall.

(So

(So *Jove* decreed!) At length the *Greeks* obtain
The prize conteſted, and deſpoil the ſlain.
The radiant arms are by *Patroclus* borne,
Patroclus' ſhips the glorious ſpoils adorn.
Then thus to *Phœbus*, in the realms above,
Spoke from his throne the cloud-compelling *Jove*.
Deſcend, my *Phœbus!* on the *Phrygian* plain,
And from the fight convey *Sarpedon* ſlain;
Then bathe his body in the cryſtal flood,
With duſt diſhonour'd, and deform'd with blood:
O'er all his limbs ambroſial odours ſhed,
And with celeſtial robes adorn the dead.
Thoſe rites diſcharg'd, his ſacred corſe bequeath
To the ſoft arms of ſilent *Sleep* and *Death*;
They to his friends the mournful charge ſhall bear,
His friends a tomb and pyramid ſhall rear;
What honours mortals after death receive,
Thoſe unavailing honours we may give!
Apollo bows, and from mount *Ida's* height,
Swift to the field precipitates his flight;
Thence from the war the breathleſs hero bore,
Veil'd in a cloud, to ſilver *Simois'* ſhore:
There bath'd his honourable wounds, and dreſt
His manly members in th' immortal veſt;
And with perfumes of ſweet ambroſial dews,
Reſtores his freſhneſs, and his form renews.
Then *Sleep* and *Death*, two twins of winged race,
Of matchleſs ſwiftneſs, but of ſilent pace,
Receiv'd

V. 831. *Then* Sleep *and* Death, *&c.*] It is the notion of *Euſtathius*, that by this interment of *Sarpedon*, where *Sleep* and *Death* are concerned, *Homer* ſeems to intimate, that there was nothing elſe but an empty monument of that hero in *Lycia*; for he delivers him not to any real or ſolid perſons, but to certain unſubſtantial phantoms to conduct his body thither. He was

Receiv'd *Sarpedon*, at the God's command,
And in a moment reach'd the *Lycian* land;
The corſe amidſt his weeping friends they laid,
Where endleſs honours wait the ſacred ſhade.
Mean while *Patroclus* pours along the plains,
With foaming courſers, and with looſen'd reins.
Fierce on the *Trojan* and the *Lycian* crew,
Ah, blind to fate! thy headlong fury flew:
Againſt what fate and pow'rful *Jove* ordain,
Vain was thy friend's command, thy courage vain.
For he the God, whoſe counſels uncontroul'd
Diſmay the mighty, and confound the bold:
The God who gives, reſumes, and orders all,
He urg'd thee on, and urg'd thee on to fall.

Who

was forced (continues my author) to make uſe of theſe machines, ſince there were no other deities he could with any likelihood employ about this work; for the ancients (as appears from *Euripides*, *Hippolyte*) had a ſuperſtition that all dead bodies were offenſive to the Gods, they being of a nature celeſtial and uncorruptible. But this laſt remark is impertinent, ſince we ſee in this place *Apollo* is employed in adorning and embalming the body of *Sarpedon*.

What I think better accounts for the paſſage, is what *Philoſtratus in Heroicis* affirms, that this alludes to a piece of antiquity. "The *Lycians* ſhewed the body of *Sarpedon*, ſtrew'd "over with aromatical ſpices in ſuch a graceful compoſure, "that he ſeemed to be only aſleep: And it was this that gave "riſe to the fiction of *Homer*, that his rites were performed by "*Sleep* and *Death*.

But after all theſe refined obſervations, it is probable the Poet intended only to repreſent the death of this favourite ſon of *Jupiter*, and one of his moſt amiable characters, in a gentle and agreeable view, without any circumſtances of dread and horror; intimating by this fiction, that he was delivered out of all the tumults and miſeries of life by two imaginary Deities, *Sleep* and *Death*, who alone can give mankind eaſe and exemption from their misfortunes.

Who firſt, brave hero! by that arm was ſlain,
Who laſt, beneath thy vengeance preſs'd the plain;
When heav'n itſelf thy fatal fury led,
And call'd to fill the number of the dead?
Adreſtus firſt; *Autonous* next ſucceeds;
Echeclus follows; next young *Megas* bleeds:
Epiſtor, *Menalippus*, bite the ground;
The ſlaughter, *Elaſus* and *Mulius* crown'd:
Then ſunk *Pylartes* to eternal night;
The reſt diſperſing, truſt their fates to flight.
Now *Troy* had ſtoop'd beneath his matchleſs pow'r,
But flaming *Phœbus* kept the ſacred tow'r.
Thrice at the battlements *Patroclus* ſtrook,
His blazing *Ægis* thrice *Apollo* ſhook:
He try'd the fourth; when, burſting from a cloud,
A more than mortal voice was heard aloud:
Patroclus! ceaſe: This heav'n-defended wall
Deſies thy lance; not fated yet to fall;
Thy friend, thy greater far, it ſhall withſtand,
Troy ſhall not ſtoop ev'n to *Achilles'* hand.
So ſpoke the God, who darts celeſtial fires:
The *Greek* obeys him, and with awe retires.
While *Hector*, checking at the *Scæan* gates
His panting courſers, in his breaſt debates,

Or

V. 847. *Who firſt, brave hero*, &c.] The poet in a very moving and ſolemn way turns his diſcourſe to *Patroclus*. He does not accoſt his muſe, as it is uſual with him to do, but enquires of the hero himſelf who was the firſt, and who the laſt, who fell by his hand? This addreſs diſtinguiſhes and ſignalizes *Patroclus*, (to whom *Homer* uſes it more frequently, than I remember on any other occaſion) as if he was ſome genius or divine being, and at the ſame time it is very pathetical, and apt to move our compaſſion. The ſame kind of apoſtrophe is uſed by *Virgil* to *Camilla*.

Quem telo primum, quem poſtremum, aſpera virgo!
Dejicis? Aut quot tibi morientia corpora fundis?

Or in the field his forces to employ,
Or draw the troops within the walls of *Troy*.
Thus while he thought, beſide him *Phœbus* ſtood,
In *Aſius'* ſhape, who reign'd by *Sangar's* flood;
(Thy brother, *Hecuba!* from *Dymas* ſprung,
A valiant warrior, haughty, bold, and young.)
Thus he accoſts him. What a ſhameful fight!
Gods! is it *Hector* that forbears the fight?
Were thine my vigour, this ſucceſsful ſpear
Should ſoon convince thee of ſo falſe a fear.
Turn then, ah turn thee to the field of fame,
And in *Patroclus'* blood efface thy ſhame;
Perhaps *Apollo* ſhall thy arms ſucceed,
And heav'n ordains him by thy lance to bleed.
So ſpoke th' inſpiring God; then took his flight,
And plung'd amidſt the tumult of the fight.
He bids *Cebrion* drive the rapid car:
The laſh reſounds; the courſers ruſh to war.
The God the *Grecians'* ſinking ſouls depreſt,
And pour'd ſwift ſpirits thro' each *Trojan* breaſt.
Patroclus lights, impatient for the fight;
A ſpear his left, a ſtone employs his right:
With all his nerves he drives it at the foe;
Pointed above, and rough and groſs below:
The falling ruin cruſh'd *Cebrion's* head,
(The lawleſs offspring of King *Priam's* bed.)
His front, brows, eyes, one undiſtinguiſh'd wound,
The burſting balls dropt ſightleſs to the ground.
The charioteer, while yet he held the rein,
Struck from the car, falls headlong on the plain.
To the dark ſhades the ſoul unwilling glides,
While the proud victor thus his fall derides.

Good

Good heav'ns! what active feats yon' artiſt ſhows,
What ſkilful divers are our *Phrygian* foes!

Mark

V. 904. *What ſkilful divers*, &c.] The original is literally thus: *'Tis pity he is not nearer the ſea, he would furniſh good quantities of excellent oiſters, and the ſtorms would not frighten him; ſee how he exerciſes and plunges from the top of his chariot into the plain! Who would think that there were ſuch good divers at* Troy? This ſeems to be a little too long; and if this paſſage be really *Homer's*, I could almoſt ſwear that he intended to let us know, that a good ſoldier may be an indifferent jeſter. But I very much doubt whether this paſſage be his: It is very likely theſe five laſt verſes were added by ſome of the antient criticks, whoſe caprices *Homer* has frequently undergone: or perhaps ſome of the rhapſodiſts, who in reciting his verſes, made additions of their own to pleaſe their auditors. And what perſuades me of its being ſo, is, that 'tis by no means probable that *Patroclus*, who had lately blamed *Meriones* for his little raillery againſt *Æneas*, and told him, "that 'twas not by raillery or invective that they were to repel the *Trojans*, but by dint of blows; that Council required "words, but War deeds:" It is by no means probable, I ſay, that the ſame *Patroclus* ſhould forget that excellent precept, and amuſe himſelf with raillery, eſpecially in the ſight of *Hector*. I am therefore of opinion that *Patroclus* ſaid no more than this verſe, Ω πόπον, &c. *Good Gods! what an active* Trojan *it is, and how cleverly he dives*; and that the five following are ſtrangers, tho' very ancient. *Dacier.*

I muſt juſt take notice, that, however mean or ill placed theſe railleries may appear, there have not been wanting ſuch fond lovers of *Homer* as have admired and imitated them. *Milton* himſelf is of this number, as may be ſeen from thoſe very low jeſts, which he has put into the mouth of *Satan* and his angels in the ſixth book. What *Æneas* ſays to *Meriones* upon his dancing, is nothing ſo trivial as thoſe lines; where after the diſploſion of their diaboliſal enginry, angel rolling on arch-angel, they are thus derided.

'—When we propounded terms
'Of compoſition, ſtrait they chang'd their minds,
'Flew off, and into ſtrange vagaries fell,
'As they would dance; yet for a dance they ſeem'd
'Somewhat extravagant and wild, perhaps,
'For joy of offer'd peace—*&c.*
'—Terms that amus'd 'em all,

'And

Mark with what eaſe they ſink into the ſand!
Pity! that all their practice is by land.
Then ruſhing ſudden on his proſtrate prize,
To ſpoil the carcaſs fierce *Patroclus* flies:
Swift as a lion, terrible and bold,
That ſweeps the fields, depopulates the fold,
Pierc'd thro' the dauntleſs heart, then tumbles ſlain,
And from his fatal courage finds his bane.
At once bold *Hector* leaping from his car,
Defends the body, and provokes the war.
Thus for ſome ſlaughter'd hind, with equal rage,
Two lordly rulers of the wood engage;
Stung with fierce hunger, each the prey invades,
And echoing roars rebellow thro' the ſhades.
Stern *Hector* faſtens on the warrior's head,
And by the foot *Patroclus* drags the dead,
While all around, confuſion, rage, and fright
Mix the contending hoſts in mortal fight.
So pent by hills, the wild winds roar aloud
In the deep boſom of ſome gloomy wood;
Leaves, arms, and trees aloft in air are blown,
The broad oaks crackle, and the *Sylvans* groan;
This way and that, the rattling thicket bends,
And the whole foreſt in one craſh deſcends.
Not with leſs noiſe, with leſs tumultuous rage,
In dreadful ſhock the mingled hoſts engage.
Darts ſhow'r'd on darts, now round the carcaſs ring;
Now flights of arrows bounding from the ſtring;
Stones follow ſtones; ſome clatter on the fields,
Some hard, and heavy, ſhake the ſounding ſhields.

But

' And ſtumbled many; who receives them right
' Had need from head to foot well underſtand:
' Not underſtood this gift they have beſides,
' They ſhew us when our foes walk not upright.

But where the riſing whirlwind clouds the plains,
Sunk in ſoft duſt the mighty chief remains,
And ſtretch'd in death, forgets the guiding reins!
Now flaming from the *Zenith*, *Sol* had driv'n
His fervid orb thro' half the vault of heav'n;
While on each hoſt with equal tempeſt fell
The ſhow'ring darts, and numbers ſunk to hell.
But when his evening wheels o'erhung the main,
Glad conqueſt reſted on the *Grecian* train.
Then from amidſt the tumult and alarms,
They draw the conquer'd corſe, and radiant arms
Then raſh *Patroclus* with new fury glows,
And breathing ſlaughter, pours amid the foes.
Thrice on the preſs like *Mars* himſelf he flew,
And thrice three heroes at each onſet ſlew.
There ends thy glory! there the fates untwine
The laſt, black remnant of ſo bright a line;
Apollo dreadful ſtops thy middle way;
Death calls, and heav'n allows no longer day!
For lo! the God, in duſky clouds enſhrin'd,
Approaching dealt a ſtagg'ring blow behind.
The weighty ſhock his neck and ſhoulders feel;
His eyes flaſh ſparkles, his ſtunn'd ſenſes reel
In giddy darkneſs: Far to diſtance flung,
His bounding helmet on the champain rung.

Achilles'

V. 952. Apollo *dreadful*, &c.] If *Homer* is reſolved to do any thing extraordinary, or arbitrary, which his readers may not very well reliſh, he takes care however to prepare them by degrees for receiving ſuch innovations. He had before given us a ſketch of this trick of the Gods in the thirteenth book, where *Neptune* ſerves *Alcathoüs* much in the ſame manner. *Apollo* here carries it a little farther; and both theſe are ſpecimens of what we are to expect from *Minerva* at the death of *Hector* in *Il.* 22.

Achilles' plume is ſtain'd with duſt and gore,
That plume, which never ſtoop'd to earth before,
Long us'd, untouch'd in fighting fields to ſhine,
And ſhade the temples of the man divine.
Jove dooms it now on *Hector's* helm to nod;
Not long—for fate purſues him and the God.
His ſpear in ſhivers falls: His ample ſhield
Drops from his arm: His baldrick ſtrows the field:
The corſlet his aſtoniſh'd breaſt forſakes:
Looſe is each joint; each nerve with horror ſhakes.
Stupid he ſtares, and all-aſſiſtleſs ſtands:
Such is the force of more than mortal hands!

A *Dardan* youth there was, well known to fame,
From *Panthus* ſprung, *Euphorbus* was his name;
Fam'd for the manage of the foaming horſe,
Skill'd in the dart, and matchleſs in the courſe:
Full twenty knights he tumbled from the car,
While yet he learn'd his rudiments of war.
His vent'rous ſpear firſt drew the hero's gore;
He ſtruck, he wounded, but he durſt no more;
Nor tho' diſarm'd, *Patroclus'* fury ſtood:
But ſwift withdrew the long-protended wood,
And turn'd him ſhort, and herded in the crowd.
Thus, by an arm divine, and mortal ſpear,
Wounded at once, *Patroclus* yields to fear,
Retires for ſuccour to his ſocial train,
And flies the fate which heav'n decreed, in vain.
Stern *Hector*, as the bleeding chief he views,
Breaks thro' the ranks, and his retreat purſues:
The lance arreſts him with a mortal wound;
He falls, earth thunders, and his arms reſound.
With him all *Greece* was ſunk; that moment all
Her yet ſurviving heroes ſeem'd to fall.

So

So ſcorch'd with heat along the deſart ſhore,
The roaring lion meets a briſtly boar,
Faſt by the ſpring; they both diſpute the flood,
With flaming eyes, and jaws beſmear'd with blood;
At length the ſov'reign ſavage wins the ſtrife,
And the torn boar reſigns his thirſt and life.
Patroclus thus, ſo many chiefs o'erthrown,
So many lives effus'd, expires his own.
As dying now at *Hector*'s feet he lies,
He ſternly views him, and triumphing cries:

Lie there, *Patroclus!* and with thee, the joy
Thy pride once promis'd, of ſubverting *Troy*;
The fancy'd ſcenes of *Ilion* wrapt in flames,
And thy ſoft pleaſures ſerv'd with captive dames!
Unthinking man! I fought, theſe tow'rs to free,
And guard that beauteous race from Lords like thee;
But thou a prey to vultures ſhalt be made;
Thy own *Achilles* cannot lend thee aid;
Tho' much at parting that great chief might ſay,
And much enjoin thee, this important day,
"Return not, my brave friend (perhaps he ſaid)
"Without the bloody arms of *Hector* dead."
He ſpoke, *Patroclus* march'd, and thus he ſped.

Supine, and wildly gazing on the ſkies,
With faint, expiring breath, the chief replies.

Vain

V. 1003. *Lie there*, Patroclus! *&c.*] There is much ſpirit in this ſarcaſm of *Hector* upon *Patroclus*: Nor is *Achilles* exempt from the ſeverity of the reflection, who (as he imagines) has perſuaded his deareſt friend to attempt exploits that were impracticable. He touches him alſo, for ſtaying at home in ſecurity himſelf, and encouraging *Patroclus* to undertake this perilous adventure, and to ſeek after ſpoils which he was never like to enjoy. *Euſtathius.*

Vain boaſter! ceaſe, and know the pow'rs divine;
Jove's and *Apollo*'s is this deed, not thine;
To heav'n is ow'd whate'er your own you call,
And heav'n itſelf diſarm'd me ere my fall.
Had twenty mortals, each thy match in might,
Oppos'd me fairly, they had ſunk in fight:
By Fate and *Phœbus* was I firſt o'erthrown,
Euphorbus next; the third mean part thy own.
But thou, imperious! hear my lateſt breath;
The Gods inſpire it, and it ſounds thy death,
Inſulting man! thou ſhalt be ſoon, as I;
Black fate hangs o'er thee, and thy hour draws nigh;
Ev'n now on life's laſt verge I ſee thee ſtand,
I ſee thee fall, and by *Achilles*' hand.
He faints; the ſoul unwilling wings her way,
(The beauteous body left a load of clay)

Flits

V. 1026.—*Hear my lateſt breath,*
The Gods inſpire it.—]

It is an opinion of great antiquity, that when the ſoul is on the point of being delivered from the body, and makes a nearer approach to the divine nature, at ſuch a time its views are ſtronger and clearer, and the mind endowed with a ſpirit of true prediction. So *Artemon* of *Miletum* ſays in his book of dreams, that when the ſoul has collected all its powers from every limb and part of the body, and is juſt ready to be ſevered from it, at that time it becomes prophetical. *Socrates* alſo in his defence to the *Athenians*, "I am now arrived at the "verge of life, wherein it is familiar with people to foretell "what will come to paſs." *Euſtathius.*

This opinion ſeems alluded to in thoſe admirable lines of *Waller*.

'Leaving the old, both worlds at once they view,
'Who ſtand upon the threſhold of the new.'

V. 1032. *The death of* Patroclus.] I ſometimes think I am in reſpect to *Homer* much like *Sancho Panca* with regard to *Don Quixote*. I believe upon the whole that no mortal ever came near him for wiſdom, learning, and all good qualities. But ſometimes there are certain ſtarts which I cannot tell what

Flits to the lone, uncomfortable coaſt;
A naked, wand'ring, melancholy ghoſt! 1035

Then

what to make of, and am forced to own that my maſter is a little out of the way, if not quite beſide himſelf. The preſent paſſage of the death of *Patroclus*, attended with ſo many odd circumſtances to overthrow this hero, (who might, for all I can ſee, as decently have fallen by the force of *Hector*) are what I am at a loſs to excuſe, and muſt indeed (on my own opinion) give them up to the critiçks. I really think almoſt all thoſe parts in *Homer* which have been objected againſt with moſt clamour and fury, are honeſtly defenſible, and none of them (to confeſs my private ſentiment) ſeem to me to be faults of any conſideration, except this conduct in the death of *Patroclus*, the length of *Neſtor*'s diſcourſe in *Lib.* 11. the ſpeech of *Achilles*'s horſe in the 19th. the converſation of that hero with *Æneas* in *Lib.* 20. and the manner of *Hector*'s flight round the walls of *Troy*, in *Lib.* 22. I hope, after ſo free a confeſſion, no reaſonable modern will think me touched with the Ὁμηροφαυλία of Madam *Dacier* and others. I am ſenſible of the extremes which mankind run into, in extolling and depreciating authors: We are not more violent and unreaſonable in attacking thoſe who are not yet eſtabliſhed in fame, than in defending thoſe who are, even in every minute triſle. Fame is a debt, which when we have kept from people as long as we can, we pay with a prodigious intereſt, which amounts to twice the value of the principal. Thus it is with ancient works as with ancient coins, they paſs for a vaſt deal more than they were worth at firſt; and the very obſcurities and deformities which time has thrown upon them, are the ſacred ruſt, which enhances their value to all true lovers of antiquity.

But as I have owned what ſeem my author's faults, and ſubſcribed to the opinion of *Horace*, that *Homer* ſometimes nods; I think I ought to add that of *Longinus* as to ſuch negligence. I can no way ſo well conclude the notes to this book as with the tranſlation of it.

"It may not be improper to diſcuſs the queſtion in gene-
"ral, which of the two is the more eſtimable, a faulty ſub-
"lime, or a faultleſs mediocrity? and conſequently, if of two
"works, one has the greater number of beauties, and the
"other attains directly to the ſublime, which of theſe ſhall in
"equity carry the prize? I am really perſuaded that the true
"ſublime is incapable of that purity which we find in compo-
"ſitions of a lower ſtrain, and in effect that too much accuracy

"ſinks

Then *Hector* pauſing, as his eyes he fed
On the pale carcaſe, thus addreſs'd the dead.

From

" ſinks the ſpirit of an author; whereas the caſe is generally " the ſame with the favourites of nature, and thoſe of fortune, " who with the beſt œconomy cannot in the great abundance " they are bleſt with, attend to the minuter articles of their " expence. Writers of a cool imagination are cautious in their " management, and venture nothing merely to gain the cha- " racter of being correct; but the ſublime is bold and enter- " priſing, notwithſtanding that on every advance the danger en- " creaſeth. Here probably ſome will ſay that men take a ma- " licious ſatisfaction in expoſing the blemiſhes of an author; " that his errors are never forgot, while the moſt exquiſite " beauties leave but very imperfect traces on the memory. " To obviate this objection, I will ſolemnly declare, that in " my criticiſms on *Homer* and other authors, who are univer- " ſally allowed to be authentic ſtandards of the ſublime, tho' " I have cenſured their failings with as much freedom as any " one, yet I have not preſumed to accuſe them of voluntary " faults, but have gently remarked ſome little defects and " negligences, which the mind being intent on nobler ideas " did not condeſcend to regard. And on theſe principles I will " venture to lay it down for a maxim, that the ſublime (pure- " ly on account of its grandeur) is preferable to all other kinds " of ſtyle, however it may fall into ſome inequalities. The " Argonauticks of *Apollonius* are faultleſs in their kind; and " *Theocritus* hath ſhewn the happieſt vein imaginable for " paſtorals, excepting thoſe in which he has deviated from the " country: And yet if it were put to your choice, would you " have your name deſcend to poſterity with the reputation of " either of thoſe poets, rather than that of *Homer*? Nothing " can be more correct than the *Origene* of *Eratoſthenes*: but " is he therefore a greater poet than *Archilochus*, in whoſe " compoſures perſpicuity and order are often wanting; the " divine fury of his genius being too impatient for reſtraint, " and ſuperior to law? Again, do you prefer the odes of *Bac- " chilides* to *Pindar*'s, or the ſcenes of *Ion* of *Chios* to thoſe of " *Sophocles*? Their writings are allowed to be correct, polite " and delicate; whereas, on the other hand, *Pindar* and *So- " phocles* ſometimes hurry on with the greateſt impetuoſity, " and like a devouring flame ſeize and ſet on fire whatever " comes in their way; but on a ſudden the conflagration is " extinguiſhed, and they miſerably flag when no body expects " it. Yet none have ſo little diſcernment as not to prefer the

From whence this boding ſpeech, the ſtern decree
Of death denounc'd, or why denounc'd to me?
Why not as well *Achilles'* fate be giv'n
To *Hector's* lance? Who knows the will of heav'n?
Penſive he ſaid; then preſſing as he lay
His breathleſs boſom, tore the lance away;
And upwards caſt the corps: The reeking ſpear
He ſhakes, and charges the bold charioteer.
But ſwift *Automedon* with loos'ned reins
Rapt in the chariot o'er the diſtant plains,
Far from his rage th' immortal courſers drove;
Th' immortal courſers were the gift of *Jove*.

" ſingle *Oedipus* of *Sophocles* to all the Tragedies that *Ion* ever
" brought on the ſtage.

" In our deciſions therefore on the characters of theſe great
" men, who have illuſtrated what is uſeful and neceſſary with
" all the graces and elevation of ſtile; we muſt impartially
" confeſs that, with all their errors, they have more perfec-
" tions than the nature of man can almoſt be conceived capa-
" ble of attaining: For it is merely human to excel in other
" kinds of writing, but the ſublime ennobleth our nature, and
" makes near approaches to divinity: He who commits no
" faults, is barely read without cenſure; but a genius truly
" great excites admiration. In ſhort, the magnificence of a
" ſingle period in one of theſe admirable authors, is ſufficient
" to atone for all their defects: Nay, farther, if any one
" ſhould collect from *Homer*, *Demoſthenes*, *Plato*, and other
" celebrated heroes of antiquity, the little errors that have
" eſcaped them; they would not bear the leaſt proportion to the
" infinite beauties to be met with in every page of their wri-
" tings. It is on this account that envy, through ſo many
" ages, hath never been able to wreſt from them the prize of
" eloquence which their merits have ſo juſtly acquired: An
" acquiſition which they ſtill are, and will in all probability
" continue poſſeſſed of,

" As long as ſtreams in ſilver mazes rove,
" Or ſpring with annual green renews the grove.

Mr. *Fenton.*

END OF THE SIXTEENTH BOOK.

THE

THE

SEVENTEENTH BOOK

OF THE

ILIAD.

The ARGUMENT.

The seventh battle, for the body of *Patroclus*: The acts of *Menelaus*.

MENELAUS, *upon the death of* Patroclus, *defends his body from the enemy:* Euphorbus, *who attempts it, is slain.* Hector *advancing,* Menelaus *retires; but soon returns with* Ajax, *and drives him off. This* Glaucus *objects to* Hector *as a slight, who thereupon puts on the armour he had won from* Patroclus, *and renews the battle. The* Greeks *give way, till* Ajax *rallies them:* Æneas *sustains the* Trojans. Æneas *and* Hector *attempt the chariot of* Achilles, *which is borne off by* Automedon. *The horses of* Achilles *deplore the loss of* Patroclus: Jupiter *covers his body with a thick darkness: The noble prayer of* Ajax, *on that occasion.* Menelaus *sends* Antilochus *to* Achilles, *with the news of* Patroclus's *death: Then returns to the fight, where, tho' attacked with the utmost fury, he and* Meriones, *assisted by the* Ajaxes, *bear off the body to the ships.*

The time is the evening of the eight and twentieth day. The scene lies in the fields before Troy.

THE

THE

*SEVENTEENTH BOOK

OF THE

ILIAD.

ON the cold ground divine *Patroclus* spread,
Lies pierc'd with wounds among the vulgar dead.
Great *Menelaus*, touch'd with gen'rous woe,
Springs to the front, and guards him from the foe:

* This is the only book of the Iliad which is a continued description of a battle, without any digression or episode, that serves for an interval to refresh the reader. The heavenly machines too are fewer than in any other. *Homer* seems to have trusted wholly to the force of his own genius, as sufficient to support him, whatsoever length he was carried by it. But that spirit which animates the original, is what I am sensible evaporates so much in my hands; that, tho' I cannot think my author tedious, I should have made him seem so, if I had not translated this book with all possible conciseness. I hope there is nothing material omitted, though the version consists but of sixty-five lines more than the original.

However, one may observe there are more turns of fortune, more defeats, more rallyings, more accidents, in this battle, than in any other; because it was to be the last wherein the *Greeks* and *Trojans* were upon equal terms before the return of *Achilles*: and besides, all this serves to introduce the chief hero with the greater pomp and dignity.

V. 3. *Great* Menelaus——] The Poet here takes occasion to clear *Menelaus* from the imputations of idle and effeminate,

cast

Thus, round her new-fall'n young, the heifer moves, 5
Fruit of her throes, and first-born of her loves;

And

east on him in some parts of the Poem; he sets him in the front of the army, exposing himself to dangers in defending the body of *Patroclus*, and gives him the conquest of *Euphorbus*, who had the first hand in his death. He is represented as the foremost who appears in his defence, not only as one of a like disposition of mind with *Patroclus*, a kind and generous friend; but as being more immediately concerned in honour to protect from injuries the body of a hero that fell in his cause. *Eustathius*. See the Note on v. 271. of the third book.

V. 5. *Thus round her new fall'n young*, &c.] In this comparison, as *Eustathius* has very well observed, the Poet, accommodating himself to the occasion, means only to describe the affection *Menelaus* had for *Patroclus*, and the manner in which he presented himself to defend his body: And this comparison is so much the more just and agreeable, as *Menelaus* was a Prince full of goodness and mildness. He must have little sense or knowledge in Poetry, who thinks that it ought to be suppressed. It is true, we should not use it now-a-days, by reason of the low ideas we have of the animals from which it is derived; but those not being the ideas of *Homer*'s time, they could not hinder him from making a proper use of such a comparison. *Dacier*.

V. *id. Thus round her new-fall'n young*, &c.] It seems to me remarkable that the several comparisons to illustrate the concern for *Patroclus* are taken from the most tender sentiments of nature. *Achilles*, in the beginning of the sixteenth book, considers him as a child, and himself as his mother. The sorrow of *Menelaus* is here described, as that of a heifer for her young one. Perhaps these are designed to intimate the excellent temper and goodness of *Patroclus*, which is expressed in that fine elogy of him in this book, v. 671. Πάσιν γὰρ ἐπίστατο μείλιχος εἶναι, *He knew how to be good-natured to all men.* This gave all mankind these sentiments for him, and no doubt the same is strongly pointed at by the uncommon concern of the whole army to rescue his body.

The dissimilitude of manners between these two friends, *Achilles* and *Patroclus*, is very observable: Such friendships are not uncommon, and I have often assigned this reason for them, that it is natural for men to seek the assistance of those qualities in others which they want themselves. That is still better if applied to providence, which associates men of different

And anxious, (helpless as he lies, and bare)
Turns and returns her, with a mother's care,
Oppos'd to each that near the carcass came,
His broad shield glimmers, and his lances flame.
The son of *Panthus*, skill'd the dart to send,
Eyes the dead hero, and insults the friend.
This hand, *Atrides*, laid *Patroclus* low;
Warrior! desist, nor tempt an equal blow:
To me the spoils, my prowess won, resign;
Depart with life, and leave the glory mine.
The *Trojan* thus: the *Spartan* monarch burn'd
With gen'rous anguish, and in scorn return'd:
Laugh'st thou not, *Jove!* from thy superior throne,
When mortals boast of prowess not their own?
Not thus the lion glories in his might,
Nor panther braves his spotted foe in fight;
Nor thus the boar (those terrors of the plain)
Man only vaunts his force, and vaunts in vain.
But far the vainest of the boastful kind,
These sons of *Panthus* vent their haughty mind.

rent and contrary qualities, in order to make a more perfect system. But, whatever is customary in nature, *Homer* had a good poetical reason for it; for it affords many incidents to illustrate the manners of them both more strongly; and is what they call a contraste in painting.

V. 11. *The son of* Panthus.] The conduct of *Homer* is admirable, in bringing *Euphorbus* and *Menelaus* together upon this occasion; for hardly any thing, but such a signal revenge for the death of his brother, could have made *Euphorbus* stand the encounter. *Menelaus* putting him in mind of the death of his brother, gives occasion (I think) to one of the finest answers in all *Homer*; in which the insolence of *Menelaus* is retorted in a way to draw pity from every reader; and I believe there is hardly one, after such a speech, that would not wish *Euphorbus* had the better of *Menelaus*: A writer of Romances would not have failed to have given *Euphorbus* the victory. But however, it was fitter to make *Menelaus*, who had received the greatest injury, do the most revengeful actions.

Yet 'twas but late, beneath my conqu'ring steel
This boaster's brother, *Hyperenor*, fell:
Against our arm, which rashly he defy'd,
Vain was his vigour, and as vain his pride.
These eyes beheld him on the dust expire,
No more to chear his spouse, or glad his sire.
Presumptuous youth! like his shall be thy doom,
Go, wait thy brother to the *Stygian* gloom;
Or, while thou may'st, avoid the threaten'd fate;
Fools stay to feel it, and are wise too late.
Unmov'd, *Euphorbus* thus: That action known,
Come, for my brother's blood repay thy own.
His weeping father claims thy destin'd head,
And spouse, a widow in her bridal bed.
On these thy conquer'd spoils I shall bestow,
To sooth a consort's and a parent's woe.
No longer then defer the glorious strife,
Let heav'n decide our fortune, fame, and life.
Swift as the word the missile lance he flings,
The well aim'd weapon on the buckler rings;
But blunted by the brass innoxious falls:
On *Jove* the father, great *Atrides* calls.
Nor flies the jav'lin from his arm in vain,
It pierc'd his throat, and bent him to the plain;
Wide thro' the neck appears the grizzly wound,
Prone sinks the warrior, and his arms resound.
The shining circlets of his golden hair,
Which ev'n the Graces might be proud to wear,
Instarr'd with gems and gold, bestrow the shore,
With dust dishonour'd, and deform'd with gore.

As

V. 55. *Instarr'd with gems and gold.*] We have seen here a *Trojan* who uses gold and silver to adorn his hair: which made *Pliny* say, that he doubted whether the women were the first that

As the young olive, in ſome ſylvan ſcene,
Crown'd by freſh fountains with eternal green,
Lifts the gay head, in ſnowy flow'rets fair,
And plays and dances to the gentle air;
When lo! a whirlwind from high-heav'n invades
The tender plant, and withers all its ſhades;
It lies uprooted from its genial bed,
A lovely ruin now defac'd and dead.
Thus young, thus beautiful, *Euphorbus* lay,
While the fierce *Spartan* tore his arms away.
Proud of his deed, and glorious in the prize,
Affrighted *Troy* the tow'ring victor flies;

that uſed theſe ornaments. *Eſt quidem apud eundem* [Homerum] *virorum crinibus aurum implexum, ideo neſcio an prior uſus à fœminis cœperit.* lib. 33. cap. 1. He might likewiſe have ſtrengthened his doubt by the cuſtom of the *Athenians*, who put into their hair graſhoppers of gold. *Dacier.*

V. 57. *As the young olive*, &c.] This exquiſite ſimile finely illuſtrates the beauty and ſudden fall of *Euphorbus*, in which the alluſion to that circumſtance of his comely hair is peculiarly happy. *Porphyry* and *Jamblicus* acquaint us of the particular affection *Pythagoras* had for theſe verſes, which he ſet to the harp, and uſed to repeat as his own *Epicedion*. Perhaps it was his fondneſs of them which put it into his head to ſay, that his ſoul tranſmigrated to him from this hero. However it was, this conceit of *Pythagoras* is famous in antiquity, and has given occaſion to a dialogue in *Lucian*, entitled *The Cock*, which is, I think the fineſt piece of that author.

V. 65. *Thus young, thus beautiful*, Euphorbus *lay.*] This is the only *Trojan* whoſe death the Poet laments, that he might do the more honour to *Patroclus*, his hero's friend. The compariſon here uſed is very proper, for the olive always preſerves its beauty. But where the Poet ſpeaks of the *Lapithæ*, a hardy and warlike people, he compares them to *Oaks*, that ſtand unmov'd in ſtorms and tempeſts, and where *Hector* falls by *Ajax*, he likens him to an *Oak* ſtruck down by *Jove*'s thunder. Juſt after this ſoft compariſon upon the beauty of *Euphorbus*, he paſſes to another full of ſtrength and terror, that of the lion. *Euſtathius.*

Flies, as before some mountain-lion's ire
The village curs, and trembling swains retire;
When o'er the slaughter'd bull they hear him roar,
And see his jaws distil with smoaking gore;
All pale with fear, at distance scatter'd round,
They shout incessant, and the vales resound.
Mean while *Apollo* view'd with envious eyes,
And urg'd great *Hector* to dispute the prize,
(In *Mentes'* shape, beneath whose martial care
The rough *Ciconians* learn'd the trade of war.)
Forbear, he cry'd, with fruitless speed to chace
Achilles' coursers of æthereal race;
They stoop not, these, to mortal man's command,
Or stoop to none but great *Achilles'* hand:
Too long amus'd with a pursuit so vain,
Turn, and behold the brave *Eupborbus* slain!
By *Sparta* slain! for ever now suppress
The fire which burn'd in that undaunted breast!
Thus having spoke, *Apollo* wing'd his flight,
And mix'd with mortals in the toils of fight:
His words infix'd unutterable care
Deep in great *Hector's* soul: Thro' all the war
He darts his anxious eye; and instant, view'd
The breathless hero in his blood imbru'd,
(Forth welling from the wound, as prone he lay)
And in the victor's hand the shining prey.
Sheath'd in bright arms, thro' cleaving ranks he flies,
And sends his voice in thunder to the skies:
Fierce as a flood of flame by *Vulcan* sent,
It flew, and fir'd the nations as it went.
Atrides from the voice the storm divin'd,
And thus explor'd his own unconquer'd mind.
Then shall I quit *Patroclus* on the plain,
Slain in my cause, and for my honour slain;

Desert

Desert the arms, the relicks of my friend?
Or singly, *Hector* and his troops attend?
Sure where such partial favour heav'n bestow'd,
To brave the hero were to brave the God:
Forgive me, *Greece*, if once I quit the field;
'Tis not to *Hector*, but to heav'n I yield.
Yet, nor the God, nor heaven should give me fear,
Did but the voice of *Ajax* reach my ear:
Still would we turn, still battle on the plains,
And give *Achilles* all that yet remains
Of his and our *Patroclus*—This, no more,
The time allow'd: *Troy* thick'ned on the shore,
A sable scene! The terrors *Hector* led:
Slow he recedes, and sighing quits the dead.
So from the fold th' unwilling lion parts,
Forc'd by loud clamours, and a storm of darts:
He flies indeed, but threatens as he flies,
With heart indignant and retorted eyes.
Now enter'd in the *Spartan* ranks, he turn'd
His manly breast, and with new fury burn'd;

O'er

V. 110. *Did but the voice of* Ajax *reach my ear.*] How observable is *Homer*'s art of illustrating the valour and glory of his heroes? *Menelaus*, who sees *Hector* and all the *Trojans* rushing upon him, would not retire if *Apollo* did not support them; and though *Apollo* does support them, he would oppose even *Apollo*, were *Ajax* but near him. This is glorious for *Menelaus*, and yet more glorious for *Ajax*, and very suitable to his character; for *Ajax* was the bravest of the *Greeks*, next to *Achilles*. *Dacier*. *Eustathius*.

V. 117. *So from the fold th' unwilling lion.*] The beauty of the retreat of *Menelaus* is worthy notice. *Homer* is a great observer of imagery, that brings the thing represented before our view. It is indeed true, that lions, tigers, and beasts of prey are the only objects that can properly represent warriors: and therefore it is no wonder they are so often introduced. The inanimate things, as floods, fires, and storms, are the best, and only images of battles.

O'er all the black battalions ſent his view,
And thro' the cloud the godlike *Ajax* knew;
Where lab'ring on the left the warrior ſtood,
All grim in arms, and cover'd o'er with blood,
There breathing courage, where the God of Day
Had ſunk each heart with terror and diſmay.
To him the King. Oh! *Ajax*, oh my friend!
Haſte, and *Patroclus'* lov'd remains defend:
The body to *Achilles* to reſtore,
Demands our care; alas! we can no more!
For naked now, deſpoil'd of arms he lies;
And *Hector* glories in the dazzling prize.
He ſaid, and touch'd his heart. The raging pair
Pierc'd the thick battle, and provoke the war.
Already had ſtern *Hector* ſeiz'd his head,
And doom'd to *Trojan* dogs th' unhappy dead;
But ſoon as *Ajax* rear'd his tow'r-like ſhield,
Sprung to his car, and meaſur'd back the field.
His train to *Troy* the radiant armour bear,
To ſtand a trophy of his fame in war.
Mean while great *Ajax* (his broad ſhield diſplay'd)
Guards the dead hero with the dreadful ſhade;
And now before, and now behind he ſtood.
Thus in the centre of ſome gloomy wood,
With many a ſtep the lioneſs ſurrounds
Her tawny young beſet with men and hounds;

Elate

V. 137. *Already had ſtern* Hector, *&c.*] *Homer* takes care, ſo long before-hand, to leſſen in his reader's mind the horror he may conceive from the cruelty that *Achilles* will exerciſe upon the body of *Hector*. That cruelty will be only the puniſhment of this which *Hector* here exerciſes upon the body of *Patroclus*; he drags him, he deſigns to cut off his head, and to leave his body upon the ramparts, expoſed to dogs and birds of prey. *Euſtathius.*

Elate her heart, and rouzing all her pow'rs,
Dark o'er the fiery balls each hanging eye-brow low'rs.
Fast by his side the gen'rous *Spartan* glows
With great revenge, and feeds his inward woes.
But *Glaucus*, leader of the *Lycian* aids,
On *Hector* frowning, thus his flight upbraids.
Where now in *Hector* shall we *Hector* find?
A manly form without a manly mind.
Is this, O chief! a hero's boasted fame?
How vain, without the merit, is the name?
Since battle is renounc'd, thy thoughts employ
What other methods may preserve thy *Troy*:
'Tis time to try if *Ilion*'s state can stand
By thee alone, nor ask a foreign hand;
Mean, empty boast! but shall the *Lycians* stake
Their lives for you? those *Lycians* you forsake?
What from thy thankless arms can we expect?
Thy friend *Sarpedon* proves thy base neglect:
Say, shall our slaughter'd bodies guard your walls,
While unreveng'd the great *Sarpedon* falls?
Ev'n where he dy'd for *Troy*, you left him there,
A feast for dogs, and all the fowls of air.
On my command if any *Lycian* wait,
Hence let him march, and give up *Troy* to fate.
Did such a spirit as the Gods impart
Impel one *Trojan* hand, or *Trojan* heart;
(Such, as should burn in ev'ry soul, that draws
The sword for glory, and his country's cause)
Ev'n

V. 169. *You left him there, A feast for dogs.*] It was highly dishonourable in *Hector* to forsake the body of a friend and guest, and against the laws of *Jupiter Xenius*, or *hospitalis*. For *Glaucus* knew nothing of *Sarpedon*'s being honoured with burial by the Gods, and sent embalmed into *Lycia*. *Eustathius*.

Ev'n yet our mutual arms we might employ,
And drag yon' carcass to the walls of *Troy*.
Oh! were *Patroclus* ours, we might obtain
Sarpedon's arms, and honour'd corse again!
Greece with *Achilles*' friend should be repaid,
And thus due honours purchas'd to his shade.
But words are vain—Let *Ajax* once appear,
And *Hector* trembles and recedes with fear;
Thou dar'st not meet the terrors of his eye;
And lo! already thou prepar'st to fly.

The *Trojan*-chief with fix'd resentment ey'd
The *Lycian* leader, and sedate reply'd.

Say, is it just (my friend) that *Hector*'s ear
From such a warrior such a speech should hear?
I deem'd thee once the wisest of thy kind,
But ill this insult suits a prudent mind.
I shun great *Ajax*? I desert my train?
'Tis mine to prove the rash assertion vain;
I joy to mingle where the battle bleeds,
And hear the thunder of the sounding steeds.
But *Jove*'s high will is ever uncontrol'd,
The strong he withers, and confounds the bold;
Now crowns with fame the mighty man, and now
Strikes the fresh garland from the victor's brow!
Come, thro' yon' squadrons let us hew the way,
And thou be witness, if I fear to-day;
If yet a *Greek* the fight of *Hector* dread,
Or yet their hero dare defend the dead.

Then

V. 193. *I shun great* Ajax?] *Hector* takes no notice of the affronts that *Glaucus* had thrown upon him, as knowing he had in some respects a just cause to be angry; but he cannot put up what he had said of his fearing *Ajax*, to which part he only replies: This is very agreeable to his heroick character. *Eustathius.*

Then turning to the martial hosts he cries,
Ye *Trojans*, *Dardans*, *Lycians*, and allies!
Be men (my friends) in action as in name,
And yet be mindful of your ancient fame.
Hector in proud *Achilles'* arms shall shine,
Torn from his friend, by right of conquest mine.
He strode along the field, as thus he said:
(The sable plumage nodded o'er his head)
Swift thro' the spacious plain he sent a look;
One instant saw, one instant overtook
The distant band, that on the sandy shore
The radiant spoils to sacred *Ilion* bore.

There

V. 209. Hector *in proud* Achilles' *arms shall shine.*] The ancients have observed, that *Homer* causes the arms of *Achilles* to fall into *Hector*'s power, to equal in some sort those two heroes, in the battle wherein he is going to engage them. Otherwise it might be urged, that *Achilles* could not have killed *Hector* without the advantage of having his armour made by the hand of a God, whereas *Hector*'s was only of the hand of a mortal; but since both were clad in armour made by *Vulcan*, *Achilles*'s victory will be complete, and in its full lustre. Besides this reason (which is for necessity and probability) there is also another, for ornament; for *Homer* here prepares to introduce that beautiful Episode of the divine armour, which *Vulcan* makes for *Achilles*. *Eustathius.*

V. 216. *The radiant spoils to sacred* Ilion *bore.*] A difficulty may arise here, and the question may be asked, why *Hector* sent these arms to *Troy*? Why did he not take them at first? There are three answers, which I think are all plausible. The first, that *Hector* having killed *Patroclus*, and seeing the day very far advanced, had no need to take those arms for a fight almost at an end. The second, that he was impatient to shew to *Priam* and *Andromache* those glorious spoils. Thirdly, he perhaps at first intended to hang them up in some temple. *Glaucus*'s speech makes him change his resolution, he runs after those arms to fight against *Ajax*, and to win *Patroclus*'s body from him. *Dacier.*

Homer (says *Eustathius*) does not suffer the arms to be carried into *Troy* for these reasons. That *Hector* by wearing them

There his own mail unbrac'd the field beſtrow'd;
His train to *Troy* convey'd the maſſy load.
Now blazing in th' immortal arms he ſtands,
The work and preſent of celeſtial hands;
By aged *Peleus* to *Achilles* giv'n,
As firſt to *Peleus* by the court of heav'n:
His father's arms not long *Achilles* wears,
Forbid by fate to reach his father's years.
Him proud in triumph, glitt'ring from afar,
The God, whoſe thunder rends the troubled air,
Beheld with pity; as apart he ſate,
And conſcious, look'd thro' all the ſcene of fate.
He ſhook the ſacred honours of his head;
Olympus trembled, and the Godhead ſaid:
Ah wretched man! unmindful of thy end!
A moment's glory! and what fates attend?

In

them might the more encourage the *Trojans*, and be the more formidable to the *Greeks*; That *Achilles* may recover them again when he kills *Hector*: And that he may conquer him, even when he is ſtrengthened with that divine armour.

V. 231. Jupiter's *ſpeech to* Hector.] The Poet prepares us for the death of *Hector*, perhaps to pleaſe the *Greek* readers, who might be troubled to ſee him ſhining in their hero's arms. Therefore *Jupiter* expreſſes his ſorrow at the approaching fate of this unfortunate Prince, promiſes to repay his loſs of life with glory, and nods, to give a certain confirmation to his words. He ſays, *Achilles* is the braveſt *Greek*, as *Glaucus* had juſt ſaid before; the Poet thus giving him the greateſt commendations, by putting his praiſe in the mouth of a God, and of an enemy, who were neither of them like to be prejudiced in his favour. *Euſtathius.*

How beautiful is that ſentiment upon the miſerable ſtate of mankind, introduced here ſo artfully, and ſo ſtrongly enforced, by being put into the mouth of the ſupreme being! And how pathetic the denunciation of *Hector*'s death, by that circumſtance of *Andromache*'s diſappointment, when ſhe ſhall no more receive her hero glorious from the battle, in the armour of his conquered enemy!

In heav'nly Panoply divinely bright
Thou stand'st, and armies tremble at thy sight,
As at *Achilles'* self! beneath thy dart
Lies slain the great *Achilles'* dearer part:
Thou from the mighty dead those arms hast torn,
Which once the greatest of mankind had worn.
Yet live! I give thee one illustrious day,
A blaze of glory ere thou fad'st away.
For ah! no more *Andromache* shall come,
With joyful tears to welcome *Hector* home;
No more officious, with endearing charms,
From thy tir'd limbs unbrace *Pelides'* arms!
Then with his sable brow he gave the nod,
That seals his word; the sanction of the God.
The stubborn arms (by *Jove's* command dispos'd)
Conform'd spontaneous, and around him clos'd;
Fill'd with the God, enlarg'd his members grew,
Thro' all his veins a sudden vigour flew;
The blood in brisker tides began to roll,
And *Mars* himself came rushing on his soul.
Exhorting loud thro' all the field he strode,
And look'd, and mov'd, *Achilles*, or a God.
Now *Mesthles*, *Glaucus*, *Medon* he inspires,
Now *Phorcys*, *Chromius*, and *Hippothous* fires;
The great *Thersilochus* like fury found,
Asteropæus kindled at the sound,
And *Eunomus*, in augury renown'd.

Hear,

V. 247. *The stubborn arms*, &c.] The words are,

Ἦ, καὶ κυανέῃσιν ἐπ' ὀφρύσι νεῦσε Κρονίων,
Ἕκτορι δ' ἥρμοσε τεύχε ἐπὶ χρόϊ.

If we give ἥρμοσε a passive signification, it will be, the arms fitted *Hector*; but if an active (as those take it who would put a greater difference between *Hector* and *Achilles*) then it belongs to *Jupiter*, and the sense will be, *Jupiter* made the arms fit for him, which were too large before; I have chosen the last as the more poetical sense.

Hear, all ye hosts, and hear, unnumber'd bands
Of neighb'ring nations, or of distant lands!
'Twas not for state we summon'd you so far,
To boast our numbers, and the pomp of war;
Ye came to fight; a valiant foe to chase,
To save our present, and our future race.
For this, our wealth, our products you enjoy,
And glean the relicks of exhausted *Troy*.
Now then to conquer or to die prepare,
To die or conquer, are the terms of war.
Whatever hand shall win *Patroclus* slain,
Whoe'er shall drag him to the *Trojan* train,
With *Hector's* self shall equal honours claim;
With *Hector* part the spoil, and share the fame.
Fir'd by these words, the troops dismiss their fears;
They join, they thicken, they protend their spears;
Full on the *Greeks* they drive in firm array,
And each from *Ajax* hopes the glorious prey:
Vain hope! what numbers shall the field o'erspread,
What victims perish round the mighty dead!
Great *Ajax* mark'd the growing storm from far,
And thus bespoke his brother of the war.

Our

V. 260. *Unnumber'd bands Of neighb'ring nations.*] *Eustathius* has very well explained the artifice of this speech of *Hector*, who indirectly answers all *Glaucus*'s invectives, and humbles his vanity. *Glaucus* had just spoken as if the *Lycians* were the only allies of *Troy*: and *Hector* here speaks of the numerous troops of different nations, which he expressly designs by calling them borderers upon his kingdom, thereby in some manner to exclude the *Lycians*, who were of a country more remote; as if he did not vouchsafe to reckon them. He afterwards confutes what *Glaucus* said, "that if the *Lycians* "would take his advice, they would return home;" for he gives them to understand, that being hired troops, they are obliged to perform their bargain, and to fight till the war is at an end. *Dacier*.

Our fatal day, alas! is come (my friend)
And all our wars and glories at an end!
'Tis not this corse alone we guard in vain,
Condemn'd to vultures on the *Trojan* plain;
We too must yield; the same sad fate must fall
On thee, on me, perhaps (my friend) on all.
See what a tempest dreadful *Hector* spreads,
And lo! it bursts, it thunders on our heads!
Call on our *Greeks*, if any hear the call,
The bravest *Greeks*: This hour demands them all.
The warrior rais'd his voice, and wide around
The field re-echo'd the distressful sound.
Oh chiefs! oh princes! to whose hand is giv'n
The rule of men; whose glory is from heav'n!
Whom with due honours both *Atrides* grace:
Ye guides and guardians of the *Argive* race!
All, whom this well-known voice shall reach from far,
All, whom I see not thro' this cloud of war,
Come all! let gen'rous rage your arms employ,
And save *Patroclus* from the dogs of *Troy*.
Oïlean Ajax first the voice obey'd,
Swift was his pace, and ready was his aid;
Next him *Idomeneus*, more slow with age,
And *Merion*, burning with a hero's rage.

The

V. 290. *Call on our* Greeks.] *Eustathius* gives three reasons why *Ajax* bids *Menelaus* call the *Greeks* to their assistance, instead of calling them himself. He might be ashamed to do it, lest it should look like fear, and turn to his dishonour: Or the chiefs were more likely to obey *Menelaus*: Or he had too much business of the war upon his hands, and wanted leisure more than the other.

V. 302. Oïlean Ajax *first*.] *Ajax Oïleus* (says *Eustathius*) is the first that comes, being brought by his love to the other *Ajax*, as it is natural for one friend to fly to the assistance of another: To which we may add he might very probably come first, because he was the swiftest of all the heroes.

The long succeeding numbers who can name?
But all were *Greeks*, and eager all for fame.
Fierce to the charge great *Hector* led the throng:
Whole *Troy*, embodied, rush'd with shouts along.
Thus, when a mountain billow foams and raves,
Where some swoln river disembogues his waves,
Full in the mouth is stopp'd the rushing tide,
The boiling ocean works from side to side,
The river trembles to his utmost shore,
And distant rocks rebellow to the roar.
Nor less resolv'd, the firm *Achaian* band
With brazen shields in horrid circle stand:
Jove, pouring darkness o'er the mingled fight,
Conceals the warriors' shining helms in night:
To him, the chief, for whom the hosts contend,
He liv'd not hateful, for he liv'd a friend:
Dead, he protects him with superior care,
Nor dooms his carcass to the birds of air.
The first attack the *Grecians* scarce sustain.
Repuls'd, they yield; the *Trojans* seize the slain:
Then fierce they rally, to revenge led on
By the swift rage of *Ajax Telamon*.
(*Ajax*, to *Peleus'* son the second name,
In graceful stature next, and next in fame.)
With headlong force the foremost ranks he tore;
So thro' the thicket bursts the mountain-boar,
And rudely scatters, far to distance round,
The frighted hunter, and the baying hound.

The

V. 318. Jove, *pouring darkness.*] *Homer*, who in all his former descriptions of battles is so fond of mentioning the lustre of the arms, here shades them in darkness; perhaps alluding to the clouds of dust that were raised; or to the throng of combatants; or else to denote the loss of *Greece*, in *Patroclus*; or lastly, that as the heavens had mourned *Sarpedon* in showers of blood, so they might *Patroclus* in clouds of darkness. *Eustathius.*

The ſon of *Lethus*, brave *Pelaſgus*' heir,
Hippothous, dragg'd the carcaſs thro' the war;
The ſinewy ancles bor'd, the feet he bound
With thongs, inſerted thro' the double wound:
Inevitable fate o'ertakes the deed;
Doom'd by great *Ajax*' vengeful lance to bleed;
It cleft the helmet's brazen cheeks in twain;
The ſhatter'd creſt, and horſe-hair ſtrow the plain:
With nerves relax'd he tumbles to the ground,
The brain comes guſhing thro' the ghaſtly wound;
He drops *Patroclus*' foot, and o'er him ſpread
Now lies, a ſad companion of the dead:
Far from *Lariſſa* lies, his native air,
And ill requites his parent's tender care.
Lamented youth! in life's firſt bloom he fell,
Sent by great *Ajax* to the ſhades of hell.
Once more at *Ajax*, *Hector*'s jav'lin flies;
The *Grecian*, marking as it cut the ſkies,
Shunn'd the deſcending death; which hiſſing on,
Stretch'd in the duſt the great *Iphytus*' ſon,
Schedius the brave, of all the *Phocian* kind
The boldeſt warrior, and the nobleſt mind:
In little *Panope* for ſtrength renown'd,
He held his ſeat, and rul'd the realms around.

Plung'd

V. 356. Panope *renown'd*.] *Panope* was a ſmall town twenty *ſtadia* from *Chæronea*, on the ſide of mount *Parnaſſus*, and it is hard to know why *Homer* gives it the epithet of *renown'd*, and makes it the reſidence of *Schedius*, King of the *Phocians*; when it was but nine hundred paces in circuit, and had no palace, nor gymnaſium, nor theatre, nor market, nor fountain; nothing in ſhort that ought to have been in a town which is the reſidence of a King. *Pauſanias* (in *Phocic.*) gives the reaſon of it; he ſays, that as *Phocis* was expoſed on that ſide to the inroads of the *Bœotians*, *Schedius* made uſe of *Panope* as a ſort of citadel, or place of arms. *Dacier.*

Plung'd in his throat, the weapon drank his blood,
And deep transpiercing thro' the shoulder stood;
In clanging arms the hero fell, and all
The fields resounded with the weighty fall.
Phorcys, as slain *Hippothous* he defends,
The *Telamonian* lance his belly rends;
The hollow armour burst before the stroke,
And thro' the wound the rushing entrails broke.
In strong convulsions panting on the sands
He lies, and grasps the dust with dying hands.
Struck at the sight, recede the *Trojan* train:
The shouting *Argives* strip the heroes slain.
And now had *Troy*, by *Greece* compell'd to yield,
Fled to her ramparts, and resign'd the field;
Greece, in her native fortitude elate,
With *Jove* averse, had turn'd the scale of fate:
But *Phœbus'* urg'd *Æneas* to the fight;
He seem'd like aged *Periphas* to fight;
(A herald in *Anchises'* love grown old,
Rever'd for prudence, and with prudence bold.)
Thus he—what methods yet, oh chief! remain,
To save our *Troy*, tho' heav'n its fall ordain?
There have been heroes, who by virtuous care,
By valour, numbers, and by arts of war,
Have forc'd the pow'rs to spare a sinking state,
And gain'd at length the glorious odds of fate.
But you, when fortune smiles, when *Jove* declares
His partial favour, and assists your wars,
Your shameful efforts 'gainst yourselves employ,
And force th' unwilling God to ruin *Troy*.

Æneas

V. 375. *He seem'd like aged* Periphas.] The speech of *Periphas* to *Æneas* hints at the double fate, and the necessity of means. It is much like that of St. *Paul*, after he was promised that no body should perish; he says, *except these abide, ye cannot be saved.*

Æneas thro' the form assum'd descries
The pow'r conceal'd, and thus to *Hector* cries:
Oh lasting shame! to our own fears a prey,
We seek our ramparts, and desert the day.
A God (nor is he less) my bosom warms,
And tells me, *Jove* asserts the *Trojan* arms.
He spoke, and foremost to the combat flew;
The bold example all his hosts pursue.
Then first, *Leocritus* beneath him bled,
In vain belov'd by valiant *Lycomede*;
Who view'd his fall, and grieving at the chance,
Swift to revenge it, sent his angry lance:
The whirling lance, with vig'rous force addrest,
Descends, and pants in *Apisaon*'s breast:
From rich *Pæonia*'s vales the warrior came;
Next thee, *Asteropeus!* in place and fame.
Asteropeus with grief beheld the slain,
And rush'd to combat, but he rush'd in vain:
Indissolubly firm, around the dead,
Rank within rank, on buckler buckler spread,
And hemm'd with bristled spears, the *Grecians* stood;
A brazen bulwark, and an iron wood.
Great *Ajax* eyes them with incessant care,
And in an orb contracts the crouded war,
Close in their ranks commands to fight or fall,
And stands the centre and the soul of all:
Fixt on the spot they war, and wounded, wound;
A sanguine torrent steeps the reeking ground;
On heaps the *Greeks*, on heaps the *Trojans* bled,
And thick'ning round 'em, rise the hills of dead.
Greece, in close order, and collected might,
Yet suffers least, and sways the wav'ring fight;

Fierce

Fierce as conflicting fires, the combat burns,
And now it riſes, now it ſinks, by turns.
In one thick darkneſs all the fight was loſt;
The ſun, the moon, and all th' etherial hoſt
Seem'd as extinct: day raviſh'd from their eyes,
And all heav'n's ſplendors blotted from the ſkies.
Such o'er *Patroclus'* body hung the night,
The reſt in ſunſhine fought, and open light:
Unclouded there, th' aerial azure ſpread,
No vapour reſted on the mountain's head,
The golden ſun pour'd forth a ſtronger ray,
And all the broad expanſion flam'd with day,
Diſpers'd around the plain, by fits they fight,
And here and there, their ſcatter'd arrows light:
But death and darkneſs o'er the carcaſs ſpread,
There burn'd the war, and there the mighty bled.
Mean while the ſons of *Neſtor*, in the rear,
(Their fellows routed) toſs the diſtant ſpear,
And ſkirmiſh wide: So *Neſtor* gave command,
When from the ſhips he ſent the *Pylian* band.
The youthful brothers thus for fame contend,
Nor knew the fortune of *Achilles'* friend;

In

V. 422. *In one thick darkneſs*, &c.] The darkneſs ſpread over the body of *Patroclus* is artful upon ſeveral accounts. Firſt, a fine image of Poetry. Next, a token of *Jupiter*'s love to a righteous man: But the chief deſign is to protract the action; which, if the *Trojans* had ſeen the ſpot, muſt have been decided one way or other in a very ſhort time. Beſides, the *Trojans* having the better in the action, muſt have ſeized the body, contrary to the intention of the author: There are innumerable inſtances of theſe little niceties and particularities of conduct in *Homer*.

V. 436. *Mean while the ſons of* Neſtor, *in the rear*, &c.] It is not without reaſon *Homer* in this place makes particular mention of the ſons of *Neſtor*. It is to prepare us againſt he ſends one of them to *Achilles*, to tell him the death of his friend.

In thought they view'd him ſtill, with martial joy,
Glorious in arms, and dealing deaths to *Troy*.
But, round the corſe, the heroes pant for breath,
And thick and heavy grows the work of death:
O'erlabour'd now, with duſt, and ſweat, and gore,
Their knees, their legs, their feet are cover'd o'er;
Drops follow drops, the clouds on clouds ariſe,
And carnage clogs their hands, and darkneſs fills their eyes.
As when a ſlaughter'd bull's yet reeking hide,
Strain'd with full force, and tugg'd from ſide to ſide,
The brawny curriers ſtretch; and labour o'er
Th' extended ſurface, drunk with fat and gore;
So tugging round the corps both armies ſtood;
The mangled body bath'd in ſweat and blood:
While *Greeks* and *Ilians* equal ſtrength employ,
Now to the ſhips to force it, now to *Troy*.
Not *Pallas'* ſelf, her breaſt when fury warms,
Nor he, whoſe anger ſets the world in arms,
Could blame this ſcene; ſuch rage, ſuch horror reign'd;
Such, *Jove* to honour the great dead ordain'd.

V. 450. *As when a ſlaughter'd bull's yet reeking hide.*] *Homer* gives us a moſt lively deſcription of their drawing the body on all ſides, and inſtructs us in the ancient manner of ſtretching hides, being firſt made ſoft and ſupple with oil. And though this compariſon be one of thoſe mean and humble ones which ſome have objected to, yet it has alſo its admirers for being ſo expreſſive, and for repreſenting to the imagination the moſt ſtrong and exact idea of the ſubject in hand. *Euſtathius.*

V. 458. *Not* Pallas' *ſelf.*] *Homer* ſays in the original, *Minerva* could not have found fault, tho' ſhe "were angry." Upon which *Euſtathius* ingeniouſly obſerves how common and natural it is for perſons in anger to turn criticks, and find faults where there are none.

Achilles in his ſhips at diſtance lay,
Nor knew the fatal fortune of the day;
He yet unconſcious of *Patroclus'* fall,
In duſt extended under *Ilion*'s wall,
Expects him glorious from the conquer'd plain,
And for his wiſh'd return prepares in vain;
Tho' well he knew, to make proud *Ilion* bend,
Was more than heav'n had deſtin'd to his friend,
Perhaps to him: This *Thetis* had reveal'd;
The reſt, in pity to her ſon, conceal'd.
Still rag'd the conflict round the hero dead,
And heaps on heaps, by mutual wounds, they bled.
Curs'd

V. 468. *To make proud* Ilion *bend,*
Was more than heav'n had deſtin'd to his friend,
Perhaps to him:] In theſe words the Poet artfully hints at *Achilles*'s death; he makes him not abſolutely to flatter himſelf with the hopes of ever taking *Troy* in his own perſon; however he does not ſay this expreſsly, but paſſes it over as an ungrateful ſubject. *Euſtathius.*

V. 471. *The reſt, in pity to her ſon, conceal'd.*] Here (ſays the ſame author) we have two rules laid down for common uſe. One, not to tell our friends all their miſchances at once, it being often neceſſary to hide part of them, as *Thetis* does from *Achilles*: The other, not to puſh men of courage upon all that is poſſible for them to do. Thus *Achilles*, tho' he thought *Patroclus* able to drive the *Trojans* back to their gates, yet he does not order him to do ſo much; but only to ſave the ſhips, and beat them back into the field.

Homer's admoniſhing the reader that *Achilles*'s mother had concealed the circumſtances of the death of his friend when ſhe inſtructed him in his fate; and that all he knew, was only that *Troy* could not be taken at that time; this is a great inſtance of his care of the probability, and of his having the whole plan of the Poem at once in his head. For upon the ſuppoſition that *Achilles* was inſtructed in his fate, it was a natural objection, how came he to hazard his friend? If he was ignorant on the other hand of the impoſſibility of *Troy*'s being taken at that time, he might, for all he knew, be robbed by his friend (of whoſe valour he had ſo good an opinion) of that glory, which he was unwilling to part with.

Curs'd be the man (ev'n private *Greeks* would ſay)
Who dares deſert this well diſputed day!
Firſt may the cleaving earth before our eyes
Gape wide, and drink our blood for ſacrifice!
Firſt periſh all, ere haughty *Troy* ſhall boaſt
We loſt *Patroclus*, and our glory loſt.
Thus they. While with one voice the *Trojans* ſaid,
Grant this day, *Jove!* or heap us on the dead!
Then claſh their ſounding arms; the clangors riſe,
And ſhake the brazen concave of the ſkies.
Mean time, at diſtance from the ſcene of blood,
The penſive ſteeds of great *Achilles* ſtood;

V. 484. *At diſtance from the ſcene of blood.*] If the horſes had not gone aſide out of the war, *Homer* could not have introduced ſo well what he deſigned to their honour. So he makes them weeping in ſecret (as their maſter *Achilles* uſed to do) and afterwards coming into the battle, where they are taken notice of and purſued by *Hector*. *Euſtathius.*

V. 485. *The penſive ſteeds of great* Achilles, *&c.*] It adds a great beauty to a poem when inanimate things act like animate. Thus the heavens tremble at *Jupiter's* nod, the ſea parts itſelf to receive *Neptune*, the groves of *Ida* ſhake beneath *Juno's* feet, *&c.* As alſo to find animate or brute creatures addreſt to, as if rational: So *Hector* encourages his horſes; and one of *Achilles's* is endued not only with ſpeech, but with foreknowledge of future events. Here they weep for *Patroclus*, and ſtand fixed and immoveable with grief: Thus is this hero univerſally mourned, and every thing concurs to lament his loſs. *Euſtath.*

As to the particular fiction of the horſes weeping, it is countenanced both by naturaliſts and hiſtorians. *Ariſtotle*, and *Pliny* write, that theſe animals often deplore their maſters loſt in battle, and even ſhed tears for them. So *Solinus*, c. 47. *Ælian* relates the like of elephants, when they are carried from their native country, *De animal.* lib 10. c. 17. *Suetonius*, in the life of *Cæſar* tells us, that ſeveral horſes which at the paſſage of the *Rubicon* had been conſecrated to *Mars*, and turned looſe on the banks, were obſerved ſome days after to abſtain from feeding, and to weep abundantly. *Proximis diebus, equorum greges quos in trajiciendo* Rubicone *flumine Marti conſecrârat, ac ſine cuſtode*

Their godlike maſter ſlain before their eyes,
They wept and ſhar'd in human miſeries.
In vain *Automedon* now ſhakes the rein,
Now plies the laſh, and ſooths and threats in vain;
Nor to the fight, or *Helleſpont* they go;
Reſtive they ſtood, and obſtinate in woe:
Still as a tomb-ſtone, never to be mov'd,
On ſome good man, or woman unreprov'd,
Lays its eternal weight; or fix'd as ſtands
A marble courſer by the ſculptor's hands,
Plac'd on the Hero's grave. Along their face,
The big round drops cours'd down with ſilent pace,
Conglobing on the duſt. Their manes, that late
Circled their arched necks, and wav'd in ſtate,
Trail'd

cuſtode vagos dimiſerat, comperit pabulo pertinaciſſimè abſtinere, ubertimque flere. cap. 81.

Virgil could not forbear copying this beautiful circumſtance, in theſe fine lines on the horſe of *Pallas*.

Poſt bellator equus, poſitis inſignibus, Æthon
It lacrymans, guttiſque humectat grandibus ora.

V. 494. *Or fix'd as ſtands A marble courſer*, &c.] *Homer* alludes to the cuſtom in thoſe days of placing columns upon tombs, on which columns there were frequently chariots with two or more horſes. This furniſhed *Homer* with this beautiful image, as if theſe horſes meant to remain there, to ſerve for an immortal monument to *Patroclus*. *Dacier*.

I believe M. *Dacier* refines too much in this note. *Homer* ſays, —— ἱὲ γυναικὸς, and ſeems to turn the thought only on the firmneſs of the column, and not on the imagery of it: Which would give it an air a little too modern; like that of *Shakeſpear*, *She ſat like* Patience *on a monument, ſmiling at* Grief.—Be it as it will, this conjecture is ingenious; and the whole compariſon is as beautiful as juſt. The horſes ſtanding ſtill to mourn for their maſter, could not be more finely repreſented than by the dumb ſorrow of images ſtanding over a tomb. Perhaps the very poſture in which theſe horſes are deſcribed, their heads bowed down, and their manes falling in the duſt, has an alluſion to the attitude in which thoſe ſtatues on monuments were uſually repreſented: There are *Baſs-Reliefs* that favour this conjecture.

Trail'd on the duſt beneath the yoke were ſpread,
And prone to earth was hung their languid head:
Nor *Jove* diſdain'd to caſt a pitying look,
While thus relenting to the ſteeds he ſpoke.
Unhappy courſers of immortal ſtrain!
Exempt from age, and deathleſs now in vain;
Did we your race on mortal man beſtow,
Only alas! to ſhare in mortal woe?
For ah! what is there, of inferior birth,
That breathes or creeps upon the duſt of earth;
What wretched creature of what wretched kind,
Than man more weak, calamitous, and blind?
A miſerable race! but ceaſe to mourn:
For not by you ſhall *Priam*'s ſon be borne
High on the ſplendid car: One glorious prize
He raſhly boaſts; the reſt our will denies.
Ourſelf will ſwiftneſs to your nerves impart,
Ourſelf with riſing ſpirits ſwell your heart,
Automedon your rapid flight ſhall bear
Safe to the navy thro' the ſtorm of war.
For yet 'tis giv'n to *Troy*, to ravage o'er
The field, and ſpread her ſlaughters to the ſhore;
The ſun ſhall ſee her conquer, till his fall
With ſacred darkneſs ſhades the face of all.

V. 522. *The ſun ſhall ſee* Troy *conquer.*] It is worth obſerving with what art and œconomy *Homer* conducts his fable to bring on the cataſtrophe. *Achilles* muſt hear *Patroclus*'s death; *Hector* muſt fall by his hand: This cannot happen if the armies continue fighting about the body of *Patroclus* under the walls of *Troy*. Therefore, to change the face of affairs, *Jupiter* is going to raiſe the courage of the *Trojans*, and make them repulſe and chace the *Greeks* again as far as their fleet; this obliges *Achilles* to go forth, tho' without arms, and thereby every thing comes to an iſſue. *Dacier.*

He ſaid; and breathing in th' immortal horſe
Exceſſive ſpirit, urg'd 'em to the courſe;
From their high manes they ſhake the duſt, and bear
The kindling chariot thro' the parted war.
So flies a vulture thro' the clam'rous train
Of geeſe, that ſcream, and ſcatter round the plain.
From danger now with ſwifteſt ſpeed they flew,
And now to conqueſt with like ſpeed purſue;
Sole in the ſeat the charioteer remains,
Now plies the jav'lin, now directs the reins:
Him brave *Alcimedon* beheld diſtreſt,
Approach'd the chariot, and the chief addreſt.
What God provokes thee, raſhly thus to dare,
Alone, unaided, in the thick'ſt war?
Alas! thy friend is ſlain, and *Hector* wields
Achilles' arms triumphant in the fields.
In happy time (the charioteer replies)
The bold *Alcimedon* now greets my eyes;
No *Greek* like him the heav'nly ſteeds reſtrains,
Or holds their fury in ſuſpended reins:
Patroclus, while he liv'd, their rage could tame,
But now *Patroclus* is an empty name!
To thee I yield the ſeat, to thee reſign
The ruling charge: the taſk of fight be mine.
He ſaid. *Alcimedon*, with active heat,
Snatches the reins, and vaults into the ſeat.
His friend deſcends. The chief of *Troy* deſcry'd,
And call'd *Æneas* fighting near his ſide.
Lo! to my ſight beyond our hope reſtor'd,
Achilles car, deſerted of its Lord!
The glorious ſteeds our ready arms invite,
Scarce their weak drivers guide them thro' the fight:
Can

V. 555 *Scarce their weak drivers.*] There was but one driver, ſince *Alcimedon* was alone upon the chariot; and *Automedon*

Can ſuch opponents ſtand when we aſſail?
Unite thy force, my friend, and we prevail.
The ſon of *Venus* to the counſel yields:
Then o'er their backs they ſpread their ſolid ſhields:
With braſs refulgent the broad ſurface ſhin'd,
And thick bull hides the ſpacious concave lin'd.
Them *Chromius* follows, *Aretus* ſucceeds,
Each hopes the conqueſt of the lofty ſteeds;
In vain, brave youths, with glorious hopes ye burn,
In vain advance! not fated to return.

medon was got down to fight. But in poetry, as well as in painting, there is often but *one moment* to be taken hold on. *Hector* ſees *Alcimedon* mount the chariot, before *Automedon* was deſcended from it; and thereupon judging of their intention, and ſeeing them both as yet upon the chariot, he calls to *Æneas*. He terms them both drivers in mockery, becauſe he ſaw them take the reins one after the other; as if he ſaid, that chariot had two drivers, but never a fighter. 'Tis one ſingle *moment* that makes this image. In reading the Poets one often falls into great perplexities, for want of rightly diſtinguiſhing the point of time in which they ſpeak. *Dacier*.

The art of *Homer*, in this whole paſſage concerning *Automedon*, is very remarkable; in finding out the only proper occaſion, for ſo renowned a perſon as the charioteer of *Achilles* to ſignalize his valour.

V. 564. *In vain, brave youths, with glorious hopes ye burn,*
In vain advance! not fated to return.]

Theſe beautiful anticipations are frequent in the Poets, who affect to ſpeak in the character of prophets, and men inſpired with the knowledge of futurity. Thus *Virgil* to *Turnus*.

Neſcia mens hominum fati.—Turno tempus erit, &c.

So *Taſſo*, Cant. 12. when *Argante* had vowed the deſtruction of *Tancred*.

O vani giuramenti! Ecco contrari
Seguir teſto gli effetti a l' a ta ſpeme:
E cader queſti in terreno pari eſtinto
Sotto colui, ch' ei ſà già preſo, e vinto.

And *Milton* makes the like apoſtrophe to *Eve* at her leaving *Adam* before ſhe met the ſerpent.

—— *She*

Unmov'd, *Automedon* attends the fight,
Implores th' Eternal, and collects his might.
Then turning to his friend, with dauntleſs mind:
Oh keep the foaming courſers cloſe behind!
Full on my ſhoulders let their noſtrils blow,
For hard the fight, determin'd is the foe;
'Tis *Hector* comes; and when he ſeeks the prize,
War knows no mean: he wins it, or he dies.
Then thro' the field he ſends his voice aloud,
And calls th' *Ajaces* from the warring crowd,
With great *Atrides*. Hither turn (he ſaid)
Turn where diſtreſs demands immediate aid;
The dead, encircled by his friends, forego,
And ſave the living from a fiercer foe.
Unhelp'd we ſtand, unequal to engage
The force of *Hector*, and *Æneas'* rage:
Yet mighty as they are, my force to prove,
Is only mine: th' event belongs to *Jove*.
He ſpoke, and high the ſounding jav'lin flung,
Which paſs'd the ſhield of *Aretus* the young;
It pierc'd his belt, emboſs'd with curious art;
Then in the lower belly ſtuck the dart.
As when the pond'rous axe, deſcending full,
Cleaves the broad forehead of ſome brawny bull;
Struck 'twixt the horns, he ſprings with many a bound,
Then tumbling rolls enormous on the ground:
Thus fell the youth; the air his ſoul receiv'd,
And the ſpear trembled as his entrails heav'd.

Now

———*She to him engag'd*
To be return'd by noon amid the bow'r,
And all things in beſt order to invite
Noontide repaſt, or afternoon's repoſe.
O much deceiv'd, much failing, hapleſs Eve!
Thou never from that hour, in Paradiſe,
Found'ſt either ſweet repaſt, or ſound repoſe.

Now at *Automedon* the *Trojan* foe
Diſcharg'd his lance; the meditated blow,
Stooping he ſhunn'd; the jav'lin idly fled,
And hiſs'd innoxious o'er the hero's head:
Deep rooted in the ground, the forceful ſpear
In long vibrations ſpent its fury there.
With claſhing faulchions now the chiefs had clos'd,
But each brave *Ajax* heard, and interpos'd;
Nor longer *Hector* with his *Trojans* ſtood,
But left their ſlain companion in his blood:
His arms *Automedon* diveſts, and cries,
Accept, *Patroclus*, this mean ſacrifice.
Thus have I ſooth'd my griefs, and thus have paid,
Poor as it is, ſome off'ring to thy ſhade.
So looks the lion o'er a mangled boar,
All grim with rage, and horrible with gore:
High on the chariot at one bound he ſprung,
And o'er his ſeat the bloody trophies hung.
And now *Minerva*, from the realms of air,
Deſcends impetuous, and renews the war;
For, pleas'd at length the *Grecian* arms to aid,
The Lord of Thunders ſent the blue-ey'd maid.
As when high *Jove* denouncing future woe,
O'er the dark clouds extends his purple bow,
(In ſign of tempeſts from the troubled air,
Or, from the rage of man, deſtructive war)
The drooping cattle dread th' impending ſkies,
And from his half-till'd field the lab'rer flies.
In ſuch a form the Goddeſs round her drew
A livid cloud, and to the battle flew.
Aſſuming *Phœnix'* ſhape, on earth ſhe falls,
And in his well-known voice to *Sparta* calls.

And lies *Achilles'* friend, belov'd by all,
A prey to dogs beneath the *Trojan* wall?
What ſhame to *Greece* for future times to tell,
To thee the greateſt, in whoſe cauſe he fell!
O chief, oh father! (*Atreus'* ſon replies).
O full of days! by long experience wiſe!
What more deſires my ſoul, than here, unmov'd,
To guard the body of the man I lov'd?
Ah would *Minerva* ſend me ſtrength to rear
This weary'd arm, and ward the ſtorm of war!
But *Hector*, like the rage of fire, we dread,
And *Jove's* own glories blaze around his head.
Pleas'd to be firſt of all the pow'rs addreſt,
She breathes new vigour in her hero's breaſt,
And fills with keen revenge, with fell deſpight,
Deſire of blood, and rage, and luſt of fight.
So burns the vengeful hornet (ſoul all o'er)
Repuls'd in vain, and thirſty ſtill of gore;
(Bold ſon of air and heat) on angry wings
Untam'd, untir'd, he turns, attacks, and ſtings:
Fir'd with like ardour fierce *Atrides* flew,
And ſent his ſoul with ev'ry lance he threw.
There ſtood a *Trojan*, not unknown to fame,
Eëtion's ſon, and *Podes* was his name;

With

V. 642. *So burns the vengeful hornet*, &c.] It is literally in the *Greek*, *She inſpired the hero with the boldneſs of a fly*. There is no impropriety in the compariſon, this animal being of all others the moſt perſevering in its attacks and the moſt difficult to be beaten off: The occaſion alſo of the compariſon being the reſolute perſiſtance of *Menelaus* about the dead body, renders it ſtill more juſt. But our preſent idea of the fly is indeed very low, as taken from the littleneſs and inſignificance of this creature. However, ſince there is really no meanneſs in it, there ought to be none in expreſſing it; and I have done my beſt in the tranſlation to keep up the dignity of my author.

With riches honour'd, and with courage bleſt,
By *Hector* lov'd, his comrade, and his gueſt:
Thro' his broad belt the ſpear a paſſage found,
And pond'rous as he falls, his arms reſound.
Sudden at *Hector*'s ſide *Apollo* ſtood,
Like *Phœnops*, *Aſius*' ſon, appear'd the God;
(*Aſius* the great, who held his wealthy reign
In fair *Abydos*, by the rolling main.)
Oh Prince (he cry'd) oh foremoſt once in fame!
What *Grecian* now ſhall tremble at thy name?
Doſt thou at length to *Menelaüs* yield;
A chief, once thought no terror of the field;
Yet ſingly, now, the long-diſputed prize
He bears victorious, while our army flies.
By the ſame arm illuſtrious *Pedes* bled,
The friend of *Hector*, unreveng'd is dead!
This heard, o'er *Hector* ſpreads a cloud of woe,
Rage lifts his lance, and drives him on the foe.
But now th' Eternal ſhook his ſable ſhield,
That ſhaded *Ide*, and all the ſubject field
Beneath its ample verge. A rolling cloud
Involv'd the mount, the thunder roar'd aloud:
Th' affrighted hills from their foundations nod,
And blaze beneath the light'nings of the God:
At one regard of his all-ſeeing eye,
The vanquiſh'd triumph, and the victors fly.
Then trembled *Greece*: The flight *Peneleus* led;
For as the brave *Bœotian* turn'd his head
To face the foe, *Polydamas* drew near,
And raz'd his ſhoulder with a ſhorten'd ſpear:

By

V. 651. *By* Hector *lov'd, his comrade, and his gueſt.*] *Pedes*, the favourite and companion of *Hector*, being killed on this occaſion, ſeems a parallel circumſtance to the death of *Achilles*'s favourite and companion; and was probably put in here on purpoſe to engage *Hector* on a like occaſion with *Achilles*.

By *Hector* wounded, *Leitus* quits the plain,
Pierc'd thro' the wriſt; and raging with the pain,
Graſps his once formidable lance in vain.
As *Hector* follow'd, *Idomen* addreſt
The flaming jav'lin to his manly breaſt;
The brittle point before his corſlet yields;
Exulting *Troy* with clamour fills the fields:
High on his chariot as the *Cretan* ſtood,
The ſon of *Priam* whirl'd the miſſive wood:
But erring from its aim, th' impetuous ſpear
Strook to the duſt the 'ſquire and charioteer
Of martial *Merion*: *Cæranus* his name,
Who left fair *Lictus* for the fields of fame.
On foot bold *Merion* fought; and now laid low,
Had grac'd the triumphs of his *Trojan* foe;
But the brave 'ſquire the ready courſers brought,
And with his life his maſter's ſafety bought.
Between his cheek and ear the weapon went,
The teeth it ſhatter'd, and the tongue it rent.
Prone from the ſeat he tumbles to the plain;
His dying hand forgets the falling rein:
This *Merion* reaches, bending from the car,
And urges to deſert the hopeleſs war;
Idomeneus conſents; the laſh applies;
And the ſwift chariot to the navy flies.
Nor *Ajax* leſs the will of heav'n deſcry'd,
And conqueſt ſhifting to the *Trojan* ſide,
Turn'd by the hand of *Jove*. Then thus began,
To *Atreus'* ſeed, the godlike *Telamon*.
Alas! who ſees not *Jove*'s almighty hand
Tranſfers the glory to the *Trojan* band?
Whether the weak or ſtrong diſcharge the dart,
He guides each arrow to a *Grecian* heart:

Not

Not ſo our ſpears: inceſſant tho' they rain,
He ſuffers ev'ry lance to fall in vain.
Deſerted of the Gods, yet let us try
What human ſtrength and prudence can ſupply;
If yet this honour'd corſe, in triumph borne,
May glad the fleets that hope not our return,
Who tremble yet, ſcarce reſcued from their fates,
And ſtill hear *Hector* thund'ring at their gates.
Some hero too muſt be diſpatch'd to bear
The mournful meſſage to *Pelides'* ear;
For ſure he knows not, diſtant from the ſhore,
His friend, his lov'd *Patroclus*, is no more.
But ſuch a chief I ſpy not thro' the hoſt:
The men, the ſteeds, the armies, all are loſt
In gen'ral darkneſs—— Lord of Earth and Air!
Oh King! oh father! hear my humble pray'r:
Diſpel this cloud, the light of heav'n reſtore;
Give me to ſee, and *Ajax* aſks no more:
If *Greece* muſt periſh, we thy will obey;
But let us periſh in the face of day!

With

V. 721. *Some hero too muſt be diſpatch'd*, &c.] It ſeems odd that they did not ſooner ſend this meſſage to *Achilles*; but there is ſome apology for it from the darkneſs, and the difficulty of finding a proper perſon. It was not every body that was proper to ſend, but one who was a particular friend to *Achilles*, who might condole with him. Such was *Antilochus* who is ſent afterwards, and who, beſides, had that neceſſary qualification of being πόδας ὠκὺς. *Euſtathius*.

V. 731. *If* Greece *muſt periſh, we thy will obey;*
But let us periſh in the face of day!]

This thought has been looked upon as one of the ſublimeſt in *Homer*: *Longinus* repreſents it in this manner: "The thickeſt "darkneſs had on a ſudden covered the *Grecian* army, and "hindered them from fighting: When *Ajax*, not knowing "what courſe to take, cries out, *Oh* Jove! *diſperſe this dark-* "*neſs which covers the* Greeks, *and, if we muſt periſh, let us* "*periſh in the light!* This is a ſentiment truly worthy of *Ajax*:

"he

With tears the hero ſpoke, and at his pray'r
The God relenting, clear'd the clouded air;

Forth

"he does not pray for life; that had been unworthy a hero. "But becauſe in that darkneſs he could not employ his valour "to any glorious purpoſe, and vexed to ſtand idle in the field of "battle, he only prays that the day may appear, as being aſ-"ſured of putting an end to it worthy his great heart, though "*Jupiter* himſelf ſhould happen to oppoſe his efforts."

M. *l' Abbè Teraſſon* (in his diſſertation on the Iliad) endeavours to prove that *Longinus* has miſrepreſented the whole context and ſenſe of this paſſage of *Homer*. The fact (ſays he) is, that *Ajax* is in a very different ſituation in *Homer* from that wherein *Longinus* deſcribes him. He has not the leaſt intention of fighting, he thinks only of finding out ſome fit perſon to ſend to *Achilles*; and this darkneſs hindering him from ſeeing ſuch a one, is the occaſion of his prayer. Accordingly it appears by what follows, that as ſoon as *Jupiter* diſperſed the cloud, *Ajax* never falls upon the enemy, he in conſequence of his former thought orders *Menelaus* to look for *Antilochus*, to diſpatch him to *Achilles* with the news of the death of his friend. *Longinus* (continues this author) had certainly forgot the place from whence he took his thought; and it is not the firſt citation from *Homer* which the antients have quoted wrong. Thus *Ariſtotle* attributes to *Calypſo*, the words of *Ulyſſes* in the twelfth book of the *Odyſſey*: and confounds together two paſſages, one of the ſecond, the other of the fifteenth book of the Iliad. [*Ethic. ad Nicom.* l. 2. c. 9. and l. 3. c. 11.] And thus *Cicero* aſcribed to *Agamemnon* a long diſcourſe of *Ulyſſes* in the ſecond Iliad; [*De divinatione*, l. 2.] and cited as *Ajax*'s, the ſpeech of *Hector* in the ſeventh. [See *Hul. Gellius*, l. 15. c. 6.] One has no cauſe to wonder at this, ſince the ancients having *Homer* almoſt by heart, were for that very reaſon the more ſubject to miſtake in citing him by memory.

To this I think one may anſwer, that granting it was partly the occaſion of *Ajax*'s prayer to obtain light, in order to ſend to *Achilles* (which he afterwards does) yet the thought, which *Longinus* attributes to him, is very conſiſtent with it; and the laſt line expreſſes nothing elſe but an heroic deſire rather to die in the light, than eſcape with ſafety in the darkneſs.

Ἐν δὲ φαει καὶ ὄλεσσον, ἐπει νύ τοι εὖδεν ὤτως.

But indeed the whole ſpeech is only meant to paint the concern and diſtreſs of a brave General: The thought of ſending a meſſenger is only a reſult from that concern and diſtreſs, and ſo but

a ſmall

Forth burſt the ſun with all-enlight'ning ray;
The blaze of armour flaſh'd againſt the day.
Now, now, *Atrides!* caſt around thy ſight,
If yet *Antilochus* ſurvives the fight,
Let him to great *Achilles'* ear convey
The fatal news—*Atrides* haſtes away.
So turns the lion from the nightly fold,
Tho' high in courage, and with hunger bold,
Long gall'd by herdſmen, and long vex'd by hounds,
Stiff with fatigue, and fretted ſore with wounds;
The darts fly round him from an hundred hands,
And the red terrors of the blazing brands:
Till late, reluctant, at the dawn of day
Sour he departs, and quits th' untaſted prey.
So mov'd *Atrides* from his dang'rous place,
With weary limbs, but with unwilling pace:
The foe, he fear'd, might yet *Patroclus* gain,
And much admoniſh'd, much adjur'd his train.
Oh guard theſe relicks to your charge conſign'd,
And bear the merits of the dead in mind;

How

a ſmall circumſtance, which cannot be ſaid to occaſion the prayer.

Monſ. *Boileau* has tranſlated this paſſage in two lines.

Grand Dieu! chaſſe la nuit qui nous couvre les yeux,
Et combats contre nous à la clarté des cieux.

And Mr. *la Motte* yet better in one,

Grand Dieu! rends nous le jour, & combats contre nous!

But both of theſe (as *Dacier* very juſtly obſerves) are contrary to *Homer*'s ſenſe. He is far from repreſenting *Ajax* of ſuch a daring impiety, as to bid *Jupiter* combat againſt him; but only makes him aſk for light, that if it be his will the *Greeks* ſhall periſh, they may periſh in open day. Καὶ ὄλεσσον—(ſays he) that is, *abandon us, withdraw from us your aſſiſtance*; for thoſe who are deſerted by *Jove* muſt periſh infallibly. This decorum of *Homer* ought to have been preſerved.

How ſkill'd he was in each obliging art;
The mildeſt manners, and the gentleſt heart:
He was, alas! but fate decreed his end;
In death a hero, as in life a friend!
So parts the chief; from rank to rank he flew,
And round on all ſides ſent his piercing view.
As the bold bird, endu'd with ſharpeſt eye
Of all that wing the mid aerial ſky,
The ſacred eagle, from his walks above
Looks down, and ſees the diſtant thicket move;
Then ſtoops, and ſouſing on the quiv'ring hare,
Snatches his life amid the clouds of air.
Nor with leſs quickneſs, his exerted ſight
Paſs'd this, and that way, thro' the ranks of fight:
'Till on the left the chief he ſought, he found;
Chearing his men, and ſpreading deaths around.
To him the King. Belov'd of *Jove!* draw near,
For ſadder tidings never touch'd thy ear.
Thy eyes have witneſs'd what a fatal turn!
How *Ilion* triumphs, and th' *Achaians* mourn.
This is not all: *Patroclus*, on the ſhore
Now pale and dead, ſhall ſuccour *Greece* no more.
Fly to the fleet, this inſtant fly, and tell
The ſad *Achilles* how his lov'd one fell:
He too may haſte the naked corps to gain;
The arms are *Hector*'s, who deſpoil'd the ſlain.

The

V. 756. *The mildeſt manners, and the gentleſt heart.*] This is a fine elogium of *Patroclus*: *Homer* dwells upon it on purpoſe, leſt *Achilles*'s character ſhould be miſtaken; and ſhews by the praiſes he beſtows here upon goodneſs, that *Achilles*'s character is not commendable for morality. *Achilles*'s manners entirely oppoſite to thoſe of *Patroclus*, are not morally good; they are only poetically ſo, that is to ſay, they are well marked; and diſcover before-hand what reſolutions that hero will take: As hath been at large explained upon *Ariſtotle*'s Poeticks. *Dacier*.

The youthful warrior heard with ſilent woe,
From his fair eyes the tears began to flow;
Big with the mighty grief, he ſtrove to ſay
What ſorrow dictates, but no word found way.
To brave *Laodocus* his arms he flung,
Who, near him wheeling, drove his ſteeds along;
Then ran, the mournful meſſage to impart,
With tearful eyes, and with dejected heart.
Swift fled the youth: nor *Menelaus* ſtands,
(Tho' ſore diſtreſt) to aid the *Pylian* bands;
But bids bold *Thraſymede* thoſe troops ſuſtain;
Himſelf returns to his *Patroclus* ſlain.
Gone is *Antilochus* (the hero ſaid)
But hope not, warriors, for *Achilles'* aid:
Tho' fierce his rage, unbounded be his woe,
Unarm'd, he fights not with the *Trojan* foe.
'Tis in our hands alone our hopes remain,
'Tis our own vigour muſt the dead regain;
And ſave ourſelves, while with impetuous hate
Troy pours along, and this way rolls our fate.
'Tis

V. 781. *The youthful warrior heard with ſilent woe.*] *Homer* ever repreſents an exceſs of grief by a deep horror, ſilence, weeping, and not enquiring into the manner of he friend's death: Nor could *Antilochus* have expreſſed his ſorrw in any manner ſo moving as ſilence. *Euſtathius.*

V. 785. *To brave* Laodocus *his arms he flung.*] *Antilochus* leaves his armour, not only that he might make the more haſte, but (as the ancients conjecture) that he might not be thought to be abſent by the enemies: and that ſeeing his armour on ſome other perſon, they might think him ſtill in the fight. *Euſtathius.*

V. 794. *But hope not, warriors, for* Achilles' *aid!*
Unarm'd---] This is an ingenious way of making the valour of *Achilles* appear the greater; who, though without arms, goes forth, in the next book, contrary to the expectation of *Ajax* and *Menelaus*. *Dacier.*

'Tis well, (said *Ajax*) be it then thy care,
With *Merion*'s aid, the weighty corse to rear;
Myself, and my bold brother will sustain
The shock of *Hector* and his charging train:
Nor fear we armies, fighting side by side;
What *Troy* can dare, we have already try'd,
Have try'd it, and have stood. The hero said.
High from the ground the warriors heave the dead.
A gen'ral clamour rises at the sight:
Loud shout the *Trojans*, and renew the fight:
Not fiercer rush along the gloomy wood,
With rage insatiate and with thirst of blood,
Voracious hounds, that many a length before
Their furious hunters, drive the wounded boar;
But if the savage turns his glaring eye,
They howl aloof, and round the forest fly.
Thus on retreating *Greece* the *Trojans* pour,
Wave their thick faulchions, and their jav'lins show'r:
But *Ajax* turning, to their fears they yield,
All pale they tremble, and forsake the field.
While thus aloft the hero's corse they bear,
Behind them rages all the storm of war;
Confusion, tumult, horror, o'er the throng
Of men, steeds, chariots, urg'd the rout along:
Less fierce the winds with rising flames conspire,
To whelm some city under waves of fire;

Now

V. 825, &c.] The heap of images which *Homer* throws together at the end of this book, makes the same action appear with a very beautiful variety. The description of the burning city is short but very lively. That of *Ajax* alone bringing up the rear guard, and shielding those that bore the body of *Patroclus* from the whole *Trojan* host, gives a prodigious idea of *Ajax*, and, as *Homer* has often hinted, makes him just second to *Achilles*. The image of the beam paints the great stature

Now ſink in gloomy clouds the proud abodes;
Now crack the blazing temples of the Gods;
The rumbling torrent thro' the ruin rolls,
And ſheets of ſmoak mount heavy to the poles.
The heroes ſweat beneath their honour'd load;
As when two mules, along the rugged road,
From the ſteep mountain with exerted ſtrength
Drag ſome vaſt beam, or maſt's unwieldly length;
Inly they groan, big drops of ſweat diſtill,
Th' enormous timber lumb'ring down the hill:
So theſe—Behind, the bulk of *Ajax* ſtands,
And breaks the torrent of the ruſhing bands.
Thus when a river ſwell'd with ſudden rains
Spreads his broad waters o'er the level plains,
Some interpoſing hill the ſtream divides,
And breaks its force, and turns the winding tides.
Still cloſe they follow, cloſe the rear engage;
Æneas ſtorms, and *Hector* foams with rage:
While *Greece* a heavy, thick retreat maintains,
Wedg'd in one body, like a flight of cranes,
That ſhriek inceſſant, while the faulcon, hung
High on pois'd pinions, threats their callow young.
So from the *Trojan* chiefs the *Grecians* fly,
Such the wild terror, and the mingled cry:

Within

ture of *Patroclus*: That of the hill dividing the ſtream is noble and natural.

He compares the *Ajaces* to a boar, for their fierceneſs and boldneſs; to a long bank that keeps off the courſe of the waters, for their ſtanding firm and immoveable in the battle: Thoſe that carry the dead body, to mules dragging a vaſt beam for their laborioufneſs: The body carried to a beam, for being heavy and inanimate: The *Trojans* to dogs for their boldneſs; and to water, for their agility in moving backwards and forwards: The *Greeks* to a flight of ſtarlings and jays, for their timorouſneſs and ſwiftneſs. *Euſtathius.*

Within, without the trench, and all the way,
Strow'd in bright heaps, their arms and armour lay;
Such horror *Jove* impreſt! Yet ſtill proceeds
The work of death, and ſtill the battle bleeds.

THE

THE

EIGHTEENTH BOOK

OF THE

ILIAD.

The ARGUMENT.

The grief of *Achilles*, and new armour made him by *Vulcan*.

THE *news of the death of* Patroclus *is brought to* Achilles *by* Antilochus. Thetis *hearing his lamentations, comes with all her sea nymphs to comfort him. The speeches of the mother and son on this occasion.* Iris *appears to* Achilles *by the command of* Juno, *and orders him to shew himself at the head of the intrenchments. The sight of him turns the fortune of the day, and the body of* Patroclus *is carried off by the* Greeks. *The* Trojans *call a council, where* Hector *and* Polydamas *disagree in their opinions; but the advice of the former prevails, to remain encamped in the field: The grief of* Achilles *over the body of* Patroclus.

Thetis *goes to the Palace of* Vulcan, *to obtain new arms for her son. The description of the wonderful works of* Vulcan; *and lastly, that noble one of the shield of* Achilles.

The latter part of the nine and twentieth day, and the night ensuing, take up this book. The scene *is at* Achilles's *tent on the sea-shore, from whence it changes to the palace of* Vulcan.

THE

THE EIGHTEENTH BOOK OF THE ILIAD.

THUS like the rage of fire the combat burns,
And now it riſes, now it ſinks by turns.
Meanwhile, where *Helleſpont*'s broad waters flow,
Stood *Neſtor*'s ſon, the meſſenger of woe:
There ſate *Achilles*, ſhaded by his ſails,
On hoiſted yards extended to the gales;

Penſive

V. 1. *Thus like the rage of fire, &c.*] This phraſe is uſual in our author, to ſignify a ſharp battle fought with heat and fury on both parts; ſuch an engagement, like a flame, preying upon all ſides, and dying the ſooner, the fiercer it burns. *Euſtathius.*

V. 6. *On hoiſted yards.*] The epithet ἐρθοκραιράων in this place has a more than ordinary ſignification. It implies that the ſail-yards were hoiſted up, and *Achilles*'s ſhips on the point to ſet ſail. This ſhews that it was purely in compliance to his friend that he permitted him to ſuccour the *Greeks*; he meant to leave them as ſoon as *Patroclus* returned; he ſtill remembered what he told the embaſſadors in the ninth book; V. 363. *To-morrow you ſhall ſee my fleet ſet ſail.* Accordingly this is the day appointed, and he is fixed to his reſolution: This circumſtance wonderfully ſtrengthens his implacable character.

Penſive he ſate; for all that fate deſign'd
Roſe in ſad proſpect to his boding mind.
Thus to his ſoul he ſaid. Ah! what conſtrains
The *Greeks*, late victors, now to quit the plains?
Is this the day, which heav'n ſo long ago
Ordain'd, to ſink me with the weight of woe?
(So *Thetis* warn'd) when by a *Trojan* hand,
The braveſt of the *Myrmidonian* band
Should loſe the light? Fulfill'd is that decree?
Fall'n is the warrior? and *Patroclus* he!
In vain I charg'd him ſoon to quit the plain,
And warn'd to ſhun *Hectorean* force in vain!
Thus while he thinks, *Antilochus* appears,
And tells the melancholy tale with tears.

Sad

V. 7. *Penſive he ſate.*] *Homer* in this artful manner prepares *Achilles* for the fatal meſſage, and gives him theſe forebodings of his misfortunes, that they might be no more than he expected.

His expreſſions are ſuitable to his concern, and delivered confuſedly. "I bade him (ſays he) after he had ſaved the "ſhips and repulſed the *Trojans*, to return back, and not en-"gage himſelf too far." Here he breaks off, when he ſhould have added; "But he was ſo unfortunate as to forget my ad-"vice." As he is reaſoning with himſelf, *Antilochus* comes in, which makes him leave the ſenſe imperfect. *Euſtathius.*

V. 15. *Fulfill'd is that decree?*
Fall'n is the warrior? and Patroclus *he!*

It may be objected, that *Achilles* ſeems to contradict what had been ſaid in the foregoing book. That *Thetis* concealed from her ſon the death of *Patroclus* in her prediction. Whereas here he ſays, that ſhe had foretold he ſhould loſe the braveſt of the *Theſſalians*. There is nothing in this but what is natural and common among mankind: And it is ſtill more agreeable to the haſty and inconſiderate temper of *Achilles*, not to have made that reflection till it was too late. Prophecies are only marks of divine preſcience, not warnings to prevent human misfortunes: for if they were, they muſt hinder their own accompliſhment.

Sad tidings, ſon of *Peleus!* thou muſt hear;
And wretch'd I, th' unwilling meſſenger!
Dead is *Patroclus!* for his corſe they fight;
His naked corſe: His arms are *Hector*'s right.
A ſudden horror ſhot thro' all the chief,
And wrapt his ſenſes in the cloud of grief;

Caſt

V. 21. *Sad tidings, ſon of* Peleus!] This ſpeech of *Antilochus* ought to ſerve as a model for the brevity with which ſo dreadful a piece of news ought to be delivered; for in two verſes it comprehends the whole affair, the death of *Patroclus*, the perſon that killed him, the conteſt for his body, and his arms in poſſeſſion of his enemy. Beſides, it ſhould be obſerved, that grief has ſo crouded his words, that in theſe two verſes he leaves the verb ἀμφιμάχονται, *they fight*, without its nominative, *the Greeks or Trojans*. *Homer* obſerves this brevity upon all the like occaſions. The *Greek* tragick Poets have not always imitated this diſcretion. In great diſtreſſes there is nothing more ridiculous than a meſſenger who begins with pathetick deſcriptions: he ſpeaks without being heard: for the perſon to whom he addreſſes himſelf has no time to attend him: The firſt word, which diſcovers to him his misfortunes, has made him deaf to all the reſt. *Euſtathius.*

V. 25. *A ſudden horror*, &c.] A modern *French* writer has drawn a parallel of the conduct of *Homer* and *Virgil*, in relation to the deaths of *Patroclus* and *Pallas*. The latter is killed by *Turnus*, as the former by *Hector*; *Turnus* triumphs in the ſpoils of one, as *Hector* is clad in the arms of the other; *Æneas* revenges the death of *Pallas* by that of *Turnus*, as *Achilles* the death of *Patroclus*, by that of *Hector*. The grief of *Achilles* in *Homer*, on the ſcore of *Patroclus*, is much greater than that of *Æneas* in *Virgil* for the ſake of *Pallas*. *Achilles* gives himſelf up to deſpair, with a weakneſs which *Plato* could not pardon in him, and which can only be excuſed on account of the long and cloſe friendſhip between them: That of *Æneas* is more diſcreet, and ſeems more worthy of a hero. It was not poſſible that *Æneas* could be ſo deeply intereſted for any man, as *Achilles* was intereſted for *Patroclus*: for *Virgil* had no colour to kill *Aſcanius*, who was little more than a child; beſides, that his hero's intereſt in the war of *Italy* was great enough of itſelf, not to need to be animated by ſo touching a concern as the fear of loſing his ſon. On the other hand, *Achilles* having very little perſonal concern in the war of *Troy* (as he had told

Caſt on the ground, with furious hand he ſpread
The ſcorching aſhes o'er his graceful head;
His purple garments and his golden hairs,
Thoſe he deforms with duſt, and theſe he tears:
On the hard ſoil his groaning breaſt he threw,
And roll'd and groveſl'd, as to earth he grew.
The virgin captives, with diſorder'd charms,
(Won by his own, or by *Patroclus'* arms)
Ruſh'd from the tents with cries; and gath'ring round,
Beat their white breaſts, and fainted on the ground:
While *Neſtor*'s ſon ſuſtains a manlier part,
And mourns the warrior with a warrior's heart;
Hangs on his arms, amidſt his frantick woe,
And oft prevents the meditated blow.

Far

Agamemnon in the beginning of the Poem) and knowing, beſides, that he was to periſh there, required ſome very preſſing motives to engage him to perſiſt in it, after ſuch diſguſts and inſults as he had received. It was this which made it neceſſary for theſe two great Poets to treat a ſubject, ſo much in its own nature alike, in a manner ſo different. But as *Virgil* found it admirable in *Homer*, he was willing to approach it, as near as the œconomy of his work would permit.

V. 27. *Caſt on the ground*, &c.] This is a fine picture of the grief of *Achilles*: we ſee on the one hand, the poſture in which the hero receives the news of his friend's death; he falls upon the ground, he rends his hair, he ſnatches the aſhes and caſts them on his head, according to the manner of thoſe times; (but what much enlivens it in this place, is his ſprinkling embers, inſtead of aſhes, in the violence of his paſſion.) On the other ſide, the captives are running from their tents, ranging themſelves about him, and anſwering to his groans: Beſide him ſtands *Antilochus*, fetching deep ſighs, and hanging on the arms of the hero, for fear his deſpair and rage ſhould cauſe ſome deſperate attempt upon his own life: There is no painter but will be touched at this image.

V. 33. *The virgin captives*.] The captive maids lamented either in pity for their Lord, or in gratitude to the memory of *Patroclus*, who was remarkable for his goodneſs and affability; or under theſe pretences mourned for their own misfortunes in ſlavery. *Euſtathius*.

Far in the deep abyſſes of the main,
With hoary *Nereus*, and the wat'ry train,
The Mother Goddeſs from her cryſtal throne
Heard his loud cries, and anſwer'd groan for groan.
The circling *Nereids* with their miſtreſs weep,
And all the ſea-green ſiſters of the deep.
Thalia, *Glauce* (ev'ry wat'ry name)
Neſæa mild, and ſilver *Spio* came:
Cymothoë and *Cymodoce* were nigh,
And the blue languiſh of ſoft *Alia*'s eye.
Their locks *Actæa* and *Limnoria* rear,
Then *Proto*, *Doris*, *Panope* appear,
Thoa, *Pheruſa*, *Dota*, *Melita*;
Agave gentle, and *Amphithoë* gay:
Next *Callianira*, *Callianaſſa* ſhow
Their ſiſter looks; *Dexamene* the ſlow,
And ſwift *Dynamene*, now cut the tides:
Iara now the verdant wave divides:
Nemertes with *Apſeudes* lifts th' head,
Bright *Galatea* quits her pearly bed;
Theſe *Orythia*, *Clymene*, attend,
Mæra, *Amphinome*, the train extend,
And black *Janira*, and *Janaſſa* fair,
And *Amatheia* with her amber hair.
All theſe, and all that deep in ocean held
Their ſacred ſeats, the glimm'ring grotto fill'd;
Each beat her iv'ry breaſt with ſilent woe,
Till *Thetis*' ſorrows thus began to flow.

Hear me, and judge, ye ſiſters of the main!
How juſt a cauſe has *Thetis* to complain?
How wretched, were I mortal, were my fate!
How more than wretched in th' immortal ſtate!
Sprung from my bed a god-like hero came,
The braveſt far that ever bore the name;

Like ſome fair olive, by my careful hand
He grew, he flouriſh'd, and adorn'd the land.
To *Troy* I ſent him; but the fates ordain
He never, never muſt return again.
So ſhort a ſpace the light of heav'n to view,
So ſhort, alas! and fill'd with anguiſh too.
Hear how his ſorrows echo thro' the ſhore!
I cannot eaſe them, but I muſt deplore;
I go at leaſt to bear a tender part,
And mourn my lov'd one with a mother's heart.
She ſaid, and left the caverns of the main.
All bath'd in tears, the melancholy train
Attend her way. Wide opening part the tides,
While the long pomp the ſilver waves divides.
Approaching now, they touch'd the *Trojan* land;
Then, two by two, aſcended up the ſtrand.
Th' immortal mother, ſtanding cloſe beſide
Her mournful offspring, to his ſighs reply'd;
Along the coaſt their mingled clamours ran,
And thus the ſilver-footed dame began.
Why mourns my ſon? thy late preferr'd requeſt
The God has granted, and the *Greeks* diſtreſt:
Why mourns my ſon? thy anguiſh let me ſhare,
Reveal the cauſe, and truſt a parent's care.
He, deeply groaning —— To this cureleſs grief
Not ev'n the Thund'rer's favour brings relief.
Patroclus—Ah!—ſay, Goddeſs, can I boaſt
A pleaſure now? revenge itſelf is loſt;
Patroclus, lov'd of all my martial train,
Beyond mankind, beyond myſelf, is ſlain!

Loſt

V. 75. *Like ſome fair olive, by my careful hand.*] This paſſage, where the mother compares her ſon to a tender plant, raiſed and preſerved with care, has a moſt remarkable reſemblance to that in the *Pſalms*. *Thy children like branches of olive-trees round thy table*, Pſal. 128.

Loſt are thoſe arms the Gods themſelves beſtow'd
On *Peleus*; *Hector* bears the glorious load.
Curs'd be that day, when all the pow'rs above
Thy charms ſubmitted to a mortal love:
Oh hadſt thou ſtill, a ſiſter of the main,
Purſu'd the pleaſures of the wat'ry reign;
And happier *Peleus*, leſs ambitious, led
A mortal beauty to his equal bed!
Ere the ſad fruit of thy unhappy womb
Had caus'd ſuch ſorrows paſt, and woes to come.
For ſoon, alas! that wretched offſpring ſlain,
New woes, new ſorrows ſhall create again.
'Tis not in fate th' alternate now to give;
Patroclus dead, *Achilles* hates to live.
Let me revenge it on proud *Hector*'s heart.
Let his laſt ſpirit ſmoak upon my dart;
On theſe conditions will I breathe: Till then,
I bluſh to walk among the race of men.
A flood of tears, at this, the Goddeſs ſhed,
Ah then, I ſee thee dying, ſee thee dead!

V. 100, 125. *The two ſpeeches of* Achilles *to* Thetis.) It is not poſſible to imagine more lively and beautiful ſtrokes of nature and paſſion, than thoſe which our author aſcribes to *Achilles* throughout theſe admirable ſpeeches. They contain all, that the trueſt friend, the moſt tender ſon, and the moſt generous hero, could think or expreſs in this delicate and affecting circumſtance. He ſhews his exceſs of love to his mother, by wiſhing he had never been born or known to the world, rather than ſhe ſhould have endured ſo many ſufferings on his account: He ſhews no leſs love for his friend, in reſolving to revenge his death upon *Hector*, t o' his own would immediately follow. We ſee him here ready to meet his fate for the ſake of his friend, and in the *Odyſſey* we find him wiſhing to live again, only to maintain his father's honour againſt his enemies. Thus he values neither life nor death, but as they conduce to the good of his friends and parents, or the encreaſe of his glory.

After

When *Hector* falls, thou dy'st.—— Let *Hector* die,
And let me fall! (*Achilles* made reply)
Far lies *Patroclus* from his native plain!
He fell, and falling, wish'd my aid in vain.
Ah then, since from this miserable day
I cast all hope of my return away,
Since unreveng'd, a hundred ghosts demand
The fate of *Hector* from *Achilles'* hand;
Since here, for brutal courage far renown'd,
I live an idle burthen to the ground,
(Others in council fam'd for nobler skill,
More useful to preserve than I to kill)
Let me—But oh! ye gracious powers above!
Wrath and Revenge from men and Gods remove:
Far,

After having calmly considered the present state of his life, he deliberately embraces his approaching fate; and comforts himself under it, by reflection on those great men, whom neither their illustrious actions, nor their affinity to heaven, could save from the general doom. A thought very natural to him, whose business it was in peace to sing their praises, and in war to imitate their actions. *Achilles*, like a man passionate of glory, takes none but the finest models; he thinks of *Hercules*, who was the son of *Jupiter*, and who had filled the universe with the noise of his immortal actions. These are the sentiments of a real hero. *Eustathius.*

V. 137. *Let me——But oh! ye gracious pow'rs*, &c.] *Achilles*'s words are these; "Now since I am never to return "home, and since I lie here an useless person, losing my best "friend, and exposing the *Greeks* to so many dangers by my "own folly; I who am superior to them in battle"—Here he breaks off, and says,—May contention perish everlastingly, &c. *Achilles* leaves the sentence thus suspended, either because in his heat he had forgot what he was speaking of, or because he did not know how to end it, for he should have said,—"Since "I have done all this, I will perish to revenge him." Nothing can be finer than this sudden execration against discord and revenge, which breaks from the hero in the deep sense of the miseries those passions had occasioned.

Achilles could not be ignorant that he was superior to others in

Far, far too dear to ev'ry mortal breaſt,
Sweet to the ſoul, as honey to the taſte,
Gath'ring like vapours of a noxious kind
From fiery blood, and dark'ning all the mind.
Me *Agamemnon* urg'd to deadly hate;
'Tis paſt——I quell it; I reſign to fate.
Yes——I will meet the murd'rer of my friend,
Or (if the Gods ordain it) meet my end.
The ſtroke of fate the braveſt cannot ſhun:
The great *Alcides*, *Jove*'s unequall'd ſon,
To *Juno*'s hate at length reſign'd his breath,
And ſunk the victim of all-conqu'ring Death.
So ſhall *Achilles* fall! ſtretch'd pale and dead,
No more the *Grecian* hope, or *Trojan* dread!
Let me, this inſtant, ruſh into the fields,
And reap what glory life's ſhort harveſt yields.
Shall I not force ſome widow'd dame to tear,
With frantic hands, her long diſhevell'd hair?
Shall I not force her breaſt to heave with ſighs,
And the ſoft tears to trickle from her eyes!
Yes, I ſhall give the Fair thoſe mournful charms—
In vain you hold me—Hence! my arms, my arms!
Soon ſhall the ſanguine torrent ſpread ſo wide,
That all ſhall know, *Achilles* ſwells the tide.

in battle, and it was therefore no fault in him to ſay ſo. But he is ſo ingenuous as to give himſelf no farther commendation than what he undoubtedly merited; confeſſing at the ſame time, that many exceeded him in ſpeaking: Unleſs one may take this as ſaid in contempt of oratory, not unlike that of *Virgil*

Orabunt cauſas meliùs——&c.

V. 153. *Let me this inſtant.*] I ſhall have time enough for inglorious reſt when I am in the grave, but now I muſt act like a living hero: I ſhall indeed lie down in death, but at the ſame time riſe higher in glory. *Euſtathius.*

V. 162. *That all ſhall know,* Achilles.] There is a great

My son (*Cærulean Thetis* made reply,
To fate submitting with a secret sigh)
The host to succour, and thy friends to save,
Is worthy thee: the duty of the brave.
But canst thou, naked, issue to the plains?
Thy radiant arms the *Trojan* foe detains.
Insulting *Hector* bears the spoils on high,
But vainly glories, for his fate is nigh.
Yet, yet awhile, thy gen'rous ardour stay;
Assur'd, I meet thee at the dawn of day,
Charg'd with refulgent arms (a glorious load)
Vulcanian arms, the labour of a God.
Then turning to the daughters of the main,
The Goddess thus dismiss'd her azure train.
Ye sister *Nereids!* to your deeps descend,
Haste, and our father's sacred seat attend,
I go to find the architect divine,
Where vast *Olympus'* starry summits shine:
So tell our hoary sire——This charge she gave:
The sea-green sisters plunge beneath the wave:
Thetis once more ascends the blest abodes,
And treads the brazen threshold of the Gods.

And

great stress on δηρὸν and ἐγὼ. They soon shall find that their victories have been owing to the *long absence* of a hero, and that hero *Achilles*. Upon which the ancients have observed, that since *Achilles*'s anger there passed in reality but a few days: To which it may be replied, that so short a time as this might well seem long to *Achilles*, who thought all unactive hours tedious and insupportable; and if the poet himself had said that *Achilles* was long absent, he had not said it because a great many days had past, but because so great variety of incidents had happened in that time. *Eustathius*.

V. 171. ———This promise of *Thetis* to present her son with a suit of armour, was the most artful method of hindering him from putting immediately in practice his resolutions of fighting, which, according to his violent manners, he must have done: therefore the interposition of *Thetis* here was absolutely necessary; it was *dignus vindice nodus*.

And now the *Greeks*, from furious *Hector*'s force,
Urge to broad *Helleſpont* their headlong courſe:
Nor yet their Chiefs *Patroclus*' body bore
Safe thro' the tempeſt, to the tented ſhore.
The horſe, the foot, with equal fury join'd,
Pour'd on the rear, and thunder'd cloſe behind;
And like a flame thro' fields of ripen'd corn,
The rage of *Hector* o'er the ranks was borne.
Thrice the ſlain hero by the foot he drew;
Thrice to the ſkies the *Trojan* clamours flew:
As oft' th' *Ajaces* his aſſault ſuſtain;
But check'd, he turns; repuls'd attacks again.
With fiercer ſhouts his ling'ring troops he fires,
Nor yields a ſtep, nor from his poſt retires:
So watchful ſhepherds ſtrive to force, in vain,
The hungry lion from a carcaſe ſlain.
Ev'n yet, *Patroclus* had he borne away,
And all the glories of th' extended day;
Had not high *Juno*, from the realms of air,
Secret diſpatch'd her truſty meſſenger.
The various Goddeſs of the ſhow'ry bow,
Shot in a whirl-wind to the ſhores below;
To great *Achilles* at his ſhips ſhe came,
And thus began the many-colour'd dame.
Riſe, ſon of *Peleus!* riſe divinely brave!
Aſſiſt the combat, and *Patroclus* ſave:
For him the ſlaughter to the fleet they ſpread,
And fall with mutual wounds around the dead.
To drag him back to *Troy* the foe contends;
Nor with his death the rage of *Hector* ends:
A prey to dogs he dooms the corſe to lie,
And marks the place to fix his head on high.

Riſe, and prevent, (if yet thou think of fame)
Thy friend's diſgrace; thy own eternal ſhame!
Who ſends thee, Goddeſs! from th' æthereal ſkies?
Achilles thus. And *Iris* thus replies:
I come, *Pelides!* from the Queen of *Jove*,
Th' immortal empreſs of the realms above;
Unknown to him who ſits remote on high,
Unknown to all the ſynod of the ſky.
Thou com'ſt in vain, he cries (with fury warm'd)
Arms I have none, and can I fight unarm'd?
Unwilling as I am, of force I ſtay,
Till *Thetis* bring me at the dawn of day
Vulcanian arms: What other can I wield?
Except the mighty *Telamonian* ſhield?

That,

V. 219. *Who ſends thee, Goddeſs,* &c.] *Achilles* is amazed, that the moment after the Goddeſs his mother had forbad him fighting, he ſhould receive a contrary order from the Gods: Therefore he aſks what God had ſent her? *Dacier.*

V. 226. *Arms I have none.*] It is here objected againſt *Homer*, that ſince *Patroclus* took *Achilles*'s armour, *Achilles* could not want arms while he had thoſe of *Patroclus*; but (beſides that *Patroclus* might have given his armour to his ſquire *Automedon*, the better to deceive the *Trojans* by making them take *Automedon* for *Patroclus*, as they took *Patroclus* for *Achilles*) this objection may be very ſolidly anſwered, by ſaying that *Homer* had prevented it, ſince he made *Achilles*'s armour fit *Patroclus*'s body not without a miracle, which the Gods wrought in his favour. Furthermore, it does not follow that, becauſe the armour of a large man fits one that is ſmaller, the armour of a little man ſhould fit one that is larger. *Euſtathius.*

V. 230. *Except the mighty* Telamonian *ſhield.*] *Achilles* ſeems not to have been of ſo large a ſtature as *Ajax*: Yet his ſhield it is likely might be fit enough for him, becauſe his ſtrength was ſufficient to wield it. This paſſage, I think, might have been made uſe of by the defenders of the ſhield of *Achilles* againſt the critics, to ſhew that *Homer* intended the buckler of his hero for a very large one: And one would think he put into this place, juſt a little before the deſcription of that ſhield, on purpoſe to obviate that objection.

That, in my friend's defence, has *Ajax* ſpread,
While his ſtrong lance around him heaps the dead:
The gallant chief defends *Menœtius'* ſon,
And does, what his *Achilles* ſhould have done.
Thy want of arms (ſaid *Iris*) well we know,
But tho' unarm'd, yet clad in terrors, go!
Let but *Achilles* o'er yon' trench appear,
Proud *Troy* ſhall tremble, and conſent to fear;
Greece from one glance of that tremendous eye
Shall take new courage, and diſdain to fly.
She ſpoke, and paſs'd in air. The hero roſe:
Her *Ægis Pallas* o'er his ſhoulders throws:
Around his brows a golden cloud ſhe ſpread;
A ſtream of glory flam'd above his head.

As

V. 236. *But tho' unarm'd.*] A hero ſo violent and ſo outrageous as *Achilles*, and who had juſt loſt the man he loved beſt in the world, is not likely to refuſe ſhewing himſelf to the enemy, for the ſingle reaſon of having no armour. Grief and deſpair in a great ſoul are not ſo prudent and reſerved; but then on the other ſide, he is not to throw himſelf into the midſt of ſo many enemies armed and fluſh'd with victory. *Homer* gets out of this nice circumſtance with great dexterity, and gives to *Achilles*'s character every thing he ought to give to it without offending againſt probability. He judiciouſly feigns that *Juno* ſent this order to *Achilles*, for *Juno* is the Goddeſs of royalty, who has the care of princes and kings; and who inſpires them with the ſenſe of what they owe to their dignity and character. *Dacier.*

V. 237. *Let but* Achilles *o'er yon' trench appear.*] There cannot be a greater inſtance, how conſtantly *Homer* carried his whole deſign in his head, as well as with what admirable art he raiſes one great idea upon another to the higheſt ſublime, than this paſſage of *Achilles*'s appearance to the army, and the preparations by which we are led to it. In the thirteenth book, when the *Trojans* have the victory, they check their purſuit of it in the mere thought that *Achilles ſees them:* In the ſixteenth they are put into the utmoſt conſternation at the ſight of his armour: In the preſent book, beyond all expectation he does but ſhow himſelf unarmed, and the ſight of him gave the victory to *Greece!* How extremely noble is this gradation!

As when from ſome beleaguer'd town ariſe
The ſmokes, high curling to the ſhaded ſkies;
(Seen from ſome iſland, o'er the main afar,
When men diſtreſt hang out the ſign of war)
Soon as the ſun in ocean hides his rays,
Thick on the hills, the flaming beacons blaze;
With long-projected beams the ſeas are bright,
And heav'n's high arch reflects the ruddy light:
So from *Achilles'* head the ſplendors riſe,
Reflecting blaze on blaze, againſt the ſkies.
Forth march'd the chief, and diſtant from the crowd,
High on the rampart, rais'd his voice aloud;
With her own ſhout *Minerva* ſwells the ſound;
Troy ſtarts aſtoniſh'd, and the ſhores rebound.
As the loud trumpet's brazen mouth from far
With ſhrilling clangor ſounds th' alarm of war,

Struck

V. 246. *The ſmokes, high-curling.*] For fires in the day appear nothing but ſmoak, and in the night flames are viſible becauſe of the darkneſs. And thus it is ſaid in *Exodus*, That God led his people in the day with a pillar of ſmoak, and in the night with a pillar of fire. *Per diem in columnâ nubis, & per noctem in columnâ ignis.* Dacier.

V. 247. *Seen from ſome iſland.*] *Homer* makes a choice of a town placed in an iſland, becauſe ſuch a place being beſieged has no other means of making its diſtreſs known than by ſignals of fire; whereas a town upon the continent has other means to make known to its neighbours the neceſſity it is in. *Dacier.*

V. 259. *As the loud trumpet's*, &c.] I have already obſerved, that when the poet ſpeaks as from himſelf, he may be allowed to take his compariſon from the *trumpet*, as he has elſewhere done from *ſaddle horſes*, tho' neither the one nor the other were uſed in *Greece*, at the time of the *Trojan* war. *Virgil* was leſs exact in this reſpect, for he deſcribes the trumpet as uſed in the ſacking of *Troy*.

Exoritur clamorque virûm clangorque tubarum.

And celebrates *Miſenus* as the trumpeter of *Æneas*. But as *Virgil* wrote at a time more remote from thoſe heroic ages, perhaps

Struck from the walls, the echoes float on high,
And the round bulwarks and thick tow'rs reply;
So high his brazen voice the hero rear'd:
Hosts drop their arms, and trembled as they heard;
And back the chariots roll, and courſers bound,
And ſteeds and men, lie mingled on the ground.
Aghaſt they ſee the living light'nings play,
And turn their eye-balls from the flaſhing ray.
Thrice from the trench his dreadful voice he rais'd;
And thrice they fled, confounded and amaz'd,
Twelve in the tumult wedg'd, untimely ruſh'd
On their own ſpears, by their own chariots cruſh'd:
While ſhielded from the darts, the *Greeks* obtain
The long-contended carcaſe of the ſlain.
A lofty bier the breathleſs warrior bears:
Around his ſad companions melt in tears.
But chief *Achilles*, bending down his head,
Pours unavailing ſorrows o'er the dead,
Whom late triumphant with his ſteeds and car,
He ſent refulgent to the field of war,
(Unhappy change!) now ſenſeleſs, pale, he found,
Stretch'd forth and gaſh'd, with many a gaping wound.
Mean time unweary'd with his heav'nly way,
In Ocean's waves th' unwilling light of day
Quench'd his red orb, at *Juno*'s high command,
And from their labours ceas'd the *Achaian* band.

The

perhaps this liberty may be excuſed. But a poet had better confine himſelf to cuſtoms and manners, like a painter; and it is equally a fault in either of them to aſcribe to times and nations any thing with which they are unacquainted.

One may add an obſervation to this note of M. *Dacier*, that the trumpet's not being in uſe at that time, makes very much for *Homer*'s purpoſe in this place. The terror raiſed by the voice of this hero, is much the more ſtrongly imaged by a ſound that was unuſual and capable of ſtriking more from its very novelty.

The frighted *Trojans* (panting from the war,
Their ſteeds unharneſs'd from the weary car)
A ſudden council call'd: Each chief appear'd
In haſte, and ſtanding; for to ſit they fear'd.
'Twas now no ſeaſon for prolong'd debate;
They ſaw *Achilles*, and in him their fate.
Silent they ſtood: *Polydamas* at laſt,
Skill'd to diſcern the future by the paſt,
The ſon of *Panthus*, thus expreſs'd his fears;
(The friend of *Hector*, and of equal years:
The ſelf ſame night to both a being gave,
One wiſe in counſel, one in action brave.)
In free debate, my friends, your ſentence ſpeak;
For me, I move, before the morning break
To raiſe our camp: Too dang'rous here our poſt,
Far from *Troy*'s walls, and on a naked coaſt.
I deem'd not *Greece* ſo dreadful, while engag'd
In mutual feuds, her King and Hero rag'd;
Then, while we hop'd our armies might prevail,
We boldly camp'd beſide a thouſand ſail.
I dread *Pelides* now: his rage of mind
Not long continues to the ſhores confin'd,
Nor to the fields, where long in equal fray
Contending nations won and loſt the day;
For *Troy*, for *Troy*, ſhall hereafter be the ſtrife,
And the hard conqueſt, not for fame, but life.
Haſte then to *Ilion*, while the fav'ring night
Detains thoſe terrors, keeps that arm from fight;
If but the morrow's ſun beholds us here,
That arm, thoſe terrors, we ſhall feel, not fear;
And

V. 315. *If but the morrow's ſun*, &c.] *Polydamas* ſays in the original, "If *Achilles* comes to-morrow *in his armour*." There ſeems to lie an objection againſt this paſſage, for *Polydamas*

And hearts that now disdain, shall leap with joy
If heav'n permits them then to enter *Troy*.
Let not my fatal prophecy be true,
Nor what I tremble but to think, ensue.
Whatever be our fate, yet let us try
What force of thought and reason can supply;
Let us on counsel for our guard depend;
The town, her gates and bulwarks shall defend.
When morning dawns, our well-appointed pow'rs,
Array'd in arms, shall line the lofty tow'rs.
Let the fierce hero then, when fury calls,
Vent his mad vengeance on our rocky walls,
Or fetch a thousand circles round the plain,
'Till his spent coursers seek the fleet again:
So may his rage be tir'd, and labour'd down;
And dogs shall tear him ere he sack the town.
Return? (said *Hector*, fir'd with stern disdain)
What coop whole armies in our walls again?

Was't

mas knew that *Achilles*'s armour was wonby *Hector*, he must also know that no other man's armour would fit him; how then could he know that new arms were made for him that very night? Those who are resolved to defend *Homer*, may answer, it was by his skill in prophecy: but to me this seems to be a slip of our author's memory, and one of those little *nods* which *Horace* speaks of.

V. 333. *The speech of* Hector] *Hector*, in this severe answer to *Polydamas*, takes up several of his words and turns them another way.

Polydamas had said Πρωῒ δ' ὑπ' ἠοῖοι σὺν τεύχεσι θωρηχθέντες ςησόμεθ ἂν πύργους. "To-morrow by break of day let us put "on our arms, and defend the castles and city walls." to which *Hector* replies, Πρωῒ δ' ὑπ' ἠοῖοι σὺν τεύχεσι θωρηχθέντες Νηυσὶν ἐπὶ γλαφυρῆσιν ἐγείρομεν ὀξὺν Ἄρηα, "To-morrow by "break of day let us put on our arms, not to defend our-"selves at home, but to fight the *Greeks* before their own "ships."

Polydamas speaking of *Achilles*, had said τῷ δ' ἄλγιον αἴκ ἐθέλῃσιν, &c. "If he comes after we are within the walls of "our

Was't not enough, ye valiant warriors ſay,
Nine years impriſon'd in thoſe tow'rs ye lay?
Wide o'er the world was *Ilion* fam'd of old
For braſs exhauſtleſs, and for mines of gold.
But while inglorious in her walls we ſtay'd,
Sunk were her treaſures, and her ſtores decay'd;
The *Phrygians* now her ſcatter'd ſpoils enjoy,
And proud *Mæonia* waſtes the fruits of *Troy*.
Great *Jove* at length my arms to conqueſt calls,
And ſhuts the *Grecians* in their wooden walls:
Dar'ſt thou diſpirit whom the Gods incite?
Flies any *Trojan*? I ſhall ſtop his flight.
To better counſel then attention lend;
Take due refreſhment, and the watch attend.
If there be one whoſe riches coſt him care,
Forth let him bring them for the troops to ſhare;

'Tis

"our city, it will be worſe for him, for he may drive round "the city long enough before he can hurt us." To which *Hector* anſwers, If *Achilles* ſhould come Ἄλγιον, αἴκ' ἐθέλῃσι, τῷ ἔσσεταί· οὔ μιν ἔγωγε φεύξομαι ἐκ πολέμοιο, &c. "'Twill be "worſe for him as you ſay, becauſe I'll fight him:" οὔ μιν ἔγωγε φεύξομαι, ſays *Hector*, in reply to *Polydamas*'s ſaying, ὅσ κε φύγῃ. But *Hector* is not ſo far gone in paſſion or pride, as to forget himſelf; and accordingly in the next lines he modeſtly puts it in doubt, which of them ſhall conquer. *Euſtathius*.

V. 340. *Sunk were her treaſures, and her ſtores decay'd.*] As well by reaſon of the convoys, which were neceſſarily to be ſent for with ready money; as by reaſon of the great allowances which were to be given to the auxiliary troops, who came from *Phrygia* and *Mæonia*. *Hector*'s meaning is, that ſince all the riches of *Troy* are exhauſted, it is no longer neceſſary to ſpare themſelves, or ſhut themſelves up within their walls. *Dacier*.

V. 349. *If there be one*, &c.] This noble and generous propoſal is worthy of *Hector*, and at the ſame time very artful to ingratiate himſelf with the ſoldiers. *Euſtathius* farther obſerves that it is ſaid with an eye to *Polydamas*, as accuſing him of being rich, and of not opening the advice he had given, for any

'Tis better gen'rouſly beſtow'd on thoſe,
Than left the plunder of our country's foes.
Soon as the morn the purple Orient warms,
Fierce on yon' navy will we pour our arms.
If great *Achilles* riſe in all his might,
His be the danger: I ſhall ſtand the fight.
Honour, ye Gods! or let me gain, or give;
And live he glorious, whoſoe'er ſhall live!
Mars is our common Lord, alike to all;
And oft' the victor triumphs, but to fall.

The ſhouting hoſt in loud applauſes join'd;
So *Pallas* robb'd the many of their mind,
To their own ſenſe condemn'd! and left to chuſe
The worſt advice, the better to refuſe.

While the long night extends her ſable reign,
Around *Patroclus* mourn'd the *Grecian* train.
Stern in ſuperior grief *Pelides* ſtood;
Thoſe ſlaught'ring arms, ſo us'd to bathe in blood,
Now claſp his clay-cold limbs: then guſhing, ſtart
The tears, and ſighs burſt from his ſwelling heart.
The lion thus, with dreadful anguiſh ſtung,
Roars thro' the deſert and demands his young;
When the grim ſavage, to his rifled den
Too late returning, ſnuffs the track of men,
And o'er the vales and o'er the foreſts bounds;
His clam'rous grief the bellowing wood reſounds.
So grieves *Achilles*; and impetuous vents,
To all his *Myrmidons*, his loud laments.

In

any other end than to preſerve his great wealth; for riches commonly make men cowards, and the deſire of ſaving them has often occaſioned men to give advice very contrary to the public welfare.

In what vain promiſe, Gods! did I engage?
When to conſole *Menœtius'* feeble age,
I vow'd his much-lov'd offspring to reſtore,
Charg'd with rich ſpoils to fair *Opuntia's* ſhore!
But mighty *Jove* cuts ſhort with juſt diſdain,
The long, long views of poor deſigning man!
One fate the warrior and the friend ſhall ſtrike,
And *Troy's* black ſands muſt drink our blood alike:
Me too, a wretched mother ſhall deplore,
An aged father never ſee me more!
Yet, my *Patroclus!* yet a ſpace I ſtay,
Then ſwift purſue thee on the darkſome way.
Ere thy dear relicks in the grave are laid,
Shall *Hector's* head be offer'd to thy ſhade;
That, with his arms, ſhall hang before thy ſhrine;
And twelve the nobleſt of the *Trojan* line,
Sacred to vengeance, by this hand expire;
Their lives effus'd around the flaming pyre.
Thus let me lie till then! thus cloſely preſt,
Bathe thy cold face, and ſob upon thy breaſt!
While *Trojan* captives here thy mourners ſtay,
Weep all the night, and murmur all the day,
Spoils of my arms, and thine; when, waſting wide,
Our ſwords kept time, and conquer'd ſide by ſide.

He

V. 379. *In what vain promiſe.*] The lamentation of *Achilles* over the body of *Patroclus* is exquiſitely touched: It is ſorrow in the extreme, but the ſorrow of *Achilles*. It is nobly uſhered in by that ſimile of the grief of the Lion: An idea which is fully anſwered in the ſavage and bloody concluſion of this ſpeech. One would think by the beginning of it, that *Achilles* did not know his fate, till after his departure from *Opuntium*; and yet how does that agree with what is ſaid of his choice of the ſhort and active life, rather than the long and inglorious one? Or did not he flatter himſelf ſometimes, that his fate might be changed? This may be conjectured from ſeveral other paſſages, and is indeed the moſt natural ſolution.

He ſpoke, and bid the ſad attendants round
Cleanſe the pale corſe, and waſh each honour'd wound:
A maſſy cauldron of ſtupendous frame
They brought, and plac'd it o'er the riſing flame:
Then heap the lighted wood; the flame divides
Beneath the vaſe, and climbs around the ſides.
In its wide womb they pour the ruſhing ſtream;
The boiling water bubbles to the brim.
The body then they bathe with pious toil,
Embalm the wounds, anoint the limbs with oil;
High on a bed of ſtate extended laid,
And decent cover'd with a linen ſhade;
Laſt o'er the dead the milk-white veil they threw;
That done, their ſorrows and their ſighs renew.
Mean while to *Juno*, in the realms above,
(His wife and ſiſter) ſpoke almighty *Jove*.
At laſt thy will prevails: Great *Peleus'* ſon
Riſes in arms: ſuch grace thy *Greeks* have won.
Say (for I know not) is their race divine,
And thou the mother of that martial line?
What words are theſe (th' imperial dame replies,
While anger flaſh'd from her majeſtick eyes)
Succour like this a mortal arm might lend,
And ſuch ſucceſs mere human wit attend:

And

V. 404. *Cleanſe the pale corſe*, &c. This cuſtom of waſhing the dead, is continued among the *Greeks* to this day; and it is a pious duty performed by the deareſt friend or relation, to ſee it waſhed and anointed with a perfume, after which they cover it with linen, exactly in the manner here related.

V. 417. Jupiter *and* Juno.] *Virgil* has copied the ſpeech of *Juno* to *Jupiter*. *Aſt ego quæ diviûm incedo regina*, &c. But it is exceedingly remarkable, that *Homer* ſhould upon every occaſion make marriage and diſcord inſeparable: 'Tis an unalterable rule with him, to introduce the huſband and wife in a quarrel.

And ſhall not I, the ſecond pow'r above,
Heav'n's Queen, and conſort of the thund'ring *Jove*,
Say, ſhall not I one nation's fate command,
Nor wreak my vengeance on one guilty land?
So they. Mean while the ſilver-footed dame
Reach'd the *Vulcanian* dome, eternal frame!
High eminent amid the works divine,
Where heav'n's far-beaming brazen manſions ſhine.
There the lame architect the Goddeſs found,
Obſcure in ſmoak, his forges flaming round,
While bath'd in ſweat from fire to fire he flew,
And puffing loud, the roaring bellows blew.
That day no common taſk his labour claim'd:
Full twenty Tripods for his hall he fram'd,

That

V. 440. *Full twenty tripods.*] Tripods were veſſels ſupported on three feet, with handles on the ſides; they were of ſeveral kinds and for ſeveral uſes; ſome were conſecrated to ſacrifices, ſome uſed as tables, ſome as ſeats, others hung as ornaments on walls of houſes or temples; theſe of *Vulcan* have an addition of wheels, which was not uſual, which intimates them to be made with clock-work. Monſ. *Dacier* has commented very well on this paſſage. If *Vulcan* (ſays he) had made ordinary tripods, they had not anſwered the greatneſs, power and ſkill of a God. It was therefore neceſſary that this work ſhould be above that of men: To effect this the tripods were animated, and in this *Homer* doth not deviate from the probability; for every one is fully perſuaded, that a God can do things more difficult than theſe, and that all matter will obey him. What has not been ſaid of *Dædalus*? *Plato* writes, that they walked alone, and if they had not taken care to tie them, they would have got looſe, and run from their Maſter. If a writer in proſe can ſpeak hyperbolically of a man, may not *Homer* do it much more of a God? Nay, this circumſtance with which *Homer* has embelliſhed his poem, would have had nothing too ſurprizing, though theſe tripods had been made by a man; for what may not be done in clock-work, by an exact management of ſprings? This criticiſm is then ill grounded, and *Homer* does not deſerve the ridicule they would caſt on him.

The ſame author applies to this paſſage of *Homer* that rule of *Ariſtotle*,

That plac'd on living wheels of maſſy gold,
(Wond'rous to tell) inſtinct with ſpirit roll'd
From place to place, around the bleſt abodes,
Self-mov'd, obedient to the beck of Gods:
For their fair handles now, o'er-wrought with flow'rs,
In molds prepar'd, the glowing ore he pours.
Juſt as reſponſive to his thought the frame
Stood prompt to move, the azure Goddeſs came:
Charis, his ſpouſe, a grace divinely fair,
(With purple fillets round her braided hair)
Obſerv'd her ent'ring; her ſoft hand ſhe preſs'd,
And ſmiling, thus the wat'ry Queen addreſs'd.
What, Goddeſs! this unuſual favour draws?
All hail, and welcome! whatſoe'er the cauſe:
Till now a ſtranger, in a happy hour
Approach, and taſte the dainties of the bow'r.

High

Ariſtotle, Poetic. Ch. 26. which deſerves to be alledged at large on this occaſion.

"When a Poet is accuſed of ſaying any thing that is impoſſible; we muſt examine that impoſſibility, either with "reſpect to *poetry*, with reſpect to that which is *beſt*, or with "reſpect to *common fame*. Firſt, with regard to *poetry*, The "*probable impoſſible* ought to be preferred to the *poſſible which* "*hath no veri ſimilitude*, and which would not be believed; "and 'tis thus that *Zeuxis* painted his pieces. Secondly, with "reſpect to that which is *beſt*, we ſee that a thing is more excellent and more wonderful this way, and that the originals "ought always to ſurpaſs. Laſtly, in reſpect to *fame*, it is "proved that the poet need only follow common opinion. "All that appears abſurd may be alſo juſtified by one of theſe "three ways; or elſe by the maxim we have already laid "down, that it is probable, that a great many things may happen againſt probability."

A late critick has taken notice of the conformity of this paſſage of *Homer* with that in the firſt chapter of *Ezekiel*, *The ſpirit of the living creature was in the wheels; when theſe went, theſe went; and when theſe ſtood, theſe ſtood; and when theſe were lifted up, the wheels were lifted up over againſt them; for the ſpirit of the living creature was in the wheels.*

High on a throne, with ſtars of ſilver grac'd,
And various artifice, the Queen ſhe plac'd;
A footſtool at her feet: then calling ſaid,
Vulcan draw near, 'tis *Thetis* aſks your aid.
Thetis (reply'd the God) our pow'rs may claim,
An ever dear, and ever honour'd name!

When

V. 459. *A footſtool at her feet.*] It is at this day the uſual honour paid among the *Greeks*, to viſitors of ſuperior quality to ſet them higher than the reſt of the company, and put a foot-ſtool under their feet. See note on V. 179. book 14. This with innumerable other cuſtoms, are ſtill preſerved in the eaſtern nations.

V. 460. Vulcan, *draw near*, *'tis* Thetis *aſks your aid.*] The ſtory the ancients tell of *Plato*'s application of this verſe is worth obſerving. That great philoſopher had in his youth a ſtrong inclination to poetry, and not being ſatisfied to compoſe little pieces of gallantry and amour, he tried his force in tragedy and epic poetry; but the ſucceſs was not anſwerable to his hopes: He compared his performance with that of *Homer*, and was very ſenſible of the difference. He therefore abandoned a ſort of writing wherein he at beſt could only be the ſecond, and turned his views to another, wherein he deſpaired not to become the firſt. His anger tranſported him ſo far, as to throw all his verſes into the fire. But while he was burning them he could not help citing a verſe of the very poet who had cauſed his chagrin. It was the preſent line, which *Homer* has put into the mouth of *Charis*, when *Thetis* demands arms for *Achilles*.

Ἥφαιϛε, πρόμολ' ὧδε, Θέτις νύ τι σεῖο κατίϛαι.

Plato only inſerted his own name inſtead of that of *Thetis*.

Vulcan, *draw near*, *'tis* Plato *aſks your aid.*

if we credit the ancients, it was the diſcontentment his own poetry gave him, that raiſed in him all the indignation he afterwards expreſſed againſt the art itſelf. In which (ſay they) he behaved like thoſe lovers, who ſpeak ill of the beauties whom they cannot prevail upon. *Fragu er, Parall. de Hom. & de Platon.*

V. 461. Thetis *(reply'd the God) our pow'rs may claim*, &c.] *Vulcan* throws by his work to perform *Thetis*'s requeſt, who had laid former obligations upon him; the poet in this exam-

ple

When my proud mother hurl'd me from the ſky,
(My aukward form, it ſeems, diſpleas'd her eye)
She and *Eurynome*, my griefs redreſt,
And ſoft receiv'd me on their ſilver breaſt.
E'en then, theſe arts employ'd my infant thought;
Chains, bracelets, pendants, all their toys I wrought.
Nine years kept ſecret in the dark abode,
Secure I lay, conceal'd from Man and God:
Deep in a cavern'd rock my days were led;
The ruſhing ocean murmur'd o'er my head.

Now

ple giving us an excellent precept, that gratitude ſhould take place of all other concerns.

The motives which ſhould engage a God in a new work, in the night-time, upon a ſuit of armour for a mortal, ought to be ſtrong; and therefore artfully enough put upon the foot of gratitude: Beſides, they afford at the ſame time a noble occaſion for *Homer* to retail his theology, which he is always very fond of.

The allegory of *Vulcan*, or fire, (according to *Heraclides*) is this. His father is *Jupiter*, or the *Æther*, his mother *Juno*, or the *Air*, from whence he fell to us, whether by lightning or otherwiſe. He is ſaid to be lame, that is to want ſupport, becauſe he cannot ſubſiſt without the continual ſubſiſtance of fuel. The æthereal fire *Homer* call *Sol* or *Jupiter*, the inferior *Vulcan*; the one wants nothing of perfection, the other is ſubject to decay, and is reſtored by acceſſion of materials. *Vulcan* is ſaid to fall from heaven, becauſe at firſt, when the opportunity of obtaining fire was not ſo frequent, men prepared inſtruments of braſs, by which they collected the beams of the ſun; or elſe they gained it from accidental lightning, that ſet fire to ſome combuſtible matter. *Vulcan* had periſhed when he fell from heaven, unleſs *Thetis* and *Eurynome* had received him; that is, unleſs he had been preſerved from falling into ſome convenient receptacle, or ſubterranean place; and ſo was afterwards diſtributed for the common neceſſities of mankind. To underſtand theſe ſtrange explications, it muſt be known, that *Thetis* is derived from τίθημι to *lay up*, and *Eurynome* from εὐρὺς and νομὴ, a *wide diſtribution*. They are all called daughters of the ocean, becauſe the vapours and exhalations of the ſea forming themſelves into clouds find nouriſhment for lightnings.

Now ſince her preſence glads our manſions, ſay,
For ſuch deſert what ſervice can I pay?
Vouchſafe, O *Thetis!* at our board to ſhare
The genial rites, and hoſpitable fare;
While I the labours of the forge forego,
And bid the roaring bellows ceaſe to blow.
Then from his anvil the lame artiſt roſe;
Wide with diſtorted legs oblique he goes,
And ſtills the bellows, and (in order laid)
Locks in their cheſt his inſtruments of trade:
Then with a ſponge the ſooty workman dreſt
His brawny arms imbrown'd, and hairy breaſt.
With his huge ſcepter grac'd, and red attire,
Came halting forth the Sov'reign of the fire;
The monarch's ſteps two female forms uphold,
That mov'd, and breath'd, in animated gold;
To whom was voice, and ſenſe, and ſcience giv'n
Of works divine (ſuch wonders are in heav'n)
On theſe ſupported, with unequal gait
He reach'd the throne where penſive *Thetis* ſat;
There plac'd beſide her on the ſhining frame,
He thus addreſs'd the ſilver-footed dame:
Thee, welcome Goddeſs! what occaſion calls
(So long a ſtranger) to theſe honour'd walls?

'Tis

V. 487. *Two female forms,*
That mov'd and breath'd in animated gold.]
It is very probable that *Homer* took the idea of theſe from the ſtatues of *Dædalus*, which might be extant in his time. The ancients tell us, that they were made to imitate life, in rolling their eyes, and in all other motions. From whence indeed it ſhould ſeem, that the excellency of *Dædalus* conſiſted in what we call clock-work, or the management of moving figures by ſprings, rather than in ſculpture or imagery: And accordingly, the fable of his fitting wings to himſelf and his ſon, is formed entirely upon the foundation of the former.

'Tis thine, fair *Thetis*, the command to lay,
And *Vulcan*'s joy and duty to obey.
To whom the mournful mother thus replies,
(The cryſtal drops ſtood trembling in her eyes)
Oh *Vulcan*! ſay, was ever breaſt divine
So pierc'd with ſorrows, ſo o'erwhelm'd as mine?
Of all the Goddeſſes, did *Jove* prepare
For *Thetis* only ſuch a weight of care?
I, only I, of all the wat'ry race,
By force ſubjected to a man's embrace,
Who, ſinking now with age and ſorrow, pays
The mighty fine impos'd on length of days.
Sprung from my bed, a god-like hero came,
The braveſt ſure that ever bore the name;
Like ſome fair plant, beneath my careful hand,
He grew, he flouriſh'd! and he grac'd the land:
To *Troy* I ſent him! but his native ſhore
Never, ah never, ſhall receive him more!
(Ev'n while he lives, he waſtes with ſecret woe)
Nor I, a Goddeſs, can retard the blow,
Robb'd of the prize the *Grecian* ſuffrage gave,
The King of nations forc'd his royal ſlave:
For this he griev'd; and, till the *Greeks* oppreſt
Requir'd his arms, he ſorrow'd unredreſt.

V. 517. *Robb'd of the prize*, &c.] *Thetis*, to compaſs her deſign, recounts every thing to the advantage of her ſon; ſhe therefore ſuppreſſes the epiſode of the embaſſy, the prayers that had been made uſe of to move him, all that the *Greeks* had ſuffered after the return of the ambaſſadors; and artfully puts together two very diſtant things, as if they had followed each other in the ſame moment. He declined, ſays ſhe, to ſuccour the *Greeks*, but he ſent *Patroclus*. Now between his refuſing to help the *Greeks*, and his ſending *Patroclus*, terrible things had fallen out: but ſhe ſuppreſſes them, for fear of offending *Vulcan* with the recital of *Achilles*'s inflexible obduracy, and thereby create in that God an averſion to her ſon. *Euſtathius.*

Large gifts they promiſe, and their elders ſend;
In vain—He arms not, but permits his friend.
His arms, his ſteeds, his forces to employ;
He marches, combats, almoſt conquers *Troy:*
Then ſlain by *Phœbus* (*Hector* had the name)
At once reſigns his armour, life, and fame.
But thou, in pity, by my pray'er be won;
Grace with immortal arms this ſhort-liv'd ſon,
And to the field in martial pomp reſtore,
To ſhine with glory, 'till he ſhines no more!
To her the Artiſt-God. Thy griefs reſign,
Secure, what *Vulcan* can, is ever thine.
O could I hide him from the fates as well,
Or with theſe hands the cruel ſtroke repel,
As I ſhall forge moſt envied arms, the gaze
Of wond'ring ages, and the world's amaze!
Thus having ſaid, the father of the fires
To the black labours of his forge retires.

Soon

V. 525. *Then ſlain by* Phœbus (Hector *had the name.*] It is a paſſage worth taking notice of, that *Brutus* is ſaid to have conſulted the *Sortes Homericæ*, and to have drawn one of theſe lines, wherein the death of *Patroclus* is aſcribed to *Apollo*; after which, unthinkingly, he gave the name of that God, for the word of battle. This is remarked as an unfortunate omen by ſome of the ancients, tho' I forget where I met with it.

V. 537. *The father of the fires*, &c.] The ancients (ſays *Euſtathius*) have largely celebrated the philoſophical myſteries which they imagine to be ſhadowed under theſe deſcriptions, eſpecially *Dama* (ſuppoſed the daughter of *Pythagoras*) whoſe explication is as follows. *Thetis* who receives the arms, means the apt order and diſpoſition of all things in the creation. By the fire and the wind raiſed by the bellows, are meant *air* and *fire*, the moſt active of all the elements. The emanations of the fire are thoſe *golden maids*, that waited on *Vulcan*. The circular ſhield is the *world*, being of a ſphærical figure. The gold, the braſs, the ſilver, and the tin are the elements. Gold is fire, the firm braſs is earth, the ſilver is air

Soon as he bade them blow, the bellows turn'd
Their iron mouths; and where the furnace burn'd, 540

air, and the soft tin, water. And thus far (say they) *Homer* speaks a little obscurely, but afterwards he names them expressly, ἐν μὲν γαῖαν ἔστυξ, ἐν δ' οὐρανὸν, ἐν δὲ θάλασσαν, to which for the fourth element you must add *Vulcan*, who makes the shield. The extreme circle that runs round the shield, which he calls *splendid* and *threefold*, is the Zodiack; threefold in its breadth, within which all the planets move; splendid, because the sun passes always thro' the midst of it. The silver handle, by which the shield is fastened at both extremities, is the *Axis* of the world, imagined to pass thro' it, and upon which it turns. The five folds are those parallel circles that divide the world, the *Polar*, the *Tropicks*, and the *Æquator*.

Heraclitus Ponticus thus pursues the allegory. *Homer* (says he) makes the working of his shield, that is the world, to be begun by *night*, as indeed all matter lay undistinguished in an original and universal *night*, which is called *Chaos* by the Poets.

To bring the matter of the shield to separation and form, *Vulcan* presides over the work, or as we may say, an *essential warmth: All things*, says *Heraclitus*, *being made by the operation of fire.*

And because the *Architect* is at this time to give a form and ornament to the world he is making, it is not rashly that he is said to be married to one of the Graces.

On the broad shield the maker's hand engraves,
The earth and sea beneath, the pole above,
The sun unwearied, and the circled moon.

Thus in the beginning of the world, he first lays the earth as a foundation of a building, whose vacancies are filled up with the flowings of the sea. Then he spreads out the sky for a kind of divine roof over it, and lights the elements, now separated from their former confusion, with the *sun*, the *moon*,

And all those stars that crown the skies with fire:

Where, by the word *crown*, which gives the idea of roundness, he again hints at the figure of the world; and tho' he could not particularly name the stars like *Aratus* (who professed to write upon them) yet he has not omitted to mention the principal. From hence he passes to represent two *allegorical* cities, one of *peace* the other of *war*; *Empedocles* seems to have

Reſounding breath: At once the blaſt expires,
And twenty forges catch at once the fires;
Juſt as the God directs, now loud, now low,
They raiſe a tempeſt, or they gently blow.
In hiſſing flames huge ſilver bars are rolled,
And ſtubborn braſs, and tin, and ſolid gold:
Before, deep fix'd, th' eternal anvils ſtand;
The pond'rous hammer loads his better hand,
His left with tongs turns the vex'd metal round;
And thick, ſtrong ſtrokes, the doubling vaults rebound.
Then firſt he form'd th' immenſe and ſolid *ſhield*;
Rich, various artifice emblaz'd the field;
Its utmoſt verge a three-fold circle bound;
A ſilver chain ſuſpends the maſſy round:
Five ample plates the broad expanſe compoſe,
And god-like labours on the ſurface roſe.
There ſhone the image of the maſter Mind:
There earth, there heav'n, there ocean he deſign'd;
Th' unweary'd ſun, the moon compleatly round;
The ſtarry lights that heav'n's high convex crown'd;
The *Pleiads*, *Hyads*, with the northern team;
And great *Orion*'s more refulgent beam;
To which, around the axle of the ſky,
The *Bear* revolving points his golden eye;
Still ſhines exalted on th' æthereal plain,
Nor bathes his blazing forehead in the main.

Two

have taken from *Homer* his aſſertion, that all things had their original from *ſtrife* and *friendſhip*.

All theſe refinements, (not to call them abſolute whimſies) I leave, juſt as I found them, to the reader's judgment or mercy. They call it *Learning* to have read them, but I fear 'tis *Folly* to quote them.

V. 566. *Nor bathes his blazing forehead in the main*] The Criticks make uſe of this paſſage to prove that *Homer* was ignorant of aſtronomy: ſince he believed, that the *Bear* was the only

Two cities radiant on the ſhield appear,
The image one of peace, and one of war,

Here

only conſtellation which never bathed itſelf in the ocean, that is to ſay, that did not ſet, and was always viſible; for, ſay they, this is common to other conſtellations of the arctick circle, as the leſſer Bear, the Dragon, the greateſt part of *Cepheus*, &c. To ſalve *Homer*, *Ariſtotle* anſwers, that he calls it the only one, to ſhew that it is the only one of thoſe conſtellations he had ſpoken of, or that he has put the *only* for the *principal* or the *moſt known*. *Strabo* juſtifies this after another manner, in the beginning of his firſt book; "Under the name "of the *Bear* and the *Charior*, *Homer* comprehends all the "arctick circle; for there being ſeveral other ſtars in that "circle which never ſet, he could not ſay, that the *Bear* was "the only one which did not bathe itſelf in the ocean; where- "fore thoſe are deceived, who accuſe the poet of ignorance, "as if he knew one *Bear* only when there are two; for the "leſſer was not diſtinguiſhed in his time. The *Phœnicians* "were the firſt who obſerved it, and made uſe of it in their "navigation; and the figure of that ſign paſſed from them to "the *Greeks*: The ſame thing happened in regard to the "conſtellation of *Berenice*'s hair, and that of *Canopus*, "which received thoſe names very lately; and, as *Aratus* "ſays well, there are ſeveral other ſtars which have no names. "*Crates* was then in the wrong to endeavour to correct "this paſſage, in putting οὐ for οὔ, for he tries to avoid "that which there is no occaſion to avoid. *Heraclitus* did "better, who put the *Bear* for the arctick circle, as *Homer* has "done. The *Bear* (ſays he) *is the limit of the riſing and ſet-* "*ting of the ſtars.*" Now it is the *arctick circle*, and not the *bear*, which is that limit. "'Tis therefore evident, that by "the word *bear*, which he calls the *waggon*, and which he "ſays obſerves *Orion*, he underſtands the arctick circle; that "by the ocean he means the horizon where the ſtars riſe and "ſet; and by thoſe words, *which turns in the ſame place, and* "*doth not bathe itſelf in the ocean*, he ſhews that the arctick "circle is the moſt northern part of the horizon, &c." *Dacier* on *Ariſt.*

Monſ. *Teraſſon* combats this paſſage with great warmth. But it will be a ſufficient vindication of our author to ſay, that ſome other conſtellations, which are likewiſe perpetually above the horizon in the latitude where *Homer* writ, were not at that time diſcovered; and that whether *Homer* knew that the bear's not ſetting was occaſioned by the latitude, and that

in

Here ſacred pomp, and genial feaſt delight,
And ſolemn dance, and *Hymenæal* rite;
Along the ſtreet the new-made brides are led,
With torches flaming, to the nuptial bed:
The youthful dancers in a circle bound
To the ſoft flute, and cittern's ſilver ſound:
Thro' the fair ſtreets, the matrons, in a row,
Stand in their porches, and enjoy the ſhow.
There, in the *Forum* ſwarm a numerous train;
The ſubject of debate, a townſman ſlain:
One pleads the fine diſcharg'd, which one deny'd,
And bade the publick and the laws decide:
The witneſs is produc'd on either hand;
For this, or that, the partial people ſtand:

Th'

in a ſmaller latitude it would ſet, is of no conſequence; for if he had known it, it was ſtill more poetical not to take notices of it.

V. 567. *Two cities*, &c,] In one of theſe are repreſented all the advantages of *peace*: And it was impoſſible to have choſen two better emblems of peace, than *Marriages* and *Juſtice*. 'Tis ſaid this city was *Athens*, for marriages were firſt inſtituted there by *Cecrops*; and judgment upon murder was firſt founded there. The ancient ſtate of *Attica* ſeems repreſented in the neighbouring fields, where the ploughers and reapers are at work, and a king is overlooking them: for *Triptolemus*, who reigned there, was the firſt who ſowed corn: This was the imagination of *Agallias Corcyreus*, as we find him cited by *Euſtathius*.

V. 579 *The fine diſcharg'd*] Murder was not always puniſhed with death, or ſo much as baniſhment; but when ſome fine was paid, the criminal was ſuffered to remain in the city. So *Iliad* 9.

——Καὶ μὲν τίς τε κασιγνήτοιο φόνοιο
Ποινὴν, ἢ ὅ παιδος ἐδέξατο τεθνειῶτος.
Καὶ ῥ ὁ μὲν ἐν δήμῳ μένει αὐτῷ πόλλ' ἀποτίσας:

—*If a brother bleed,*
On juſt atonement we remit the deed;
A ſire the ſlaughter of his ſon forgives,
The price of blood diſcharg'd, the murd'rer lives.

Th' appointed heralds ſtill the noiſy bands,
And form a ring with ſceptres in their hands;
On ſeats of ſtone, within the ſacred place,
The rev'rend elders nodded o'er the caſe;
Alternate, each th' atteſting ſcepter took,
And riſing ſolemn, each his ſentence ſpoke.
Two golden tablets lay amidſt, in ſight,
The prize of him who beſt adjudg'd the right.
Another part (a proſpect diff'ring far)
Glow'd with refulgent arms, and horrid war.
Two mighty hoſts a leaguer'd town embrace,
And one would pillage, one would burn the place.
Meantime the townſmen, arm'd with ſilent care,
A ſecret ambuſh on the foe prepare:
Their wives, their children, and the watchful band
Of trembling parents on the turrets ſtand.

The

V. 590. *The prize of him who beſt adjudg'd the right,*] *Euſtathius* informs us, that it was anciently the cuſtom to have a reward given to that judge who pronounced the beſt ſentence. M. *Dacier* oppoſes this authority, and will have it, that this reward was given to the perſon who upon the deciſion of the ſuit appeared to have the juſteſt cauſe. The difference between theſe two cuſtoms, in the reaſon of the thing, is very great: For the one muſt have been an encouragement to juſtice, the other a provocation to diſſention. It were to be wanting in a due reverence to the wiſdom of the ancients, and of *Homer* in particular, not to chuſe the former ſenſe: And I have the honour to be confirmed in this opinion, by the ableſt judge, as well as the beſt practiſer, of equity, my Lord *Hartcourt*, at whoſe ſeat I tranſlated this Book.

V. 591. *Another part (a proſpect diff'ring far)* &c.] The ſame *Agalliaſ*, cited above, would have this city in war to be meant of *Eluſina*, but upon very ſlight reaſons. What is wonderful, is, that all the accidents and events of *war* are ſet are before our eyes in this ſhort compaſs. The ſeveral ſcenes are excellently diſpoſed to repreſent the whole affair. Here it in the ſpace of thirty lines, a ſiege, a ſally, an ambuſh, the ſurprize of a convoy, and a battle; with ſcarce a ſingle circumſtance, proper to any of theſe, omitted.

They march, by *Pallas* and by *Mars* made bold;
Gold were the Gods, their radiant garments gold,
And gold their armour: These the squadrons led,
August, divine, superior by the head!
A place, for ambush fit, they found, and stood
Cover'd with shields, beside a silver flood.
Two spies at distance lurk, and watchful seem
If sheep or oxen seek the winding stream.
Soon the white flocks proceeded o'er the plains,
And steers slow-moving, and two shepherd swains;
Behind them, piping on their reeds, they go,
Nor fear an ambush, nor suspect a foe.
In arms the glitt'ring squadron rising round,
Rush sudden; hills of slaughter heap the ground,
Whole flocks and herds lie bleeding on the plains,
And all amidst them, dead, the shepherd swains!
The bellowing oxen the besiegers hear;
They rise, take horse, approach, and meet the war;
They fight, they fall, beside the silver flood;
The waving silver seem'd to blush with blood.
There tumult, there contention stood confest;
One rear'd a dagger at a captive's breast,
One held a living foe, that freshly bled
With new-made wounds; another dragg'd a dead;
Now here, now there, the carcasses they tore:
Fate stalk'd amidst them, grim with human gore.
And the whole war came out, and met the eye;
And each bold figure seem'd to live, or die.

A field

V. 619. *There tumult*, &c.] This is the first place in the whole description of the buckler, where *Homer* rises in his style, and uses the allegorical ornaments of Poetry; so natural it was for his imagination (now heated with the fighting scene in the *Iliad*) to take fire when the image of a battle was presented to it.

A field deep-furrow'd, next the God design'd,
The third time labour'd by the sweating hind;

The

V. 627. *A field deep furrow'd*, &c.] Here begin the descriptions of rural life, in which *Homer* appears as great a master as in the great and terrible parts of poetry. One would think, he did this on purpose to rival his contemporary *Hesiod*, on those very subjects to which his genius was particularly bent. Upon this occasion, I must take notice of that *Greek* poem, which is commonly ascribed to *Hesiod*, under the title of Ἀσπὶς Ἡρακλέος. Some of the antients mention such a work as *Hesiod*'s, but that amounts to no proof that this is the same: Which indeed is not an express poem upon the shield of *Hercules*, but a fragment of the story of that hero. What regards the shield is a manifest copy from this of *Achilles*; and consequently it is not of *Hesiod*. For if he was not more ancient, he was at least contemporary with *Homer*: And neither of them could be supposed to borrow so shamelesly from the other, not only the plan of entire descriptions, (as those of the marriage, the harvest, the vineyard, the ocean round the margin, &c.) but also whole verses together: Those of *Parca*, in the battle, are repeated word for word.

——— εν δ' ὀλοὴ Κὴρ,
Ἄλλον ζωὸν ἔχουσα νεούτατον ἄλλον ἄουτον,
Ἄλλον τεθνειῶτα κατὰ μόθον ἕλκε ποδοῖιν.
Εἷμα δ' ἐχ ἀμφ' ὤμοισι δαφοίνεον αἱματι φωτῶν.

And indeed half the poem is but a sort of *Cento* composed out of *Homer*'s verses. The reader need only cast an eye on these two descriptions, to see the vast difference of the original and the copy; and I dare say he will readily agree with the sentiment of Monsieur *Dacier*, in applying to them that famous verse of *Sannazarius*,

Illum hominem dices, hunc posuisse Deum.

V. *Id.*] I ought not to forget the many apparent allusions to the descriptions on this shield, which are to be found in those pictures of peace and war, the city and country, in the eleventh book of *Milton*: Who was doubtless fond of any occasion to shew, how much he was charmed with the beauty of all these lively images. He makes his angel paint those objects which he shews to *Adam*, in the colours, and almost the very strokes of *Homer*. Such is that passage of the harvest field,

His

The ſhining ſhares full many ploughmen guide,
And turn their crooked yokes on ev'ry ſide.
Still as at either end they wheel around,
The maſter meets 'em with his goblet crown'd;
The hearty draught rewards, renews their toil;
Then back the turning plow-ſhares cleave the ſoil,
Behind, the riſing earth in ridges roll'd,
And ſable look'd, tho' form'd of molten gold.
Another field roſe high with waving grain;
With bended ſickles ſtand the reaper-train.

Here

'His eye he open'd, and beheld a field
'Part arable and tilth, whereon were ſheaves
'New reap'd; the other part ſheep walks and folds.
'In midſt an altar, as the land-mark, ſtood,
'Ruſtick, of graſſy ſord, &c.

That of the marriage,

'They light the nuptial torch, and bid invoke
'*Hymen* (then firſt to marriage rites invok'd)
'With feaſts and muſick all their tents reſound.

But more particularly the following lines are in a manner a tranſlation of our author.

'One way a band ſelect from forage drives
'A herd of beeves, fair oxen and fair kine
'From a fat meadow ground; or fleecy flock,
'Ewes and their bleating lambs, acroſs the plain,
'Their booty: Scarce with life the ſhepherds fly,
'But call in aid, which makes a bloody fray,
'With cruel tournaments the ſquadrons join
'Where cattle paſtur'd late, now ſcatter'd lies
'With carcaſſes and arms th' enſanguin'd field
'Deſerted.—Others to a city ſtrong
'Lay ſiege, encamp'd; ybattery, ſcale, and mine
'Aſſaulting; others from the wall defend
'With dart and jav'lin, ſtones, and ſulph'rous fire:
'On each hand ſlaughter and gigantic deeds.
'In other part the ſcepter'd heralds call
'To council in the city gates: anon
'Grey-headed men and grave, with warriors mixt,
'Aſſemble, and harangues are heard—

Here ſtretch'd in ranks the levell'd ſwarths are found
Sheaves heap'd on ſheaves, here thicken on the ground
With ſweeping ſtroke the mowers ſtrow the lands;
The gath'rers follow, and collect in bands;
And laſt the children, in whoſe arms are borne
(Too ſhort to gripe them) the brown ſheaves of corn.
The ruſtic monarch of the field deſcries,
With ſilent glee, the heaps around him riſe.
A ready banquet on the turf is laid,
Beneath an ample oak's expanded ſhade.
The victim ox the ſturdy youth prepare;
The reaper's due repaſt, the women's care.
Next ripe in yellow gold, a vineyard ſhines,
Bent with the pond'rous harveſt of its vines;
A deeper dye the dangling cluſters ſhow,
And, curl'd on ſilver props, in order glow.
A darker metal mixt intrench'd the place;
And pales of glitt'ring tin th' encloſure grace.
To this, one path-way gently-winding leads,
Where march a train with baſkets on their heads,
(Fair maids and blooming youth) that ſmiling bear
The purple product of th' autumnal year.
To theſe a youth awakes the warbling ſtrings,
Whoſe tender lay the fate of *Linus* ſings;

In

V. 645. *The ruſtic monarch of the field.*] *Dacier* takes this to be a piece of ground given to a hero in reward of his ſervices. It was in no reſpect unworthy ſuch a perſon in thoſe days, to ſee his harveſt got in, and to overlook his reapers: It is very conformable to the manners of the ancient patriarchs, ſuch as they are deſcribed to us in the holy ſcriptures.

V. 662. *The fate of* Linus.] There are two interpretations of this verſe in the original: That which I have choſen is confirmed by the teſtimony of *Herodotus*, lib. 2. and *Pauſanias*, *Bœoticis*. *Linus* was the moſt ancient name in poetry, the firſt upon record who invented verſe and meaſure among the *Grecians*: he paſſed for the ſon of *Apollo* or *Mercury*, and was preceptor

In meaſur'd dance behind him move the train,
Tune ſoft the voice, and anſwer to the ſtrain.
Here, herds of oxen march, erect and bold,
Rear high their horns, and ſeem to lowe in gold,
And ſpeed to meadows, on whoſe ſounding ſhores
A rapid torrent thro' the ruſhes roars:
Four golden herdſmen as their guardians ſtand,
And nine ſpur dogs compleat the ruſtic band.
Two lions ruſhing from the wood appear'd;
And ſeiz'd a bull, the maſter of the herd;
He roar'd: in vain the dogs, the men withſtood,
They tore his fleſh, and drank the ſable blood.
The dogs (oft' chear'd in vain) deſert the prey,
Dread the grim terrors, and at diſtance bay.
Next this, the eye the art of *Vulcan* leads
Deep thro' fair foreſts, and a length of meads;
And ſtalls, and folds, and ſcatter'd cotts between;
And fleecy flocks, that whiten all the ſcene.

A figur'd

precepter to *Hercules*, *Thamyris* and *Orpheus*. There was a ſolemn cuſtom among the *Greeks* of bewailing annually the death of their firſt poet: *Pauſanias* informs us, that before the yearly ſacrifice to the muſes on mount *Helicon*, the obſequies of *Linus* were performed, who had a ſtatue and altar erected to him, in that place. *Homer* alludes to that cuſtom in this paſſage, and was doubtleſs fond of paying this reſpect to the old father of poetry. *Virgil* has done the ſame in that fine celebration of him, *Eclog.* 6.

Tum canit errantem Permeſſi ad flumina Gallum,
Utque viro Phœbi chorus aſſurrexerit omnis;
Ut Linus *hæc illi, divino carmine, paſtor*
(Floribus atque apio crines ornatus amaro)
Dixerit-----&c.

And again in the fourth *Eclogue*;

Non me carminibus vincet nec Thracius *Orpheus,*
Nec Linus; *huic mater quamvis, atque huic pater adſit,*
Orpheo Calliopea, Lino *formoſus* Apollo.

A figur'd dance ſucceeds: Such once was ſeen
In lofty *Gnoſſus*, for the *Cretan* Queen,
Form'd by *Dædalian* art. A comely band
Of youths and maidens, bounding hard in hand;
The maids in ſoft cymars of linen dreſt;
The youths all graceful in the gloſſy veſt;
Of thoſe the locks with flow'ry wreaths inroll'd,
Of theſe the ſides adorn'd with ſwords of gold,
That glitt'ring gay, from ſilver belts depend.
Now all at once they riſe, at once deſcend,
With well-taught feet: Now ſhape, in oblique ways,
Confus'dly regular, the moving maze:
Now forth at once, too ſwift for ſight they ſpring,
And undiſtinguiſh'd blend the flying ring:
So whirls a wheel, in giddy circle toſt,
And rapid as it runs, the ſingle ſpokes are loſt.
The gazing multitudes admire around;
Two active tumblers in the centre bound;
Now high, now low, their pliant limbs they bend,
And gen'ral ſongs the ſprightly revel end.

Thus

V. 681. *A figur'd dance.*] There were two ſorts of dances, the pyrrhick, and the common dance: *Homer* has joined both in his deſcription. We ſee the pyrrhick, or military, is performed by the youths who have ſwords on, the other by the virgins crowned with garlands.

Here the ancient ſcholiaſts ſay, that whereas before it was the cuſtom for men and women to dance ſeparately, the contrary practice was brought in by ſeven youths and as many virgins, who were ſaved by *Theſeus* from the labyrinth, and that this dance was taught them by *Dædalus*: To which *Homer* here alludes. See *Dion. Halic. Hiſt.* l. 7. c. 68.

It is worth obſerving that the *Grecian* dance is ſtill performed in this manner in the *oriental* nations: The youths and maids dance in a ring, beginning ſlowly; by degrees the muſic plays a quicker time, till at laſt they dance with the utmoſt ſwiftneſs; And towards the concluſion, they ſing (as it is ſaid here) in a general chorus.

Thus the broad ſhield complete the artiſt crown'd
With his laſt hand, and pour'd the ocean round:
In living ſilver ſeem'd the waves to roll,
And beat the buckler's verge, and bound the whole.
This done, whate'er a warrior's uſe requires
He forg'd: the cuiraſs that out-ſhone the fires,
The greaves of ductile tin, the helm impreſt
With various ſculpture, and the golden creſt.
At *Thetis'* feet the finiſh'd labour lay;
She, as a falcon cuts th' aerial way,
Swift from *Olympus'* ſnowy ſummit flies,
And bears the blazing preſent through the ſkies.

V. 702. *And pour'd the ocean round.*] *Vulcan* was the God of Fire, and *Homer* paſſes over this part of the deſcription negligently; for which reaſon *Virgil* (to take a different walk), makes half his deſcription of *Æneas*'s buckler conſiſt in a ſea-fight. For the ſame reaſon he has laboured the ſea-piece among his games, more than any other, becauſe *Homer* had deſcribed nothing of this kind at the funeral of *Patroclus*.

OBSER-

OBSERVATIONS
ON THE
SHIELD OF *ACHILLES*.

THE Poet intending to ſhew, in its full luſtre, his genius for deſcription, makes choice of this interval from action and the leiſure of the night, to diſplay that talent at large in the famous buckler of *Achilles*. His intention was no leſs than to draw the picture of the whole world in the compaſs of this ſhield. We ſee firſt the univerſe in general; the heavens are ſpread, the ſtars are hung up, the earth is ſtretched forth, the ſeas are poured round: We next ſee the world in a nearer and more particular view; the cities, delightful in peace, or formidable in war; the labours of the country, and the fruit of thoſe labours, in the harveſts and the vintages: the paſtoral life in its pleaſures and its dangers: In a word, all the occupations, all the ambitions, and all the diverſions of mankind: This noble and comprehenſive deſign he has executed in a manner that challenged the admiration of all the ancients: And how right an idea they had of this grand deſign, may be judged from that verſe of *Ovid*, *Met.* 13. where he calls it,

——*Clypeus* vaſti *cælatus imagine* mundi.

It is indeed aſtoniſhing, how, after this, the arrogance of ſome moderns could unfortunately chuſe the nobleſt part of the nobleſt poet for the object of their blind cenſures. Their criticiſms, however juſt enough upon other parts, yet, when employed on this buckler, are to the utmoſt weak and impotent.

—poſtquam arma Dei ad Vulcania ventum eſt
Mortalis mucro, glacies ſeu futilis, icta
Diffiluit.—

I deſign

I design to give the reader the sum of what has been said on this subject. First, a reply to the loose and scattered objections of the criticks, by M. *Dacier*: Then the regular plan and distribution of the shield, by Monsr. *Boivin*: And lastly, I shall attempt, what has not yet been done, to consider it as a work of *painting*, and prove it in all respects conformable to the most just ideas and established rules of that art.

I. It is the fate (says M. *Dacier*) of the arms of *Achilles*, to be still the occasion of quarrels and disputes. *Julius Scaliger* was the first who appeared against this part, and was followed by a whole herd. These object in the first place, that it is impossible to represent the movement of the figures; and in condemning the manner, they take the liberty to condemn also the subject, which they say is trivial, and not well understood. It is certain that *Homer* speaks of the figures on this buckler, as if they were alive: And some of the ancients, taking his expressions to the strictness of the letter, did really believe that they had all sorts of motion. *Eustathius* shewed the absurdity of that sentiment by a passage of *Homer* himself; "That poet, "says he, to shew that his figures are not animated, "as some have pretended by an excessive affection "for the prodigious, took care to say that they *moved* "*and fought*, as if *they were living men*." The ancients certainly founded this ridiculous opinion on a rule of *Aristotle*: For they thought the poet could not make his description more *admirable* and *marvellous*, than in making his figures animated, since (as *Aristotle* says) the *original should always excel the copy*. That shield is the work of a God: It is the original, of which the engraving and painting of men is but an imperfect copy; and there is nothing impossible to the Gods. But they did not perceive, that by this *Homer* would have fallen into an extravagant admirable which would not have been probable. Therefore it is without any necessity *Eustathius* adds, "That it is "possible all those figures did not stick close to the "shield.

" ſhield, but that they were detached from it, and " moved by ſprings, in ſuch a manner that they ap- " peared to have motion; as *Æſchylus* has feigned " ſomething like it, in his *ſeven captains againſt* Thebes." But without having recourſe to that conjecture, we can ſhew that there is nothing more ſimple and natural than the deſcription of that ſhield, and there is not one word which *Homer* might not have ſaid of it, if it had been the work of a man; for there is a great deal of difference between the work itſelf, and the deſcription of it.

Let us examine the particulars for which they blame *Homer*. They ſay he deſcribes two towns on his ſhield which *ſpeak different languages*. It is the *Latin* tranſlation, and not *Homer*, that ſays ſo; the word μερόπων, is a common epithet of men, and which ſignifies only, that they have *an articulate voice*. Theſe towns could not ſpeak different languages, ſince, as the ancients have remarked, they were *Athens* and *Eleuſina*, both which ſpake the ſame language. But though that epithet ſhould ſignify, *which ſpeak diffferent languages*, there would be nothing very ſurprizing, for *Virgil* ſaid what *Homer* it ſeems muſt not:

Victæ longo ordine gentes,
Quam variæ linguis. ——— Æn. 8.

If a painter ſhould put into a picture one town of *France* and another of *Flanders*, might not one ſay there were two towns which ſpeak different languages?

Homer (they tell us) ſays in another place, that *we hear the harangues of two pleaders*. This is an unfair exaggeration: He only ſays, *two men pleaded*, that is, were repreſented pleading. Was not the ſame ſaid by *Pliny* of *Nicomachus*, that he had painted two *Greeks*, which ſpake one after another? Can we expreſs ourſelves otherwiſe of theſe two arts, which, though they are mute, yet have a language? Or in explaining a painting of *Raphael* or *Pouſſin*, can we prevent an animating the figures, in making them ſpeak conformably to the

the design of the painter? But how could the engraver represent those young shepherds and virgins that dance first in a ring, and then in sets? Or those troops which were in ambuscade? This would be difficult indeed, if the workman had not the liberty to make his person appear in different circumstances. All the objections against the young man who sings at the same time that he plays on the harp, the bull that roars whilst he is devoured by a lion, and against the musical consorts, are childish; for we can never speak of painting if we banish those expressions. *Pliny* says of *Apelles*, that he painted *Clytus* on horseback going to battle, and demanding his helmet of his 'squire: Of *Aristides*, that he drew a beggar whom he could almost understand, *pene cum voce*: Of *Crefilochus*, that he had painted *Jupiter* bringing forth *Bacchus*, and crying out like a woman, *& muliebriter ingemiscentem*: And of *Nicearchus*, that he had drawn a piece, in which *Hercules* was seen very melancholy on reflection of his madness, *Herculem tristem, insaniæ pœnit utid*. No one sure will condemn those ways of expression which are so common. The same author has said much more of *Apelles*; he tells us he painted those things which could not be painted, as thunder; *pinxit quæ pingi non possunt*: And of *Timanthus*, that in all his works there was something more understood than was seen; and tho' there was all the art imaginable, yet still there was more ingenuity than art: *Atque in omnibus ejus operibus, intelligitur plus semper quam pingitur: & cum ars summa sit, ingenium tamen ultra artem est*. If we take the pains to compare these expressions with those of *Homer*, we shall find him altogether excusable in his *manner* of describing the buckler.

We come now to the *matter*. If this shield (says a modern Critick) had been made in a wiser age, it would have been more correct and less charged with objects. There are two things which cause the censurers to fall into this false criticism: The first is, that they think the shield was no broader than the brims of a hat,

a hat, whereas it was large enough to cover a whole man. The other is, that they did not know the design of the poet, and imagined this description was only the whimsy of an irregular wit, who did it by chance, and not following nature; for they never so much as entered into the intention of the Poet, nor knew the shield was designed as a representation of the universe.

It is happy that *Virgil* has made a buckler for *Æneas*, as well as *Homer* for *Achilles*. The *Latin* poet, who imitated the *Greek* one, always took care to accommodate those things which time had changed, so as to render them agreeable to the palate of his readers; yet he hath not only charged his shield with a great deal more work, since he paints all the actions of the *Romans* from *Ascanius* to *Augustus*; but has not avoided any of those manners of expression which offend the criticks. We see there the wolf of *Romulus* and *Remus*, who gives them her dugs *one after another*, *mulcere alternos, & corpora fingere lingua*: The rape of the *Sabines*, and the war which followed it, *subitoque novum consurgere bellum*: *Metius* torn by four horses, and *Tullus* who draws his entrails thro' the forest: *Porsenna* commanding the *Romans* to receive *Tarquin*, and besieging *Rome*: The geese flying to the porches of the capitol, and giving notice by their *cries* of the attack of the *Gauls*.

Atque hic auratis volitans argenteus anser,
Porticibus, Gallos in limine adesse canebat.

We see the *Salian* dance, hell, and the pains of the damned; and farther off, the place of the blessed, where *Cato* presides: We see the famous battle of *Actium*, where we may distinguish the captains: *Agrippa* with the Gods, and the winds favourable; and *Antony* leading on all the forces of the *East*, *Egypt*, and the *Bactrians*: The fight begins, the sea is red with blood, *Cleopatra* gives the signal for a retreat, and calls her troops with a *Sistrum*. *Patrio vocat agmina Sistro.*

Syſtro. The Gods, or rather the monſters of *Ægypt*, fight againſt *Neptune*, *Venus*, *Minerva*, *Mars*, and *Apollo*: We ſee *Antony*'s fleet beaten, and the *Nile* ſorrowfully opening his boſom to receive the conquered: *Cleopatra* looks pale and almoſt dead at the thought of that death ſhe had already determined; nay, we ſee the very wind *Iapis* which haſtens her flight: We ſee the three triumphs of *Auguſtus*; that prince conſecrates three hundred temples, the altars are filled with ladies offering up ſacrifices. *Auguſtus*, ſitting at the entrance of *Apollo*'s temple, receives preſents and hangs them on the pillars of the temple; while all the conquered nations paſs by, who *ſpeak different languages*, and are differently equipped and armed.

——— *Incedunt victæ longo ordine gentes,*
Quam variæ linguis habitu tum veſtis & armis.

Nothing can better juſtify *Homer*, or ſhew the wiſdom and judgement of *Virgil*: He was charmed with *Achilles*'s ſhield, and therefore would give the ſame ornament to his poem. But as *Homer* had painted the univerſe, he was ſenſible that nothing remained for him to do; he had no other way to take than that of prophecy, and ſhew what the deſcendant of his hero ſhould perform; and he was not afraid to go beyond *Homer*, becauſe there is nothing improbable in the hands of a God. If the criticks ſay, that this is juſtifying one fault by another, I deſire they would agree among themſelves: *Scaliger*, who was the firſt that condemned *Homer*'s ſhield, admires *Virgil*'s. But ſuppoſe they ſhould agree, it would be fooliſh to endeavour to perſuade us, that what *Homer* and *Virgil* have done, by the approbation of all ages, is not good; and to make us think, that their particular taſte ſhould prevail over that of all other men. Nothing is more ridiculous than to trouble one's ſelf to anſwer men who ſhew ſo little reaſon in their criticiſms, that we can do them no greater favour, than to aſcribe it to their ignorance.

Thus

Thus far the objections are anſwered by Monſ. *Dacier*. Since when, ſome others have been ſtarted, as that the objects repreſented on the buckler, have no reference to the poem, no agreement with *Thetis* who procured it, *Vulcan*, who made it, or *Achilles* for whom it was made.

To this it is replied, that the repreſentation of the ſea was agreeable enough to *Thetis*; that the ſpheres and celeſtial fires were ſo to *Vulcan*; (tho' the truth is, any piece of workmanſhip was equally fit to come from the hands of this God) and that the images of a town beſieged, a battle, and an ambuſcade, were objects ſufficiently proper for *Achilles*. But after all, where was the neceſſity that they ſhould be ſo? They had at leaſt been as fit for one hero as for another; and *Æneas*, as *Virgil* tells us, knew not what to make of the figures on his ſhield.

Rerumque ignarus, imagine gaudet.

II. But ſtill the main objection, and that in which the vanity of the moderns has triumphed moſt, is that the ſhield is crouded with ſuch a multiplicity of figures, as could not poſſibly be repreſented in the compaſs of it. The late Diſſertation of Monſ. *Boivin* has put an end to this cavil, and the reader will have the pleaſure to be convinced of it by ocular demonſtration, in the print annexed.

The author ſuppoſes the buckler to have been perfectly round: He divides the convex ſurface into four concentrick circles.

The circle next the centre contains the globe of the earth and the ſea in miniature: he gives this circle the dimenſion of three inches.

The ſecond circle is allotted for the heavens and the ſtars: he allows the ſpace of ten inches between this and the former circle.

The third ſhall be eight inches diſtant from the ſecond. The ſpace between thoſe two circles ſhall be divided into twelve compartiments, each of which makes a picture of ten or eleven inches deep.

The

The fourth circle makes the margin of the buckler: And the interval between this and the former, being of three inches, is sufficient to represent the waves and currents of the ocean.

All these together make but four feet in the whole in diameter. The print of these circles and divisions will serve to prove, that the figures will neither be crouded nor confused, if disposed in the proper place and order.

As to the size and figure of the shield, it is evident from the poets, that in the time of the *Trojan* war there were shields of an extraordinary magnitude. The buckler of *Ajax* is often compared by *Homer* to a tower, and in the sixth Iliad that of *Hector* is described to cover him from the shoulder to the ankles.

Ἀμφ' δὲ οἱ σφυρὰ τύπτε καὶ αὐχένα δέρμα κελαινὸν
Ἄντυξ ἢ πυμάτη θέεν ἀσπίδος ὀμφαλοέσσης. V. 117.

In the second verse of the description of this buckler of *Achilles*, it is said that *Vulcan* cast around it a radiant circle.

Περὶ δ' ἄντυγα βάλλε φαεινὴν. V. 479.

Which proves the figure to have been round. But if it be alledged that ἄντυξ as well signifies *oval* as *circular*, it may be answered, that the circular figure better agrees to the spheres represented in the centre, and to the course of the ocean at the circumference.

We may very well allow four foot diameter to this buckler: as one may suppose a larger size would have been too unwieldy, so a less would not have been sufficient to cover the breast and arm of a man of a stature so large as *Achilles*.

In allowing four foot diameter to the whole, each of the twelve compartiments may be of ten or eleven inches in depth, which will be enough to contain, without any confusion, all the objects, which *Homer* mentions. Indeed in this print, each compartiment being but one inch, the principal figures only are represented;

preſented; but the reader may eaſily imagine the advantage of nine or ten inches more. However, if the criticks are not yet ſatisfied, there is room enough, it is but taking in the literal ſenſe the words πάντοσε δαιδάλεον, with which *Homer* begins his deſcription, and the buckler may be ſuppoſed engraven on both ſides, which ſuppoſition will double the ſize of each piece: The one ſide may ſerve for the general deſcription of heaven and earth, and the other for all the particulars.

III. It having been now ſhewn, that the ſhield of *Homer* is blameleſs as to its deſign and diſpoſition, and that the ſubject (ſo extenſive as it is) may be contracted within the due limits; not being one vaſt unpropriated heap of figures, but divided into twelve regular compartiments: What remains, is to conſider this piece as a complete *idea* of *painting*, and a ſketch for what one may call an *univerſal picture*. This is certainly the light in which it is chiefly to be admired, and in which alone the criticks have neglected to place it.

There is reaſon to believe that *Homer* did in this as he had done in other arts, (even in mechanicks) that is, comprehend whatever was known of it in his time; if not (as is highly probable) from thence extend its ideas yet further, and give more enlarged notion of it. Accordingly, it is very obſervable, that there is ſcarce a ſpecies or branch of this art which is not here to be found, whether hiſtory, battle-painting, landſkip, architecture, fruits, flowers, animals, *&c.*

I think it poſſible that painting was arrived to a greater degree of perfection, even at that early period, than is generally ſuppoſed by thoſe who have written upon it. *Pliny* expreſsly ſays, that it was not known in the time of the *Trojan* war. The ſame author, and others, repreſent it in a very imperfect ſtate in *Greece*, in, or near the days of *Homer*. They tell us of one painter, that he was the firſt who begun to ſhadow; and of another that he filled his outline only with

with a ſingle colour, and that laid on every where alike: But we may have a higher notion of the art, from thoſe deſcriptions of ſtatues, carvings, tapeſtries, ſculptures upon armour, and ornaments of all kinds, which every where occur in our author; as well as from what he ſays of their beauty, the relievo, and their emulation of life itſelf. If we conſider how much it is his conſtant practice to confine himſelf to the cuſtom of the times whereof he writ, it will be hard to doubt but that painting and ſculpture muſt have been then in great practice and repute.

The ſhield is not only deſcribed as a piece of ſculpture but of painting, the outlines may be ſuppoſed engraved, and the reſt enamelled, or inlaid with various coloured metals. The variety of colours is plainly diſtinguiſhed by *Homer*, where he ſpeaks of the *blackneſs* of the new opened earth, of the *ſeveral colours* of the grapes and vines; and in other places. The different metals that *Vulcan* is feigned to caſt in the furnace, were ſufficient to afford all the neceſſary colours: But if to thoſe which are natural to the metals, we add alſo thoſe which they are capable of receiving from the operation of fire, we ſhall find, that *Vulcan* had as great a variety of colours to make uſe of as any modern painter. That enamelling, or fixing colours by fire, was practiſed very anciently, may be conjectured from what *Diodorus* reports of one of the walls of *Babylon* built by *Semiramis*, that *the bricks of it were painted before they were burned, ſo as to repreſent all ſorts of animals*, lib. 2. chap. 4. Now it is but natural to infer, that men had made uſe of ordinary colours for the repreſentation of objects, before they learned to repreſent them by ſuch as are given by the operation of fire; one being much more eaſy and obvious than the other, and that ſort of painting by means of fire being but an imitation of the painting with a pencil and colours The ſame inference may be farther inforced from the works of tapeſtry, which the women of thoſe times interweaved with many colours;

lours; as appears from the deſcription of that veil which *Hecuba* offers to *Minerva* in the ſixth Iliad, and from a paſſage in the twenty ſecond, where *Andromache* is repreſented working flowers in a piece of this kind They muſt certainly have known the uſe of colours themſelves for painting, before they could think of dying threads with thoſe colours, and weaving thoſe threads cloſe to one another, in order only to a more laborious imitation of a thing ſo much more eaſily performed by a pencil. This obſervation I owe to the *Abbé Fraguier*.

It may indeed be thought, that a genius ſo vaſt and comprehenſive as that of *Homer*, might carry his views beyond the reſt of mankind, and that in this buckler of *Achilles* he rather deſigned to give a ſcheme of what might be performed, than a deſcription of what really was ſo: And ſince he made a God the artiſt, he might excuſe himſelf from a ſtrict confinement to what was known and practiſed in the time of the *Trojan* war. Let this be as it will, it is certain that he had, whether by learning, or by ſtrength of genius, (tho' the latter be more glorious for *Homer*) a full and exact idea of painting in all its parts; that is to ſay, in the *invention*, the *compoſition*, the *expreſſion*, &c.

The *invention* is ſhewn in finding and introducing, in every ſubject, the *greateſt*, the moſt *ſignificant*, and moſt *ſuitable* objects. Accordingly, in every ſingle picture of the ſhield, *Homer* conſtantly finds out either thoſe objects which are naturally the principal, thoſe which moſt conduce to ſhew the ſubject, or thoſe which ſet it in the livelieſt and moſt agreeable light: Theſe he never fails to diſpoſe in the moſt advantageous manners, ſituations, and oppoſitions.

Next, we find all his figures differently *characterized*, in their expreſſions and attitudes, according to their ſeveral natures: The Gods (for inſtance) are diſtinguiſhed in air, habit, and proportion, from men, in the fourth picture; maſters from ſervants, in the eighth; and ſo of the reſt.

Nothing is more wonderful than his exact obſervation of the *contraſt*, not only between figure and figure, but between ſubject and ſubject. The city in peace is a contraſt to the city in war: Between the ſiege in the fourth picture, and the battle in the ſixth, a piece of paiſage is introduced, and rural ſcenes follow after. The country too is repreſented in war in the fifth, as well as in peace in the ſeventh, eighth, and ninth. The very animals are ſhewn in theſe two different ſtates, in the tenth and the eleventh. Where the ſubjects appear the ſame, he contraſtes them ſome other way: Thus the firſt picture of the town in peace having a predominant air of gaiety, in the dances and pomps of the marriage; the ſecond has a character of earneſtneſs and ſolicitude, in the diſpute and pleadings. In the pieces of rural life, that of the ploughing is of a different character from the harveſt, and that of the harveſt from the vintage. In each of theſe there is a contraſt of the *labour* and *mirth* of the country people: In the firſt, ſome are ploughing, others taking a cup of good liquor, in the next we ſee the reapers working in one part, and the banquet prepared in another; in the laſt, the labour of the vineyard is relieved with muſick and a dance. The perſons are no leſs varied, old and young, men and women: There being women in two pictures together, namely the eighth and ninth, it is remarkable that thoſe in the latter are of a different character from the former; they who dreſs the ſupper being ordinary women, the others, who carry baſkets in the vineyard, young and beautiful virgins: And theſe again are of an inferior character to thoſe in the twelfth piece, who are diſtinguiſhed as people of condition by a more elegant dreſs. There are three dances in the buckler; and theſe too are varied: That at the wedding is in a circular figure, that of the vineyard in a row, that in the laſt picture, a mingled one. Laſtly, there is a manifeſt contraſt in the colours; nay, even in the backgrounds of the ſeveral pieces: For example, that of the

the ploughing is of a dark tinct, that of the harveſt yellow, that of the paſture green, and the reſt in like manner.

That he was not a ſtranger to aëreal *perſpective*, appears in his expreſly marking the diſtance of object from object: He tells, for inſtance that the two ſpies lay a little remote from the other figures; and that the oak, under which was ſpread the banquet of the reapers, ſtood *apart*. What he ſays of the valley ſprinkled all over with cottages and flocks, appears to be a deſcription of a large country in perſpective. And indeed a general argument for this may be drawn from the number of figures on the ſhield; which could not be all expreſſed in their full magnitude: and this is therefore a ſort of proof that the art of leſſening them according to perſpective was known at that time.

What the criticks call the *three unities*, ought in reaſon as much to be obſerved in a picture as in a play; each ſhould have only *one principal action*, one *inſtant of time*, and one *point of view*. In this method of examination alſo the ſhield of *Homer* will bear the teſt: He has been more exact than the greateſt painters, who have often deviated from one or other of theſe rules; whereas (when we examine the detail of each compartiment) it will appear.

Firſt, that there is but one principal action in each picture, and that no ſupernumerary figures or actions are introduced. This will anſwer all that has been ſaid of the confuſion and croud of figures on the ſhield, by thoſe who never comprehended the plan of it.

Secondly, that no action is repreſented in one piece, which could not happen in the ſame inſtant of time. This will overthrow the objection againſt ſo many different actions appearing in one ſhield; which in this caſe, is much as abſurd, as to object againſt ſo many of *Raphael's Cartons* appearing in one gallery.

Thirdly, It will be manifeſt that there are no objects in any one picture which could not be ſeen in one point

of view. Hereby the *Abbé Terraſſon*'s whole criticiſm will fall to the ground, which amounts but to this, that the general objects of the heavens, ſtars and ſea, with the particular proſpects of towns, fields, *&c.* could never be ſeen all at once. *Homer* was incapable of ſo abſurd a thought, nor could theſe heavenly bodies (had he intended them for a picture) have ever been ſeen together from one point; for the conſtellations and the full moon, for example, could never be ſeen at once with the ſun. But the celeſtial bodies were placed on the boſs, as the ocean at the margin of the ſhield: Theſe were no parts of the painting, but the former was only an ornament to the projection in the middle, and the latter a frame round about it: In the ſame manner as the diviſions, projections, or angles of a roof are left to be ornamented at the diſcretion of the painter, with foliage, architecture, groteſque, or what he pleaſes: However, his judgment will be ſtill more commendable, if he contrives to make even theſe extrinſical parts to bear ſome alluſion to the main deſign: It is this which *Homer* has done, in placing a ſort of ſphere in the middle, and the ocean at the border, of a work, which was expreſsly intended to repreſent the univerſe.

I proceed now to the detail of the ſhield; in which the words of *Homer* being firſt tranſlated, an attempt will be made to ſhew with what exact order all that he deſcribes may enter into the compoſition, according to the rules of painting.

THE

THE

SHIELD OF *ACHILLES*.

Divided into its ſeveral parts.

The BOSS *of the* SHIELD.

VERSE. 483. Ἐν μὲν γαῖαν, &c.] 'Here *Vulcan* repreſented the earth, the heaven, the ſea, 'the indefatigable courſe of the ſun, the moon in her 'full, all the celeſtial ſigns that crown *Olympus*, the '*Pleiades*, the *Hyades*, the great *Orion*, and the *Bear*, 'commonly called the *Wain*, the only conſtellation 'which, never bathing itſelf in the ocean, turns about 'the pole, and obſerves the courſe of *Orion*.

The ſculpture of theſe reſembled ſomewhat of our terreſtrial and celeſtial Globes, and took up the centre of the ſhield: It is plain by the huddle in which *Homer* expreſſes this, that he did not deſcribe it as a picture for a point of ſight.

The circumference is divided into twelve compartiments, each being a ſeparate picture: as follow:

First Compartiment. *A Town in Peace.*

Ἐν δὲ δύω πόληες, &c.] 'He engraved two 'cities; in one of them were repreſented nuptials and 'feſtivals. The ſpouſes from their bridal chambers 'were conducted through the town by the light of 'torches. Every mouth ſung the *hymeneal ſong*: 'The youths turned rapidly about in a circular dance: 'The flute and the lyre reſounded: The women,

'every one in the ſtreet, ſtanding in the porches, be-
'held, and admired.

In this picture, the brides preceded by torch-bearers are on the fore-ground. The dance in circles, and muſicians behind them: The ſtreet in perſpective on either ſide, the women and ſpectators in the porches, &c. diſperſed through all the architecture.

Second Compartiment. *An Aſſembly of People.*

Λαοὶ δ' ἀγορῇ, &c.] 'There was ſeen a Number of 'people in the market-place, and two men diſputing 'warmly: The occaſion was the payment of a fine 'for a murder, which one affirmed before the people 'he had paid, the other denied to have received; both 'demanded that the affair ſhould be determined by the 'judgment of an arbiter: The acclamations of the 'multitude favoured ſometimes the one party, ſome-'times the other.

Here is a fine plan for a maſter-piece of *expreſſion*; any judge of painting will ſee our author has choſen that *cauſe*, which, of all others, would give occaſion to the greateſt variety of expreſſion: The father, the murderer, the witneſſes, and the different paſſions of the aſſembly, would afford an ample field for this talent even to *Raphael* himſelf.

Third Compartiment. *The Senate.*

Κήρυκες δ' ἄρα λαὸν ἐρήτυον, &c.] 'The heralds ranged the 'people in order: The reverend elders were ſeated on 'ſeats of poliſhed ſtone, in the ſacred circle; they 'roſe up and declared their judgment, each in his 'turn, with the ſceptre in his hand: Two talents of 'gold were laid in the middle of the circle, to be 'given to him who ſhould pronounce the moſt equi-'table judgment.

The judges are ſeated in the centre of the picture; one (who is the principal figure) ſtanding up as ſpeaking, another in an action of riſing, as in order to ſpeak:

The

The ground about them a proſpect of the *Forum* filled with auditors and ſpectators.

Fourth Compartiment. *A Town in War.*

Τὴν δ' ἑτέρην πόλιν, &c.] 'The other city was beſieged 'by two glittering armies: They were not agreed, 'whether to ſack the town, or to divide all the 'booty of it into equal parts, to be ſhared between 'them: Mean time the beſieged ſecretly armed them-'ſelves for an ambuſcade. Their wives, children and 'old men were poſted to defend their walls: The 'warriors marched from the town with *Pallas* and '*Mars* at their head: The deities were of gold, and 'had golden armours, by the glory of which they 'were diſtinguiſhed above the men, as well as by their 'ſuperior ſtature, and more elegant proportions.

This ſubject may be thus diſpoſed: The town pretty near the eye, acroſs the whole picture, with the old men on the walls: The chiefs of each army on the fore ground: Their different opinions for putting the town to the ſword, or ſparing it on account of the booty, may be expreſſed by ſome having their hands on their ſwords, and looking up to the city, others ſtopping them, or in an action of perſuading them againſt it. Behind, in proſpect, the townſmen may be ſeen going out from the backgates, with the two deities at their head.

Homer here gives a clear inſtance of what the ancients always practiſed; the diſtinguiſhing the Gods and Goddeſſes by characters of majeſty or beauty ſomewhat ſuperior to nature; we conſtantly find this in their Statues, and to this the modern maſters owe the grand taſte in the perfection of their figures.

Fifth Compartiment. *An Ambuſcade.*

Οἱ δ' ὅτε δὴ ῥοάων, &c.] 'Being arrived at the ri-'ver where they deſigned their ambuſh (the place 'where the cattle were watered) they diſpoſed them-'ſelves

'ſelves along the bank covered with their arms:
'Two ſpies lay at a diſtance from them, obſerving
'when the oxen and ſheep ſhould come to drink.
'They came immediately, followed by two ſhepherds,
'who were playing on their pipes, without any appre-
'henſion of their danger.

This quiet picture is a kind of *Repoſe* between the laſt, and the following active pieces. Here is a ſcene of a river and trees, under which lie the ſoldiers, next the eye of the ſpectator; on the farther bank are placed the two ſpies on one hand, and the flock and ſhepherds appear coming at a greater diſtance on the other.

Sixth Compartiment. *The Battle.*

οἱ μὲν τὰ πρῶθ', &c.] 'The people of the
'town ruſhed upon them, carried off the oxen and
'ſheep, and killed the ſhepherds. The beſiegers ſit-
'ting before the town, heard the outcry, and moun-
'ting their horſes, arrived at the bank of the river;
'where they ſtopped, and encountered each other
'with their ſpears. Diſcord, tumult, and fate, ra-
'ged in the midſt of them. There might you
'ſee cruel *Deſtiny* dragging a dead ſoldier thro' the
'battle; two others ſhe ſeized alive; one of which
'was mortally wounded; the other not yet hurt:
'The garment on her ſhoulders was ſtained with hu-
'man blood: The figures appeared as if they lived,
'moved, and fought, you would think they really
'dragged off their dead.

The ſheep and two ſhepherds lying dead upon the fore-ground. A battle-piece fills the picture. The allegorical figure of the *Parca* or *Deſtiny* is the principal. This had been a noble occaſion for ſuch a painter as *Rubens*, who has, with moſt happineſs and learning, imitated the ancients in theſe fictitious and ſymbolical perſons.

Seventh:

Seventh Compartiment. *Tillage.*

Ἐν δ' ἐτίθει νειὸν μαλακὴν.] 'The next piece repreſented 'a large field, a deep and fruitful ſoil, which ſeemed 'to have been three times plowed; the labourers ap-'peared turning their plows on every ſide. As ſoon as 'they came to a land's end, a man preſented them a 'bowl of wine; cheared with this, they turned, and 'worked down a new furrow, deſirous to haſten to 'the next land's end. The field was of gold, but 'looked black behind the plows, as if it had really 'been turned up; the ſurprizing effect of the art 'of *Vulcan*.

The plow-men muſt be repreſented on the fore-ground, in the action of turning at the end of the furrow. The invention of *Homer* is not content with barely putting down the figures, but enlivens them prodigiouſly with ſome remarkable circumſtance: The giving a cup of wine to the plowmen muſt occaſion a fine expreſſion of the faces.

Eighth Compartiment. *The harveſt.*

Ἐν δ' ἐτίθει τέμενος, &c.] 'Next he repreſented a field of 'corn, in which the reapers worked with ſharp ſickles 'in their hands; the corn fell thick along the fur-'rows in equal rows: Three binders were employed 'in making up the ſheaves: The boys attending 'them, gathered up the looſe ſwarths, and carried 'them in their arms to be bound: The lord of the 'field ſtanding in the midſt of the heaps, with a ſcep-'tre in his hand, rejoices in ſilence: His officers at a 'diſtance, prepare a feaſt under the ſhade of an oak, 'and hold an ox ready to be ſacrificed; while the 'women mix the flour of wheat for the reapers ſup-'per.

The reapers on the fore-ground, with their faces towards the ſpectators; the gatherers behind, and the children on the farther ground. The maſter of the field, who is the chief figure, may be ſet in the middle of the picture with a ſtrong light upon him, in the ac-

tion

tion of direction and pointing with his ſceptre: The oak, with the ſervants under it, the ſacrifice, &c. on a diſtant ground, would altogether make a beautiful groupe of great variety.

Ninth Compartiment. *The Vintage.*

Ἐν δ' ἐτίθει σταφυλῆϊ, &c.] 'He then engraved a vine-'yard loaden with its grapes: The vineyard was gold, 'but the grapes black, and the props of them ſilver. 'A trench of a dark metal, and a paliſade of tin, en-'compaſſed the whole vineyard. There was one path 'in it, by which the labourers in the vineyard paſſed: 'Young men and maids carried the fruit in woven 'baſkets: In the middle of them a youth played on 'the lyre, and charmed them with his tender voice, 'as he ſung to the ſtrings (*or* as he ſung to the ſong 'of *Linus*:) The reſt ſtriking the ground with their 'feet in exact time, followed him in a dance, and ac-'companied his voice with their own.

The vintage ſcarce needs to be painted in any colours but *Homer*'s. The youths and maids towards the eye; as coming out of the vineyard: The encloſure, pales, gate, &c. on the fore-ground. There is ſomething inexpreſſibly *riant* in this piece, above all the reſt.

Tenth Compartiment. *Animals.*

Ἐν δ' ἀγέλην ποίησε βοῶν, &c.] 'He graved a herd of 'oxen, marching with their heads erected; theſe 'oxen (inlaid with gold and tin) ſeemed to bellow as 'they quitted their ſtall, and run in haſte to the mea-'dows, through which a rapid river rolled with re-'ſounding ſtreams amongſt the ruſhes: Four herdſ-'men of gold attended them, followed by nine large 'dogs. Two terrible lions ſeized a bull by the throat 'who roared as they dragged him along; the dogs and 'the herdſmen ran to his reſcue, but the lions, having 'torn the bull, devoured his entrails, and drank his 'blood. The herdſmen came up with their dogs, and 'heartened them in vain, they durſt not attack

'the

' the lions, but ſtanding at ſome diſtance, barked at ' them, and ſhunned them.

We have next a fine piece of animals, tame and ſavage: but what is remarkable is, that theſe animals are not coldly brought in to be gazed upon: The herds, dogs, and lions are put into action, enough to exerciſe the warmth and ſpirit of *Rubens*, or the great taſte of *Julio Romano*.

The lions may be next the eye, one holding the bull by the throat, the other tearing out his entrails: A herdſman or two heartening the dogs: All theſe on the fore-ground. On the ſecond ground another groupe of oxen, that ſeem to have been gone before, toſſing their heads and running; other herdſmen and dogs after 'em: And beyond them a proſpect of the river.

Eleventh Compartiment. *Sheep.*

Ἐν δ' ποίμνη, &c.] ' The divine artiſt then engraved a ' large flock of white ſheep, feeding along a beautiful ' valley. Innumerable folds, cottages, and encloſed ' ſhelters, were ſcattered thro' the proſpect.

This is an entire landſcape without human figures, an image of nature ſolitary and undiſturbed: The deepeſt repoſe and tranquillity is that which diſtinguiſhes it from others.

Twelfth Compartiment. *The Dance.*

Ἐν δὶ χορὸν, &c.] ' The ſkilful *Vulcan* then deſigned ' the figure and various motions of a dance, like that ' which *Dædalus* of old contrived in *Gnoſſus* for the ' fair *Ariadne*. There the young men and maidens ' danced hand in hand; the maids were dreſſed in ' linen garments, the men in rich and ſhining ſtuffs: ' The maids had flow'ry crowns on their heads; the ' men had ſwords of gold hanging from their ſides in ' belts of ſilver. Here they ſeem to run in a ring with ' active feet as ſwiftly as a wheel runs round when ' tried by the hand of the potter. There, they ap- ' peared to move in many figures, and ſometimes to ' meet, ſometimes to wind from each other. A multi- ' tude of ſpectators ſtood round, delighted with the ' dance.

'dance. In the middle two nimble tumblers exerci-
'ſed themſelves in feats of activity, while the ſong
'was carried on by the whole circle.

This picture includes the greateſt number of perſons: *Homer* himſelf has grouped them, and marked the manner of the compoſition. This piece would excel in the different *airs of beauty* which might be given to the young men and women, and the graceful attitudes in the various manners of dancing: On which account the ſubject might be fit for *Guido* or perhaps could be no where better executed than in our own country.

The BORDER of the SHIELD.

Ἐν δ' ἐτίθει πλαμοῖο, &c.] 'Then laſtly, he repreſented
'the rapid courſe of the great ocean, which he made
'to roll its waves round the extremity of the whole
'circumference.'

This (as has been ſaid before) was only the Frame of the whole Shield, and is therefore but ſlightly touched upon, without any mention of particular objects.

I ought not to end this eſſay, without vindicating myſelf from the vanity of treating of an art, which I love ſo much better than I underſtand: But I have been very careful to conſult both the beſt performers and judges in Painting I can't neglect this occaſion of ſaying, how happy I think myſelf in the favour of the moſt diſtinguiſhed maſters of that art. Sir *Godfrey Kneller* in particular allows me to tell the world, that he entirely agrees with my ſentiments on this ſubject: And I can't help wiſhing, that he who gives this teſtimony to *Homer*, would ennoble ſo great a deſign by his own execution of it. *Vulcan* never wrought for *Thetis* with more readineſs and affection, than Sir *Godfrey* has done for me: And ſo admirable a picture of the whole univerſe could not be a more agreeable preſent, than he has obliged me with, in the portraits of ſome of thoſe perſons, who are to me the deareſt objects in it.

End of the THIRD VOLUME.